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PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF CHARLES READE.

FRIENDS of Charles Reade find little to satisfy them in the Memoir recently published under the nominal responsibility of Mr. Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade. No man of letters has ever needed a more delicate, sympathetic, and above all discreet treatment at the hands of biographers than the author of *The Cloister* and the *Hearth* and *The Eighth Commandment*. It was his misfortune, throughout his public career, to draw upon himself an amount of harsh personal criticism, quite apart from that applied to his works, such as few writers of his generation have been compelled to endure. Those who knew him in the truest sense of intimacy had, and still have, reason to believe that the adverse impressions created by his frequent errors of judgment, and especially by the reckless and defiant spirit of self-assertion which he never was able to control, might have been greatly modified, if not entirely effaced, by a record in which all the conditions of his changeful life were accurately and faithfully kept in view, and the peculiarities of his character permitted to appear without distortion or exaggeration. Charles Reade's existence was of itself so turbulent and erratic that the employment of additional extravagance in its portrayal cannot easily be pardoned. His story should be told temperately, tenderly, and with the guarded composure which would be most respectful to his memory. In the

narrative put forth by his kinsmen there is scarcely a trace of the qualities required for the just performance of their task. That the intention is good, no one will probably care to deny. If torrents of vehement declamation could avail, the Rev. Compton Reade might flatter himself that he had transformed his uncle into a demigod. From beginning to end, the subject of this panegyric is represented as endowed with more than mortal properties, and the course of his intellectual life is depicted as almost supernatural, albeit somewhat lurid, in its splendor. The biographer appears to have acted upon a conviction that no shadow to the imagined brilliancy could exist, — certainly that none could be detected, — and that the freest disclosures, no matter what invasions of privacy they might entail, could result only in the increased glorification of his hero. From his point of observation, whatever Charles Reade was was right; and not right alone, but unexampled in nobleness, purity, and moral majesty. All of these excesses are attributable, in the first place, to Mr. Compton Reade's ungoverned admiration for his distinguished relative; but their injurious effect is in a large measure due to the boisterous coarseness which seems inseparable from his style of writing. No fault of this description can be laid to the account of Mr. Charles L. Reade, who takes pains, in a preface, to disclaim the "responsibility of authorship," together with the

"opinions hazarded on men and things." This gentleman's share in the book is confined to sundry selections from the novelist's manuscripts. If he had exercised the authority which no member of the family could have disputed, but which his lack of practical literary experience may have prevented him from asserting; if, indeed, he had assumed complete control, and suffered nothing to be published that conflicted with his finer feeling and more sober judgment, the Memoir would have worn a very different aspect, and would have far better served the purpose which he, at least, must have had at heart.

Notwithstanding the confusion of detail produced by Mr. Compton Reade's incessant blaze of adulation, and the obstacles which he throws in the way of those who would wish to form a correct estimate of the popular and powerful author, there was really nothing difficult of comprehension in Charles Reade's nature. Those whose intercourse with him was closest were quick to discern the idiosyncrasies which lay at the bottom of his wild flights of temper, his fierce aversions, and his belligerent demeanor toward all whom he conceived to be his enemies. His most striking characteristic was an utter inability to conceal his emotions, or restrain himself from the commission of any act to which these emotions prompted him. He could not, in fact, be brought to see the need of concealment or repression. He totally failed to understand that any feeling required to be hidden, any thought left unspoken, or any impulse held in check. In these respects he remained a froward child to the end of his days. The censures to which he consequently exposed himself were inevitable, though often unjust. He was stigmatized as the embodiment of morbid and fatuous vanity. In truth, he was not a particle more vain than men of his position are apt to be. Reputations for modesty and humility may be conveniently earned by keeping

one's self-esteem in careful suppression. Reade had positive opinions as to his own merits, and did not hesitate to proclaim them. If other people's views clashed with his, it generally seemed desirable to him that they should be put down. But his vanity was by no means inordinate. His idea of the rank to which he was entitled was not materially different from that of the literary world at large. He took more than common pleasure in extolling those whom he recognized as his masters or his peers. He never dreamed of placing himself on a level with Dickens, to whom he accorded higher honors than later authorities are disposed to grant; and while he was opposed to Thackeray's processes, which he declared were not those of the true story-teller, his esteem for the author of *Vanity Fair* was profound and outspoken. The writer of these pages stood beside him, in the common room at Magdalen College, on the morning when Thackeray's death was announced. Reade was deeply moved, although there had been virtually no acquaintance between the two men. "Now," he exclaimed, "I shall never be able to tell him what I thought of him." Not long after, in the Garrick Club, he pointed out the place where Thackeray had been accustomed to sit, of evenings. "I fancy he had a poor opinion of my work," said the younger novelist, "but no matter. I half made up my mind, more than once, to go over and tell him what I felt and what we all owed him. But it would not have been understood. You can do such things in America; we can't here, — worse luck!" It must be admitted that he could not tolerate any comparison between himself — much less Dickens or Thackeray — and George Eliot, and that he invariably contested her right to even the third or fourth place among romance-writers; but his dislike was primarily owing to what he considered her systematic violation of the laws of fiction.

He insisted that whoever had a tale to tell should tell it with straightforward directness, and with strict avoidance of didactic digression. He held the purely narrative faculty in such favor that he was inclined to overrate many who had no other possession to boast of. In his estimation Wilkie Collins was without a rival as a weaver of plots, and his voice was loud in laudation of Bulwer's constructive ingenuity. He expressed the conviction that one or two of Miss Braddon's earliest works were thoroughly worthy to be classed with his own, — a declaration which ought, by itself alone, to relieve him from the imputation of overweening conceit. No one could fairly accuse him of seeking to exalt himself at the expense of others, — not even when he remonstrated against the galling suggestions of George Eliot's superiority, — but any attempt to depreciate him, or to eject him from the place he had fought for and conquered, stung him to fury.

Reade's efforts to secure recognition as a writer of plays, besides bringing upon him incalculable loss and tribulation, subjected him to similar accusations of vainglorious assumption; but it would be easy to demonstrate that his pretensions in this field of labor were fairly warranted. Undoubtedly his broad claim to the designation of dramatist, with all that the term conveys, was a mistake. His persistence in retaining it with unabated confidence, after the discouraging failures he had to endure, was one of the strongest evidences of his determination to submit to no guidance but that of his inclinations. The theatre was his passion. He would willingly have surrendered all his fame as a novelist in exchange for a single unqualified triumph upon the stage. His first literary attempts were in this direction, and

it was with reluctance that he ever turned aside to the labors by which he attained eminence and comparative prosperity. All that he gained by his romances he regarded as merely accessory to the more congenial pursuit. Much of the money which they brought him was squandered upon theatrical speculations, by which he hoped to establish an unassailable position as a dramatic author. This, however, was not in his power. His name was, and is, associated with a few standard plays, and some of his productions were largely profitable, but he never once achieved what could legitimately be called an independent success, such as his heart yearned for. In fact, he never ventured to stand entirely alone. Sometimes he worked in coöperation with writers whose acquaintance with stage-craft was superior to his own. Sometimes he adapted French pieces, or compressed his novels into acts and scenes. But he never vindicated himself as a purely original dramatist. It is a curious circumstance that he was thought, by many friends, to have most nearly reached his aim in a little comedy written in the French language, and intended for representation on the French boards. This was an unpretending sketch of Parisian society and character, extremely pleasant in fancy and light sentiment, and entirely his own. No reference to it appears in the Memoir, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Charles L. Reade will not allow it to pass out of sight. It was not, to be sure, highly valued by its author, who felt that it would not materially assist him to the renown he especially coveted.¹ That was the balance in which he weighed all of his theatrical compositions. Regarding them as a whole, he undoubtedly believed he had done enough to justify him in assuming the desired

¹ In 1864 Auguste Maquet undertook to make arrangements for its representation in Paris, but the modifications which he suggested were not altogether approved by the author,

and the project fell through. Reade's indifference, however, rather than his objection to the proposed changes, was the cause of its abandonment.

title, and by his order he is thus denominated in the inscription upon his tomb.¹ But he knew that he had no place in the highest grade of dramatists. As with respect to novel-writers, he frankly admitted that others — Mr. Boucicault in particular — occupied a much more elevated position, and was content to struggle on, trusting in time to reach the level to which he aspired. In the course of his adventures he allowed himself to be ensnared into countless contentions with unworthy antagonists, but these quarrels had nothing to do with his standing as a producer of plays, good or bad. They grew out of his endeavors to punish infringements of his legal rights, any invasion of which made him quite as angry as when his literary sensibilities were wounded. And, as has been intimated, when once his wrath began to flow, no consideration of prudence, hardly of propriety or self-respect, could keep it within bounds.

This incapacity to impose upon himself restrictions which most men recognize as expedient and necessary was almost the sole cause of his many griefs. Opposition in any shape was intolerable to him. However contemptible it might be in the eyes of other people, he could not pass it unheeded, but was compelled by an uncontrollable impulse to confront and, if possible, to overthrow it. He would forsake important occupations to engage in unbecoming and fruitless warfare with individuals beneath his serious notice. One of his favorite quotations was a couplet from Molière: —

“Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot,

¹ Reade's novels are full of incidents and observations which seem to have been cut out of his own individuality. His instructions with respect to the tombstone were exactly foreshadowed in *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, where the inscription for a young lady's grave is made to defy the truth by a willful and perverse relative, who writes her name as he wishes to see it, not as it really was. “He drew up the record of her virtues himself, and

L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne et ne dit mot.”

This he held up as an admirable text for the rest of mankind, but could not see its applicability to his own concerns. He was always making a noise, and forever complaining; and he never withdrew from strife, nor held his tongue. These propensities not only gave his antagonists the opportunity of reviling him as the common scold of letters, to the annoyance and pain of all who cared for him, but made him petulant and morose, deprived him of the power of executing some of his greatest designs, and destroyed his chances of acquiring material fortune. In his last years his regular annual income was about seven thousand dollars, nearly one third of which was derived from a source entirely disconnected with his literary productions. It should have been at least thrice as large. The time and labor wasted on volumes like *The Eighth Commandment* might, if more wisely directed, have produced parallels to *Hard Cash* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*. It must not be supposed, however, that all his battles were fought in unworthy causes. Excepting those in which he sought to defend himself from what he considered malicious attacks, or to maintain his property rights, — most of which were superfluous, many pecuniarily wasteful, and some actually damaging to his reputation, — they were provoked mainly by offenses against his sense of honor and humanity. The long litigation of which the incidents are outlined in *Hard Cash* grew out of his indignation at the wrongs of a sufferer from illegal detention in a

spelled her ‘Fontaine,’ and so settled that question by brute force. Oh, you may giggle, but men are not most sincere when they are most reasonable, nor most reasonable when most sincere. When a man's heart is in a thing it *is* in it, — wise or nonsensical, it is all one; so it is no use talking.” What is this but a literal presentment of the author's mind by his own hand?

lunatic asylum. From this conflict, into which he threw himself with the utmost fervor, and with a magnanimity for which he never received the credit that belonged to him, Reade emerged victorious to the extent of relieving his protégé from persecution; but it cost him large sums of money, which he had not the practical sagacity to recover, except by the indirect plan of founding a stirring romance upon the subject. For many years it was his untiring endeavor to secure the enforcement of the laws protecting French as well as English dramatic rights in Great Britain. Incensed at the wholesale robberies practiced upon foreign authors by his own countrymen, he constituted himself their avenger, and set himself vigorously at work to insure them immunity from further spoliation. In one or two instances he was successful, but, being far in advance of his time, his motives were misinterpreted, and his struggles brought no substantial advantage to the cause he upheld, while their effect upon him was well-nigh disastrous. But no amount of failure could stay his chivalrous flights. Whenever the combative humor seized him, he flung discretion to the winds, hardened himself to moderate counsel, and, regardless of the odds against him, even in the face of moral certainty of defeat, rushed to the encounter, which rarely terminated in anything but his discomfiture and exhaustion.

These weaknesses of Charles Reade should have been understood and taken into account by a biographer whose design was to do him justice. They need not have been forced into prominence, but if brought to light at all should have been recognized as unhappy failings, — certainly not vaunted as crowning virtues. That he was capable of errors and follies, like other men, might have been judiciously admitted to consideration, even if it were deemed undesirable publicly to acknowledge the fact. Many details of his domestic life are set forth,

or half set forth, by his nephew with an almost inconceivable misconception of the effect they necessarily produce. The virtual denial of all faults makes certain obvious faults much more conspicuous than they would otherwise seem, and tends to create a suspicion that others, perhaps greater, have been kept in reserve. Such a suspicion would be unfounded. Reade was not a worse but a much better man than he is allowed to appear in the Memoir. His fine qualities overwhelmingly outweighed his defects, and made all but the gravest of them seem insignificant to those who approached him nearly. No one could really know him without loving him. He was naturally the soul of gentleness and amiability, in spite of all infirmities of temper. His tenderness was like a woman's, and, indeed, a very large and assuredly not the worst part of his character was essentially feminine. His generosity was unbounded, not in the sense of profuse liberality alone, but extending over a broader and nobler range; and his hospitality, in large ways as in small, was something that could not be measured by the ordinary English standard. Many of his countrymen would have laughed at it, if they had known the extent to which it was practiced, and would have attributed it to a disposition to regulate his conduct by what he believed to be the best American usages. There is no doubt that his habits were often more thoroughly American than he was himself aware. He could open conversation with strangers in railway carriages. He could pay the whole of a cab fare, or allow a companion to do so, without raising a debate upon the question of respective indebtedness. He could step out of his way and run around a corner, to point out the road to a foreigner who had gone astray. He could absent himself from a large company, five minutes before dinner was served, and change his dress coat for a frock, simply because one of his guests had,

for reasons of necessity, presented himself without the conventional claw-hammer. He could and did interest himself directly, not abstractly, in the welfare of what are called the lower classes, even of the servants in his own employ, — the last persons, as a rule, to receive attention from the British gentry. His political faith was strongly democratic, in spite of the Tory influences by which he was forever surrounded. By voting to retain Mr. Gladstone as member for Oxford, after the eminent statesman had drawn upon himself the rancor of that centre of conservatism, he risked the loss of many old friendships; and in declaring his approval of universal suffrage and the secret ballot he sacrificed associations which were very dear to him.

But if these signs and tokens were indicative of American proclivities, he was scarcely conscious of the fact. He was, however, abundantly conscious of an immense liking for American men and women. They were always sure to interest him, he said, and that was more than he could reckon upon with his own people. He knew that they appreciated him more highly, as an author, than the English reading public, and that his name was cherished in this country with an affection which was never vouchsafed him at home. Although he received only a trifling remuneration for the performance of his plays here, it gratified him to learn of their repeated production, long after they had been laid aside and forgotten by British managers, and of the cordial, not to say enthusiastic, favor bestowed upon some elaborate works for which he could not himself obtain a respectful hearing in any English theatre. The name of America served always as a passport to his presence and his kindly attention. He could hardly persuade himself to insist upon proper credentials, when visitors from this side of the Atlantic came to his door. If they happened to be writers or actors, the greeting he gave them was

the more cordial. His hand was ever ready to contribute to their comfort and pleasure, and to assist their enterprises, if assistance were needed. Theatrical aspirants never sought his counsel in vain. He lost no opportunity of encouraging their hopes, and he celebrated their successes with hearty rejoicing. When John S. Clarke, in 1869, tempted fate at the St. James's, and it was supposed that Tom Taylor, serving temporarily as critic of *The Times*, intended to satisfy an ancient grudge at the newcomer's expense, Reade posted himself in Taylor's box, on the opening night, and did his best to soften the impending blow; and when Clarke was subsequently rehabilitated by John Oxenford, in the "leading journal," no one rejoiced more heartily than the co-author of *Masks and Faces*. During the bitter winter of 1881-82, when he was suffering from an illness from which he never fully recovered, he several times made his way, at no slight risk, to the house where Edwin Booth was performing; and although it chanced that he witnessed none of the impersonations in which it is conceded that the tragedian touches his highest mark, he found quite enough to reward him. Of Booth's Shylock he was pleased to say that it was the finest piece of acting he had seen "since the days of the giants, forty years before." These are instances taken at random from many that might be recalled. It was not only to players of distinction that his good-will was shown. Humbler American followers of the craft often had to thank him for the opportunity of showing what was, or was not, in them. If he could not aid them in the way they desired, he would try to do so in another. As an illustration of the lavish profusion with which he would sometimes answer appeals to his charity, it may be mentioned that during the latter half of the year 1867 he brought serious pecuniary embarrassment upon himself by giving away sums amounting

in the aggregate to nearly twice his fixed income for the period spoken of, — a large proportion of which went to Americans who had been left stranded in Europe by the subsidence of one of the "Exposition" tidal waves.

It must be acknowledged that the confidence he was so ready to accord was occasionally abused, but he showed less resentment than usual at these particular betrayals of trust. "I get a deal more from good Yankees than I have ever lost by the bad," he was wont to remark. In all cases, it may incidentally be noted, his animosities soon burned themselves out. One of the fiercest, though not one of the most demonstrative, quarrels of his life was with the dramatist whose name is appended to his own on the title-page of *Foul Play*; but the enmity was at an end on his side when he heard that misfortune had befallen the other disputant, and an immediate reconciliation ensued. Several years ago a violent and totally unprovoked assault was directed against him in a London periodical by an obscure journalist and his wife. Reade retorted with equal and, as may be supposed, more crushing violence, not knowing that one of his assailants was a woman. Learning by chance, some time later, that the husband had died, leaving his widow in straitened circumstances, the open-handed author took measures, without the lady's knowledge, to relieve her immediate wants, although no application on her behalf had been or reasonably could have been made. It is pleasant to remember that he had few disputes with Americans, — only one of magnitude, and that not worthy to be recorded. For his steadfast devotion to the stars and stripes, especially on occasions of national rivalry, he was often taken to task, not altogether playfully, by members of his own circle. He was unaffectedly chagrined at the result of the first Harvard and Oxford boat-race, having fervently hoped that the pluck and en-

terprise of the New England contestants would carry the day. His vexation at their defeat, and at some of the circumstances by which it was brought about, was so keen that he would not carry out his original intention of writing a description of the race. There were times when he wished it were possible for him to abandon his native land, and build a new career in the western republic. He would undoubtedly have found here an easy path to prosperity, and a social distinction infinitely above that which he was able to win on his own ground; but he could not have been permanently contented, and it was better and more satisfactory, all things considered, that he should know the United States through his intercourse with the admiring devotees who carried him yearly tribute than through actual contact with the various products of the American soil.

The most genial and captivating features of Reade's character were visible only to persons who possessed his undivided confidence, and the number of these was limited. It is doubtful if any one now living is qualified to unveil, for public view, the interior details of his domestic life. Mr. Compton Reade's inability to deal with them becomingly is shown in his treatment of the most delicate subject to which he lays his hand, namely, his uncle's relations with the friend and companion of a quarter of a century, Laura Seymour. If this alliance called for scrutiny and formal justification, which is by no means clear, it should have been described with greater fidelity to literal facts, with abundant and conclusive evidence of its true nature, and with watchful regard to its bearing upon a woman's reputation, — which last requirement does not appear to have received adequate attention. The only testimony admitted as to the blamelessness of the connection is that of Mr. Winwood Reade, whom the biographer goes out of his way to discredit,

on general grounds, to an extent that can hardly fail to impair his credibility as a witness on the particular point. The story is told, not with injurious intent, — manifestly the reverse, so far as Charles Reade is concerned, — but with a roughness and a narrowness of perception calculated not only to mislead, but to render false surmises and unjust conclusions inevitable. Under the circumstances, it may be advantageous to present, with a little more accuracy than seems necessary to Mr. Compton Reade, the incidents which first brought the undeveloped author and the popular actress together, and to explain the conditions upon which they saw fit to pass the remainder of their lives under the same roof.

Reade was nearly forty years old before his first positive success in any form of literature was obtained. He had speculated in various eccentric directions, — such as herring-fishing in Scotland, and violin-manufacturing on a small scale in London, — in all of which he lost a little money with indifference, his livelihood being secure through a couple of Oxford fellowships which yielded him some fifteen hundred dollars a year. To this small income, afterward somewhat increased, he clung with singular persistence, although it may well be questioned whether it was not a hindrance to his advancement from the beginning, as it certainly was a barrier to the proper fulfillment of his destiny at a later period. However this may be, it kept his head above water while he vainly struggled to gain a footing at the theatres. Mrs. Seymour, whose real name was Samo, was a clever and highly esteemed member of the Haymarket company, with a range of acquaintance much more valuable and influential than ladies of her calling are apt to enjoy in England. Reade sought her assistance in the prosecution of some of his theatrical schemes. At the outset she could not help him forward in the desired

direction, though she presently put him in communication with the publisher by whom his earliest tales were issued. In their first interview he left upon her mind an impression which happened to be incorrect, but which was the origin of their long association. From his appearance, especially the worn and frayed condition of his clothes, she judged that he was in want, and as she could never see a human being in trouble without devising means for his relief, she immediately set her wits at work on his behalf. Small gifts, disguised as loans, he naturally refused point-blank; whereupon she offered him lodging at an infinitesimal rate in a vacant part of her house in Piccadilly. This was precisely to his mind, and for a long while he occupied these quarters, quite unaware that he was paying merely a nominal rental, but fully alive to the more substantial benefits he derived from his practical and experienced new friend. In the course of time it became necessary to give up the Piccadilly residence, and Mrs. Seymour, always with an eye to business, conceived the idea of taking a large house in Bolton Row, and letting a number of apartments. She hesitated upon the question of making herself liable for an unusually heavy rent, and it was proposed that this burden be divided among two or three parties, of whom Reade was not one. He was excluded from the calculation, because none of those concerned supposed him to have any resources. Learning what was in debate, he declared himself willing to coöperate to any required extent, and when it was found that he was able to make good his words the plan was at once put into execution. The undertaking was wholly Mrs. Seymour's, but her name was not allowed to appear, in consequence of the debts with which her shiftless husband was saddled. Several persons lived in the Bolton Row mansion, but the enterprise did not prosper, most of the inmates being of

Samo's stamp, and familiar with no pecuniary transactions except borrowing and spending. The lodgers gradually disappeared, and Mrs. Seymour grew shy of taking fresh ones. And then her husband died.

When this event occurred, she was urged to make her home with her sister, the wife of a clergyman in Scotland, and she contemplated doing so, for a time. After her years of activity and excitement she could not have been long content apart from the bustle of the great city. But what influenced her more strongly in her refusal to retire into permanent seclusion was the effect produced upon Reade by the prospect of the separation. In many senses he had become almost absolutely dependent upon her. She had relieved him of all the little miseries of household care; he relied implicitly upon her counsel in many business transactions, particularly those connected with the theatre; her fine dramatic and literary instincts were invaluable to him when engaged in composition her bounteous sympathy sustained him in every trouble, and her buoyant, cheerful temper counteracted the sluggishness of disposition which he would often have been unable to overcome without that stimulant. Her companionship was essential not only to the comfort of his private life, but to the success of all his public endeavors. At that period, certainly, she was much more necessary to him than he to her. In money matters she was independent of him and everybody, and always remained so. She told him of her sister's proposal, and inquired as to his own intentions. He was stricken with consternation at the thought of being left alone, but offered no objection, — which, obviously, would have been beyond his privilege. His evident disturbance, however, affected her more than argument or protestation could have done. She announced her determination to pursue the course to which her generous

feeling prompted her, and to make no change in the position she had held for several years past. She sacrificed many things which a self-respecting woman holds dear, and the sacrifice was accepted.

It seems incredible that any person possessing the slightest knowledge of the circumstances should fail to see what Reade's duty was in that plain situation. He should have made her his wife without delay. It is true that there was no passionate attachment on either side, but the affection was at least as deep and sincere as is commonly found in mature wedlock. Mr. Compton Reade endeavors to make it appear that she would not have married him if she had been asked, and cites a statement of hers to that effect, made several years later and under widely different conditions. It is useless to spend words in demonstrating that she would most assuredly have married him. She was as proud and sensitive a woman as ever lived, and she fully comprehended that nothing could save her from cruel scandal unless she legitimately bore the name of the man in whose house she dwelt. Only her intimate associates were aware that the house was as much hers as his, and if it had been entirely hers the difficulty would have been in no degree lessened. A few friends, and no others, knew what she suffered during the first years of the irregular connection. It may be taken as a certainty that no word of complaint or remonstrance ever reached Reade; and, in fact, she held him in a measure excusable, on grounds which can scarcely be comprehended, much less admitted to tolerant consideration, in this country, although in England they would doubtless be taken into calculation by everybody to whom the question might be submitted. The revenues of his two fellowships, amounting to a trifle more than fifteen hundred dollars, were conditional upon his remaining a bachelor, and rather than surrender this wretched pittance

he was willing to place the woman who was like a sister to him in a false position, and to keep her there for the rest of her days. It is certain that at the time he did not realize the situation, nor did he weigh it conscientiously until the opportunity — possibly the vital necessity — for reparation had long gone by. To speak the truth, he did not care to weigh it as he should have done. No reader of his books needs to be told how he would have dealt with such a complication in fiction. In his ideal world manly rectitude could never go hand in hand with blind selfishness. And in actual life his instincts never led him into devious paths, when he gave them a chance to assert themselves. On more than one occasion he radically changed a course which conventionality seemed to dictate, on being reminded that he was guilty of injustice, — to himself morally, and to others materially. Had he been persuaded to give this subject the honest investigation which it demanded, he would have speedily discovered the wrong he was committing. It is not safe to say positively that he would have remedied the wrong; but if he had neglected to do so, he would never have ceased to be one of the unhappiest of men.

Mr. Compton Reade, however, looks upon his uncle's conduct as a matter of course. "Had Charles Reade married," he remarks, in his customary vein of extravagance, "he would have starved. Two thirds of his life had passed before he could dream of dispensing with what he often termed his prop, namely, his fellowship at Magdalen." . . . "Marriage would have deprived him of that small competence he valued so dearly." . . . "His dependence on the college interposed a barrier between him and the one lady whom in the best days of his manhood he idealized," etc. The assertion that Reade would have starved for the lack of fifteen hundred dollars a year is too ridiculous for refutation.

He had only to abandon a few of his unremunerative theatrical experiments, and devote himself steadily to romance-writing, as Mrs. Seymour urgently advised him, to secure an income more than sufficient for his needs. In any view his action was indefensible, and the attempt to justify or applaud it as a masterly manifestation of worldly wisdom inevitably transforms itself into the severest possible accusation against the object of the mistaken eulogy. In almost everything he has to say concerning this passage of Reade's history, the biographer is singularly at fault. He insists with great emphasis that nothing in the relations between Gerard and Margaret Brandt, as depicted in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, was suggested by the novelist's attitude toward Mrs. Seymour. "The notion," he declares, "would be too preposterous." It was not too preposterous for Charles Reade to acknowledge as the simple truth, which he did to many, though possibly not to his nephew. Even without direct assurance on the subject, the identity of the circumstances ought to be apparent to any one familiar with events at the Bolton Row residence. Mrs. Seymour was not without suitors, and on more than one occasion she could have made what is commonly called an advantageous marriage. She laid these proposals before her friend, exactly in the spirit and manner of Margaret Brandt, when that brave but tender-hearted creature consulted with Gerard as to her future; and, also like Margaret, she shrank from inflicting the pain and desolation which would have resulted from a separation. Reade thoroughly appreciated her magnanimity, as is shown by his touching portrayal of the scene in the story. His failure to respond to it in the only upright way was the gravest error of his life.

As regards the true basis of their connection, it can do no harm to say a word in support of the single piece of testi-

mony which Mr. Compton Reade presents; although, if the theme had been properly treated in the Memoir, such support would undoubtedly have been superfluous. It was the fortune of the writer of this paper to reside with Reade and Mrs. Seymour at various times, from 1863 to 1873, often for months together, in each of the houses which they successively occupied, — in Mayfair and at Knightsbridge. There were no mysteries about the establishment. Everything was open and unconcealed, and, as has been remarked, Reade could not have deliberately hidden any circumstance relating to himself if his existence had depended upon it. Had there been an ugly secret to discover, the whole world would have known it. But there was none. They were to one another as if they had been brother and sister, and no man in his senses could have imagined that relations of another sort were possible. For nearly twenty years after Samo's death they continued to dwell together, bound by mutual confidence, esteem, and affection which steadily increased until the lady's death. She grew to forget the humiliation she had suffered in the beginning, and forgiveness of injury was as natural to her as the breath she drew. Being an uncommonly thrifty soul, she was, indeed, disposed to acknowledge a degree of validity in the paltry argument that the fellowships should not have been forfeited. Her last years were thoroughly contented and happy, and during her fatal illness Reade's devotion to her was such as the utmost ardor of youthful attachment could not have surpassed. When he lost her he felt for a time that he had lost all that made life dear to him. His grief was beyond consolation, for his deepest feelings had been concentrated upon her, and there was no one to take her place in his heart. The sentiment with which he held her in memory to the end is shown in the following passage from a letter written not long be-

fore his own death. All who read it will understand how he regarded the tie which united him to the friend he loved best: —

"I do believe that affection without passion is the divinest boon heaven bestows on man in this our terrestrial state: and, indeed, our one foretaste of heaven, if all is true that we learned and believed in infancy. For what is the joy that heaven promises? A thousand affections without one passion."

It does not seem necessary to refer to the numerous errors of statement into which Mr. Compton Reade's carelessness has led him, excepting in one or two instances where the novelist's actions or opinions are flagrantly misrepresented. Readers of the Memoir are repeatedly assured, for example, that he looked upon *The Cloister* and the *Hearth* as an inferior piece of work; that when he was "complimented" upon it his "eye flashed indignation," — and more of the same sort. As a matter of fact he constantly spoke of it as his best production. Upon its publication, in 1863, he handed the four volumes to a friend, with the remark, "I shall never go beyond this;" and in 1881, when his writings were brought up before him for judgment, he unhesitatingly gave the precedence to this marvelous combination of industrious research and glowing imagination. Another mistake, not especially injurious but extremely misleading, appears in the assertion that the collaboration with Mr. Boucicault, in *Foul Play*, "gratified Charles Reade more thoroughly than any during his lifetime." In truth it was the direful spring of dissensions which resulted in a prolonged estrangement. But the most unfortunate of all the biographer's vagaries is his refusal to recognize any foundation for the charge that Reade sometimes availed himself of the inventions of other writers. It is doubly unfortunate, because by forcing attention to the subject he makes it impossible for those who follow

him to avoid examining it more truthfully. A single case will illustrate the looseness of his methods. Referring to the novel, *White Lies*, he says: "Certain wiseacres discovered that the story was a plagiarism from the French, and then proceeded to slaughter the author on that hypothesis. They were wrong in their premises, if not in their conclusions, but as usual had not the honesty to confess their error." This extraordinary declaration can be attributed to nothing less than sheer ignorance. It would never have been hazarded if Mr. Compton Reade were acquainted with the contents of *The Eighth Commandment*. He is evidently unaware, moreover, that *White Lies* was founded upon a drama by Auguste Maquet, the privilege of reproducing which was purchased by the English author. He alludes to this drama, but with such indifference to its bearing upon the question and such hasty disregard of its identity that he does not even transcribe the title correctly, calling it *The English Right of Reproduction*, which, of course, is merely a memorandum, explaining what Reade legally acquired from the French play-writer. The entire transaction, with all that grew out of it, is narrated in the clearest conceivable language in a volume which no biographer can be excused for overlooking, however unattractive it may be to the multitude. Nothing can be gained by attempting to deny that in this, as in other instances, Charles Reade did plagiarize. The wonder is that a man of his fastidious integrity on most points could not properly realize the fault of which he was guilty, nor the discredit which he brought upon his literary reputation. He was incapable of looking at such practices with the eyes of the world at large. He made no particular effort to conceal them, and even declared them justifiable on the ground that he paid living authors liberally for what he used of their work, and that what he took from the dead was common proper-

ty. In fact, he proceeded upon the theory that ideas were to be bought and sold precisely like merchandise. Having given Maquet a specified sum for the "English rights" of *Le Château de Grantier*, he considered himself free to turn everything in that piece to account, without acknowledging the origin. He could not, or would not, comprehend that the legal right of property carried with it no moral right to claim authorship, directly or tacitly. Nor could he be convinced that he harmed himself whenever he introduced extracts from old authors into his compositions. The best thing that can be said for him, in explanation, is that as many persons are color-blind, so he lacked perception of certain principles which men of letters generally agree to accept as axioms. It may be remarked, not as affecting the position he assumed, but as a matter of record, that his finest productions — those in which he may fairly be said to stand without a peer in English fiction — are entirely unmingled with material from outside sources. He needed no adventitious aid to prove that he was a master in his vocation; but in this, as in too many things, he never rightly knew himself.

The question whether the private lives and characters of eminent men shall be exposed to view in the absolute nakedness of truth, or be inspected only through a veil woven by kindly and charitable hands, has been discussed with considerable warmth in late years, without any definite point having been reached upon which the public is willing to agree. But the narrower inquiry suggested by the *Memoir of Charles Reade* is not likely to provoke controversy. If it be decided that the minutest fragments of an individual's history must be laid bare, and that no angle or corner shall escape the glare of notoriety, it may at least be demanded that the task be performed with scrupulous and undeviating probity, and that the portraiture be not disfigured by careless or neglect-

ful workmanship, nor distorted in any degree by prejudice or partiality. Strictly judged, a biography drawn upon this line would be equally open to condemnation whether its subject were unduly exalted or unfairly degraded. Under most circumstances, however, the former fault might be condoned, while the latter, even if unwittingly committed, could not pass without severe rebuke. It is certainly not pleasant to say that Mr. Compton Reade has so completely missed his mark as to make it appear a matter of obligation for one of his uncle's old friends to attempt to ward off, in this country, the evil effect of his production. Nor has it been anything but painful to recall the frailties of a nature which in almost every aspect was gracious and lovable. But in the Memoir the frailties are so inextricably entangled with the virtues, and the least satisfactory incidents of a stormy career are presented with such apparent determination to stamp them with approval, that the impression left upon the general reader cannot be other than harsh and injurious. It is only by frankly avowing Reade's errors, and setting them in contrast to his brighter and loftier characteristics, that the mischief can now be repaired. To strive to do this faithfully is simply the fulfillment of a duty to his

memory. From the foregoing recital it may be estimated to what extent the imperfections which he never disguised, and from which he was always the worst sufferer, are likely to affect his lasting repute. But what is needed for the establishment of his fame on the rightful plane is a new and true history of his life by some member of the literary brotherhood whose eye is capable of discerning the breadth and significance of the theme, whose heart can respond to its appeals, and whose hand can grasp it with force and courage, and impart, as well, the delicacy essential to its just manipulation. A writer like Walter Besant — Reade's worthiest successor in the class of fiction which aims at the elevation of humanity and the extinction of great social wrongs — working conjointly with Mr. Charles L. Reade, the custodian of the mass of manuscript left by the novelist, might yet produce a memorial the readers of which would not be constrained to ask, "Can such a man have been the author we blindly honored?" but would unite in the acknowledgment that only such a man could have added to the treasures of modern romance that series of splendid gifts of which *The Cloister and the Hearth* is but a single, though doubtless the most brilliant example.

E. H. House.

THE GROWTH OF MATERIALISM.

A FEW years ago an observer found himself in a great mining centre on the Pacific slope. The place was, both in situation and general character, unpromisingly material. In a region of sage brush and alkali barrens a range of mountains rose. No forest growth flanked and softened them. No cultivated area led up to the base of their higher peaks. They stood confessed in

a native hideousness which gave a repellent aspect to the whole country. The sinuous and difficult railroad track that wound into the heart of this strange territory revealed none of the familiar tokens of advancing settlement and civilization. There were no green pastures, nor cultivated fields, nor orchards, nor vineyards, nor copses, nor pleasant homesteads. The windings of the road

changed the outlook incessantly, but it was always some variation in the grim and frowning ugliness of gray rocks or dull green sage brush, dry ravine or naked scarped crags, that met the wearied eye. If perchance a stream was seen, it had been changed into a yellow muddy current by the uses to which it had been put, and the nature of which was indicated here and there by the unpicturesque framework of flume and riffle, wing-dam and sluice. Connected with these evidences of man's presence were occasional cabins, rude and simple as possible, bare of every hint of ornament, affording no suggestion of even a germ of imagination in the builders and occupants of these coarse and graceless hovels.

The town lay on a mountain side, irregular, careless, and in full character with the country. It straggled along the length of a great lode of precious ore, and its most important edifices were the huge hoisting works which covered the mouths of the many shafts. The mines, which descended deep into the mountain, had produced enormously. They had attracted a peculiar population; one which lived without the sight or companionship of trees, or flowers, or grass, or birds, complacently and contentedly; one which was satisfied with its surroundings, so long as the mines yielded largely, or speculation in the stocks of them prospered. At the time referred to a sort of crisis had occurred, and the town was in an unusual state of excitement. A certain mine, the stock of which had sunk as low as five dollars a share, was rumored to have developed a very rich ore body. It can hardly be said that the report was merely a rumor. Semi-official authority was imparted to it in devious and indirect ways, with the intended effect of strengthening the general belief in the truth of the news. The stock rose, and continued to rise. In two weeks it sprang from five to two hundred and fifty dollars a share. Long

before the climax was reached the people of that mining town had so abandoned themselves to the spell of the excitement that to an undisturbed spectator they might easily have appeared irresponsible, even insane. Fortunes were being made between dawn and dark. Every group in the streets was discussing, with covetous, glittering eyes and shortened breathing, some new tale of sudden achievement, some anecdote of startling transition from penury to opulence. As the stock rose day after day, the last moorings of prudence were cut or slipped. Merchants who had lived content with safe and steady gains yielded to the masterful temptation. People who had never speculated before staked all they had, in a burst of uncontrollable greed, upon the market. Higher, still higher, rose the stock. Maddier, still madder, grew the community. The women felt the ignoble passion, and became wilder than the men. Wives to whom homesteads had been secured hypothecated their title-deeds. Women of fashion, who had nothing else, pledged their jewels. Chattel mortgages on household furniture were recklessly taken. In the back rooms of the brokers' offices were whispered stories involving even more reckless and desperate traffickings. In short, there was nothing which had any realizable value which was not sought to be exchanged for the stock of the mine which was the centre of this unparalleled "boom." As usual in such cases, the whole line of stocks shared the upward movement, though to a smaller extent, and during those memorable two weeks many thousands lived in a fever, supported only by the impetuous lust of gain.

The excitement brought to the surface the basest traits of human nature, and this means a great deal when it is said of such a mining centre as that to which reference is made here; for in the normal atmosphere of all such places there is found predominating a hardness, an

unscrupulousness, a moral laxity, which perhaps attract the more attention because little pains is taken to disguise or conceal them. Inquire into the history of the men who have prospered most in these towns, and common report will respond with a catalogue of deeds which elsewhere would be called crimes, but here are regarded as proofs of special capacity, — at least if the general treatment of the accused individuals may be taken as an evidence of the existing public opinion. But the actions ascribed to these successful men are not such as many would be proud of. Here a millionaire is charged with deliberately ruining his own brother. There a mine-owner is said to have procured the “disappearance” of a rival speculator. A third is accused of robbing widows and orphans. A fourth bears the repute of habitually cheating his own hands. A fifth is said to have abandoned a whole gang of miners to a horrible death, in order to conceal the discovery of a new ore-body until he could “fix” the market. Such are the stories told in ordinary times; but during the great excitement the whole moral code seemed to have been thrown aside. It was a scramble in which no pity, no mercy, no consideration whatever, was shown by any one to any one. Society was at once fermenting and disintegrating. The servant-girls who waited at table might be, sometimes actually were, able to buy up their employers. The miner might represent more capital for the moment than the mine-owner. No other subject was spoken of than the great, the all-pervading “boom.” All business save that of gambling was practically suspended. Day by day the stock rose, and day by day the whirl, the race, the frantic struggle, grew wilder and more furious. A distinguished writer has recently, in the pages of *Blackwood*, embodied her conception of a state of punishment after death in a powerful description of “The Land of

Darkness.” To her it seems that a brutal, open, absorbing selfishness must be the condition of existence in what is called hell. Had she visited the great mining centre while the “boom” was flourishing, it would have been revealed to her acute intelligence that the condition which appears so diabolical to her can exist in its most pronounced form on this side of the grave, and that modern civilization, so far from considering its manifestation alarming, views it as proof of the energies and capacities which belong to “progress.”

Fortune dangled her richest prizes before the eyes of these people, and forthwith they shook off their humanity as an encumbering garment. What their vilest lusts made them, that they appeared. They were willing to sacrifice every one and everything to attain their end while the stock continued to rise. But what can be said of their panic when the truth slowly made its way from the bottom of the mine; when the “boom” collapsed, and the market, which, even though its rise was unprecedented, had taken two weeks to reach the topmost figure, fell with the swiftness of an avalanche! The rush to sell was then as fierce as that to buy had previously been. The wrecks were many, and the salvages rare. In a few hours fortunes which had towered colossal crumbled into nothingness. Once more the multitude had been duped and fleeced. Once more the few emerged gorged with iniquitous gains. But though curses loud and deep were showered upon the heads of the successful swindlers, they lost no caste by what they had done. How could they, indeed, when every man in the community felt in his heart that he would have played the same game had he held the same cards? The shock was heavy and the ruin widespread, but no useful lesson was learned. The plundered grew perhaps, if possible, more callous and more resolved thenceforth to miss no opportunity of pushing their for-

tunes. The utterly crushed were simply thrust aside, out of the way, and knew their time too well to protest or complain. As to the small minority of prosperous robbers, they made their peace with their victims by spending money lavishly ; by exhibiting a barbarous ostentation ; by thus reviving in the breasts of the unlucky the ideal toward which all their being turned in waking hours, and encouraging them with the renewed hope of some day emulating these extravagances by the aid of just such villainies as made them possible to their present perpetrators.

Why is this episode introduced here ? Because it is an "abstract and brief chronicle of the time ;" because it epitomizes the tendencies which dominate this age ; because it presents without a mask the working of those forces which shape the character and direct the course of modern civilization. As it has been said that the aim and intent of the whole system of English jurisprudence is to assemble twelve honest men in a jury-box, so it may be said that the whole aim and intent of the social system of to-day is to facilitate the acquisition of material wealth. The cult of riches is the prevailing one, and the main test of merit is success in acquiring them. It is inevitable, in the circumstances, that the means by which wealth is obtained should be a secondary consideration, and it is equally inevitable that indifference to the morality of the methods employed should tend to the extension of immorality. The setting up of wealth as an end has important consequences. Viewed in that light, the pursuit becomes not only a servitude, but an endless one. For it is one of the penalties of greed that its capacity for satisfaction diminishes with its growth. Contentment at any given point is impossible to the man who devotes himself to money-making. Long after he has amassed enough to satisfy every reasonable want or fancy, the lust of possession constrains him to continue

in his work, and at length he is as much a slave to his wealth as are the masses to their poverty. The idea that money brings happiness is common to all but those who have it. They may either be the slaves or the fools of fortune. In both relations they testify to the vanity of the expectation which places its goal in the possession of a plethoric bank account.

The ruling passion being the lust of riches, however, it gives the tone to everything, fixes and emphasizes the materialism of the time, and lowers the general standard of living. It is this dominant tendency which is mainly responsible for the decline of conscientiousness, for the moral dry-rot which is so marked a modern characteristic. It is this which develops and systematizes the myriad hypocrisies, deceits, and shams which honeycomb conventional existence. It is this which condemns millions to careers of false pretense, brummagem gentility, sordid cares, trivial yet poignant rivalries, absurd parade, vulgar ostentation, and real discomfort. It is this which first deadens and then destroys the intellectual and the spiritual life ; which condemns the rich to frivolous, fantastic, and useless lives, and perverts the poor by filling them with a foolish envy of conditions no sane man or woman should desire to enter. It is this which creates that fury of competition whence spring the brood of petty dishonesties termed "tricks of trade." It makes politics corrupt. It fills public life with demagogues and impostors. It hardens men's hearts, weakens their natural affections, saps their consciences, makes them strangers to truth and honor and integrity. Because of it we have made Christianity a hissing and a reproach in the mouths of heathen races. Because of it we have a century-long record of dishonor in our Indian relations. Because of it New England rum outfaces the New England Bible on the banks of the Congo. Because of it chi-

canery flourishes right and left. Because of it business men think themselves justified in adopting the frauds of their least scrupulous rivals. Because of it adulteration is employed whenever possible. Because of it the claims of socialism for a redistribution of the general possessions appeal with increasing force to the masses, who learn from example that duty is only a name, and that the one paramount obligation resting upon humanity is to "put money in its purse."

The church appeals in vain to a generation steeped in materialism, and the more vainly for that it is itself infected with the general taint. Costly church edifices, costly preachers, luxurious surroundings, may and do minister to the thoroughly worldly tastes of those who adhere to nominal religion for conventional and selfish reasons, but they do not and cannot foster spirituality, nor weaken in any degree the hold which Mammon has upon the world. Intellect in the pulpit will always be attractive, and may depend upon the kind of appreciation which materialism tenders to all it approves of. It will be paid handsomely. It will be treated deferentially. It will be rewarded with a share of the things which materialism considers most precious and desirable. It will be honored with the social distinctions which flatter the least spiritual tendencies in the sacerdotal nature. So it will become a part of the worldliness its function is to oppose, and a sanction of the ignoble frivolities it should condemn unsparingly. Wealth seduces and neutralizes the church. The spirit of the time broods as heavily upon the altar as upon the desk.

To succeed in life is to get rich. That is the all but universal understanding of the term "success." To this the lives of most of us are deliberately devoted, and if we do not fail, it matters nothing to our generation what soils and stains we have contracted on the

way; how base, and mean, and narrow our practices have made us; how densely ignorant we may be of everything worth knowing; how dead our hearts may be to generous emotions. So we be but rich, all else passes for trifles, and a dull, stupid, low-minded, and groveling age welcomes our congenial qualities and defects. How precious should this gift of riches be, when we consider the extent of the degradation to which the pursuit of it subjects us! Candor and truth, justice and equity, self-respect and faithfulness, all the qualities which go to make honorable manhood, in short, must be sunk out of sight, done violence to, or perhaps even surrendered altogether, in order to attain the desired end. Putting on the armor of selfishness, we address ourselves to a career which gradually extinguishes the desire for anything better, and of which the most that can be said is that it prepares us in some way for the illusions which crown it. But what a reason for existence, what a motive for action, what an incentive to energy, this cult of wealth is, to figure, at the close of the nineteenth century, as the very best the cream and flower of the human race can attain to!

The cream and flower of the human race, — perhaps that is not, after all, a lofty height to have reached. For, as Tennyson has it,

"Many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:

He now is first, but is he the last? Is he not too base?"

There have been material civilizations even more imposing in many ways than the present one. If when they flourished the standard of average comfort was lower than now, assuredly there was higher ambition, richer imagination, and more solid execution in the only kind of work which survives the tooth of Time. Some of these civilizations have disappeared so completely that we know them only by casual references in classic

literature, or by fragments of fictile art or architecture. From many of the surviving architectural remains, however, we infer a conscientiousness in the carrying out of such designs the like of which has ceased to exist, while in the construction of simple engineering works, such as military highways, a perfection was attained which would now be thought superfluous. So flimsy are our creations, and so low our ambitions. Roman roads made sixteen centuries ago still present firm and successful resistance to the elements. Luxor and Karnac and the rock-cut temples of India still offer to us examples of an honesty and majesty in creative work which in the permanence of their results may well appear almost supernatural to this unstable generation. Is there anything produced by modern hands that will last as long? Is there reason to believe that if, through some catastrophe, man was eliminated from this continent, and his work here was left to the influences of sun and storm, frost and wind, a thousand years, the explorers of the future would find decipherable traces of this nineteenth-century society?

It is impossible to doubt the tremendous energy and fierce vitality which characterized the bygone civilizations. Neither in the amassing of wealth nor in the expansion of luxury has the New World surpassed the Old. The pursuit of riches is never likely to be crowned with more success than it was under Imperial Rome, and in the prodigality and ingenuity of expenditure, Cairo and Alexandria could have given lessons to the Paris of to-day. Electricity and steam are the main distinguishing marks of the present age, and they have contributed principally to the saving of time, in the interest of that feverish race for money whose pace they have so greatly quickened. But though the old civilizations impressed themselves so deeply upon their periods; though they carried the materialist theory as far as

it can be carried; though they acquired and exercised vigorously the most comprehensive powers; though in their palmy days they could see no possibility of decay, they have vanished, and some of them so utterly that, for all objective traces remaining, they might never have been. We flatter ourselves that no such destiny awaits us. We assure ourselves that the advances we have made guarantee us against decline and oblivion. Yet history abounds with examples which might well teach us humility and diffidence, and self-analysis can add nothing to the confidence with which we address ourselves to the future.

The growth of modern civilization has apparently tended most strongly to the diffusion of opportunities for the acquisition of material possessions, and upon the evidence of that diffusion we are prone to pride ourselves and to rely as upon a proof that we are in the right path. At the same time invention has been stimulated to multiply the wants of men by increasing their desires. The discontent which finds expression among the least successful, in propositions to change the whole scheme of things, has no hopeful implications. It is not the dissatisfaction arising from insight into the hollowness of the present situation, but that which springs from baffled cupidity. It is not by the conquest of self that the modern reformer seeks to improve his generation: it is by some patent plan for opening a royal road to riches. Hitherto force of character, whether good or evil, has been held necessary to the attainment of material prosperity, and failure has been mainly attributable to inefficiency. Now it is claimed that there ought to be no such distinctions, but that the incompetent, the idle, and the forceless have equal rights in the good enjoyed by society. There is no cure for this kind of discontent in the philosophy of materialism. On the contrary, it breeds just such states of mind. For if wealth is really

the be-all and the end-all of life, if this is the only aim justifying the unreserved expenditure of human energy, it follows that those who from any cause are excluded from effective competition for the prize have a right to protest; and not only to protest, but to do their best to force themselves into the running.

This, too, is an inevitable sequence of the prevailing system. We practically hold that the more wants a man feels, the better off he is. We point to the complexity of the needs of civilized man as evidence of his civilization. No doubt there is consistency in this, for all that the wealthiest can do with their wealth is to use their imagination in creating new fancies, then make wants of those fancies, and so surround themselves with the superfluities which we call luxuries. Observe, however, that there is in this process no more real progress, no more real dignity, than in the methods by which an African potentate satisfies his cruder but hardly less noble greed. Nor is there always even greater barbarity in the savage example. To the unreflecting eye the spectacle of a Fan chief wearing a necklace of human teeth, that of a Dyak dwelling ornamented with human heads, or that of the lodge-pole of a Red Indian hung with a bunch of scalps, is conspicuously savage and horrible. But modern civilized society is infested with men whose possessions are built on the sufferings and misery of their fellows, and however sumptuous their habitations may be, the luxury and beauty of form and color which adorn them represent, no less than the ghastly trophies of the cannibal, the head-hunter, and the wild Indian, a course of destruction and of plunder.

It is one of the most significant facts of the material civilization that its supreme code — that, namely, upon which what it terms “business” is based — should declare the union of friendship with the sacred cult of money to be inadmissible. In the counting-house, the

factory, the exchange, there must be no entangling alliances. There, in the arcana of “business,” all pretenses, save those which conduce to material advantage, are to be put aside. Popular philosophy takes the form of proverbs and sententious sayings, which, if not always polite and delicate, are generally terse and to the point. This popular sentiment long ago expressed, in its crude way, the prevailing idea of the way the world wags in the rough but expressive words, “Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost.” It is upon this principle that we usually conduct business in this progressive and hurried age. It may, perhaps, be thought somewhat curious that the habitual putting off of friendship, as Mohammedans put off their slippers on entering the mosque, in proceeding to business, should not have given rise to some suspicion of the nature of the cult that requires such a surrender. It is, however, but the last step in a threefold descent. The first is from the religion we profess to the religion we practice: the second is from the family code to the social code; the third is from the latter to the ethics of “business.” Perhaps the graduation of the descent helps to conceal it from most of us. Perhaps the dazzling effulgence which breaks from the shrine of Mammon blinds his worshipers to the nature of the approaches by which they reach his feet. Such, however, is the fact. The principle of business is selfishness in its most open and undisguised form: selfishness ministering to its own rapacity by a hundred base and shameful tricks and chicaneries; selfishness assisting itself with deceit and fraud, with overreaching and misrepresentation; selfishness pluming itself upon superior intelligence when it effects a roguery by playing upon the trustfulness of another; selfishness hardly sneering at integrity and scoffing at honor as an outworn imbecility. There is really nothing too base to be perpetrated in the name of

business. It knows no conscience: witness the dispatch of ship-loads of rum to poison uncivilized races. It knows no patriotism: witness the eagerness with which in all wars traders have supplied their country's enemies with arms and munitions; and witness, in our own time, the manner in which rebellious Indian tribes have been repeatedly furnished by American citizens with arms wherewith to fight American soldiers. When the North was in death-grapple with the South, it supplied our men in the field with shoes that could not be worn, with shoddy clothing, with fraud in every shape an army contract could cover. In times of peace it calls in adulteration to its aid, and poisons whatever can be sophisticated. The spirit of the age is shown forth in the invention of oleomargarine, or sham butter, and especially in the arguments used to defend and justify the product. The haste to be rich, indeed, debases everything and demoralizes every one. There is no great line of modern development which is not branded by the rank dishonesty this lust produces. It flourishes rankly in governmental affairs. Wherever the sense of responsibility is weakened by the absence of personal headship and ownership, fraud has entered freely. The land system of the country is honeycombed with it. The history of the distribution of the public lands is a history of continued and gigantic robberies. There has never been an issue of land-scrip to any class, soldiers, Indians, or civilians, or to States for educational purposes, which has not been made the machinery for effecting these knaveries. Government timber has been stolen as generally as government land. Railroad enterprises, too, have frequently been made the cover for extraordinary rapacity and dishonesty in the same directions. All this is known far and wide, but it signifies nothing. It is in no sense a figure of speech that any man may become rich by positive stealing: that the truth concerning his

manner of obtaining his money may be generally known; and that not only will he not lose caste by his immoral methods, but a large number of people will admire him for his "smartness," which, being interpreted, perhaps means successful roguery.

It would surely be unreasonable to expect that riches so obtained, or, if not so obtained, got under a system which permits such modes of acquisition, should be used worthily, and usually they are not. In considering the actual employment of them, however, it becomes necessary to examine another side of our material civilization. Thus far the part taken by man in it has been alone considered. The part taken by woman is not less important, and must be brought into the general account. The fetich of man is money. The fetich of woman is fashion. The spiritual capacities of women are certainly larger than those of men. Their nature is less material and what is called practical. They perceive more than they reason out, and their intuitions are often, if not always, safer and sounder than men's inductions. But they have been for so many centuries the suppressed sex that they have not yet learned to use their liberty wisely, and at present they cultivate frivolity not less assiduously than men pursue wealth. Fashion is primarily imitation, and imitation nearly always implies not only deficient originality, but inability to perceive the relations between external conditions and the right methods of adaptation to them. The imitation here, moreover, is grotesquely defiant of all the principles of art and taste. Changes, the origin of which is really fortuitous, as for example the discarding of gloves on certain occasions because a European prince once happened to be unprovided with them, are adopted without hesitation or question. Fashions first introduced in order to conceal a deformity in the person of some foreign queen or princess are forthwith

copied with blind servility by American women who have no such defects or blemishes to disguise. Costumes first invented to make some short person appear taller, or to reduce the apparent height of some tall one, are taken up by short and tall alike, without the least regard to fitness. These, however, though evidences of the folly of fashion, are its least important effects. The most serious mischief wrought by it consists in the denaturalizing of millions of lives in condemning them to perennial sham and imposture. Perhaps half the misery which modern society endures is caused in this way. A senseless desire to appear better off than we are makes nine tenths of us squander our means in trying to produce an erroneous impression upon our neighbors. As a rule, few people are really deceived by such devices, but infinite harm is done to the characters and consciences of those who practice them. Everywhere are seen persons who, possessing ample means for a natural and wholesome life, throw away their opportunities of comfort and happiness, and exist in a sort of haze of false pretenses, for no better object than the gratification of a vanity as purely animal as that which prompts the Central African savage to plaster his hair with mud and to smear his body with bullock-fat. Under such a scheme of life no elevating influences can establish themselves. The practice of inanities becomes a gauge of the whole existence. The artificial wholly supplants the natural, and the shams which fashion requires color everything and give everything the same false character. Nothing more tedious, dreary, and hollow can be imagined than the lives of numbers who yield themselves to this debasing cult. When, too, the pursuit of fashion is made the excuse for a more frenetic chase after wealth, the results of the combination are most melancholy.

Yet the pinnacle of ambition for scores of thousands of women, whose

husbands are still fighting for prosperity, is leadership in this kind of life; and when the battle is won, and they find the means in their hands, they hasten to realize their dream, and think that it will bring contentment to them. No doubt the same might have been said, nay, was said, of the women who lived two thousand years ago. There is, indeed, no indictment capable of being brought against human society which is not hoary with age. But the significance of this seems to be that when we speak of the progress of the race we are too often guilty of gratuitous assumptions; for if to-day the vices and defects which aroused the disgust and anger of Juvenal still flourish rankly, the advance made in the interval must have been much less considerable than our conceit inclines us to claim. The fact of the persistence of old evils and social blunders and crudities in the government and conduct of life points, besides, to the keynote of this whole discussion, namely, the danger that a civilization tending so strongly toward unmixed materialism may encounter the fate of the extinct civilizations which followed the same path. The question whether we can or shall outlive and free ourselves from all these deadly obstacles to any growth worth the making may be considered hereafter. At present we are concerned chiefly with the truth that we have certainly not yet escaped them.

The end which society places before itself is pleasure, but it is pleasure in its least desirable forms. Wealth, it might be thought, is counted as of little potency, if it cannot save its possessors the trouble of thinking; for there is nothing they cultivate so little as thought. Sensuous and sensual gratification, ministrations to the lust of the eyes, and to the demands of the body for soft lying and savory eating and agreeable drinking, make the sum of the rewards for how many lives of painful toil and accumulation. It is the irony of fate that the man

who gives himself wholly to money-getting thereby incapacitates himself for any rational enjoyment of his fortune when it is made. As a rule such men discover at last that there is no pleasure for them but in their business; and they continue to amass without purpose and almost automatically, until death forces them to realize the ephemeral character of their work, and its utter futility for any possible future that may lie before them. The pleasure of society, however, is a will-o'-the-wisp, a phantom which eludes capture, and the pursuit of which is maintained for a time only by the vitality of youth and the hope with which nature reinforces the spring-time of life. To such as reflect, it is a mockery and a delusion. That it is so eagerly followed perhaps indicates how little reflection is really performed. But indeed the tendencies of the age are away from all courses which require serious effort. If pleasure declines into folly, it is in accord with other social phenomena. The pace at which the world is going seems to exclude thoroughness, as it is gradually excluding conscientiousness. The multitude demand short cuts to everything, patent appliances for skimming the surface of all knowledge. To meet this demand, every department of literature has now its condensing apparatus, and epitomized classics, histories, art works, scientific works, pour from the press. The general impatience to get on cannot tolerate persistent study in any direction, nor does the general desire for increased knowledge apparently reach the height of a wish to master anything. The explanation of this superficiality is to be found in the influence of the prevailing cult upon all classes. Money being the aim of the majority, it has come to pass that the ethical character of the methods by which money is obtained has gradually been less regarded. From this to a general slackening in the performance of duty, the descent is natural and indeed

inevitable. The common desire being fixed on gain, there is constantly less care bestowed on that which is to be exchanged for gain. Hence slovenly craftsmanship, dishonesty in manufactures, short weight and adulteration, free use of inferior materials, misrepresentation, fraud, and deceit in all manner of transactions. Hence, too, unfaithfulness in service, the due doing of work being grudged or shirked, yet higher valuation being put on the depreciated performance.

Everywhere the influences of the time tend to the growth of a selfishness which intensifies the materialism whence these influences proceed, and so the vicious circle is produced and maintained. Never in the world's history was *Carpe diem* more emphatically the motto of the day. One of the most common of current phrases is that of "having a good time," and too generally it is employed as an excuse for some gross evasion of duty, some ignoble yielding to a shameful egotism, some contemptible concession to a self-indulged, pithless inclination. The seekers after "a good time" have cast off their responsibilities. If they are parents, they let their children scramble up anyhow, pretending, as an excuse for their own cowardly laziness, that they want the children too to "have a good time." If they are young men or women, they act upon the theory that the function of their parents is to minister to their pleasure, and that they owe no duty to any one. Destitute of moral stamina; frothy, frivolous, unstable, and infirm in all their purposes and deeds; so wrapped in self that they are incapable of perceiving the hideous ugliness of their own characters, these pseudo-epicureans may well provoke the gravest doubts as to the quality of the generation that is to owe its origin to them. But they symbolize and give tone to their time. The same greed and the same low moral standard which have produced them may be traced in all

the agencies which have arisen to cater to them. Their tastes support a luxury peculiar to the period, — a luxury characterized by evasion of thought and intellectual discipline of any kind. Popular preferences lie in the direction of whatever gratifies sensuous perception without calling upon the brain. Thus it is that in amusements the lightest, flimsiest, but most garish and glittering spectacular pieces hold the stage longest; that Barnum's circus so easily eclipses Shakespeare; that melodrama extinguishes drama; that in art the baldest realism is the most attractive, and the ideal would perish but for the vogue which authoritative criticism has secured for a handful of its few representatives, and the ambition of the wealthy to appear instructed in such matters. What happens when such guidance is lacking, and the untutored predilections of picture buyers control the situation, was illustrated in quite a striking way at a recent art sale in New York.

It is significant that the nineteenth century has produced little in the lines governed by the creative imagination. Its fecundity in the direction of material science has been prodigious. In all that ministers to and facilitates the massing of wealth and its distribution, the activity of invention has been unparalleled. The power of the human intellect in overcoming natural difficulties, in mastering time and space, in multiplying the productive capacity of mechanical forces, in extending the area of commerce and settlement, in increasing the average of comfort, in enlarging the field of luxury, in expanding the purchasing power of money, was never so signally manifested. Nevertheless, this century of unprecedented growth in material prosperity has been but a barren one in things not material. In the ages which produced original imaginative work, it is to be noted that the masters were dependent, not upon the past, but upon the spirit of their own time. The

masterpieces of painting, sculpture, architecture, exceeded all that had preceded them, as Shakespeare exceeded his predecessors and his contemporaries. The cathedral builders of Europe were the followers of no school. The poems in stone which they raised were the expression at once of lofty spiritual belief and a strong sense of duty. Freedom and grasp of imagination are not less conspicuous in their work than a faithfulness in execution scarcely comprehensible to-day. Strikes and eight-hour laws are incompatible with the survival of the spirit which conceived and the conscientiousness which achieved those noble and stately fanes. Modern architecture has no such gifts for mankind, nor are such gifts ever vouchsafed to men who work with their faces turned backward. The modern city, in its exterior aspect, is a tangle of imitations. The century has no style of its own. It can but ape those which are gone by. Left to itself, it fails to produce anything but the most hideous, soulless, brutally uncompromising realism; and even when it leans upon an idealism which it seldom penetrates, its copies, however servile, want life, and are too often deformed by the flatness and insipidity of a Chinese landscape.

It is the same with modern fashions. They are as independent of artistic feeling and true taste, for the most part, as those of the Zulus and Hottentots. Too frequently they defy and outrage every principle of art, and are not less graceless than ridiculous. In the abject submission with which these fashions are received and indured may be seen a trustworthy gauge of the prevailing standard of sense and fitness. Our clothing is as ugly as our houses, and our houses only less ugly than our public buildings because smaller. In decoration, confusion is worse confounded. Greek, Italian, Dutch, Japanese, Oriental, French, English, Mauresque, all styles are jumbled together with a cath-

oliticly wholly barbarous and unintelligent. In illustration, particularly book illustration, there is a common belief that we have done something to be proud of, and we never tire of telling one another that we lead the world here. Perhaps we do, though the assertion is by no means indisputable; but even if we do, it does not therefore follow that we have cause for much congratulation. We may seem to have accomplished a good deal in illustration, but possibly at a cost exceeding the value of the present gain. For it is in what are called "processes" that our chief advances have been made, and these are mechanical modes of producing tolerably close imitations of engraving and etching. They are to engraving and etching what chromolithography is to painting. They indeed produce much closer copies than chromolithography has yet done, but, after all, process work is in a large measure spurious. It is a means of democratizing art, of furnishing innumerable impressions of a plate, but it is also a means of deteriorating and degrading art. No process work can ever be equal in value to real etching or engraving, but the processes may crowd the genuine artists to the wall. Since, however, it is certain that the new methods are more profitable than the old ones, doubtless they will hold the position they have gained, no matter at what cost to true art.

It has been deplored of late that poetry appears to be decaying, and various ingenious efforts have been made to account for this. The real cause for wonder is that poetry should have stayed so long in a world which has rejected nearly everything upon which it battens. Materialism is the death of song, and the more prosperous it grows the more prosaic does it become. Hitherto, indeed, we have been living largely upon our inheritance in this regard. We could not at once exhaust the great store of imagination which descended to us

from ages that preserved ideals and did not wholly exclude the spiritual from existence, and upon that ancient stock our poets have drawn. But now we are approaching the end of this inheritance, and as we begin to fall back upon the original products of our own time, their aridity strikes a death-chill to the heart of poetry, and it fades and withers. There is, however, so nicely shaded a gradation in the processes by which, as in the working of "dissolving views," one tendency disappears and another takes its place, that paradoxical occurrences sometimes mark the transition. Thus among the leaders of scientific materialism to-day may be seen men of genius, who unconsciously derive from the idealism of their ancestors an imaginative force and brilliancy which they employ in the destruction of the influence furnishing their strongest and most effective weapons. The scientific imagination owes its vitality to the ideal which it denies. It is to this dishonored ideal that the world is under obligations for whatever it enjoys and possesses which is not at bottom barbarism.

But it is only in what are called practical matters that we press forward and keep our gaze to the front. In all that pertains to the ideal we have our eyes fixed upon the past. We live over again the speculations of our forefathers. We are content to be indebted to those who came before us. The age resembles an athlete whose muscular system has been developed with the utmost care, while little attention has been bestowed upon the intellectual side of him. It is robust and vigorous and capable beyond question in the material sense, but when that is said, all is said. Our science, like our social philosophy and practical life, is emphatically exoteric. Professing complete impartiality and a single-minded desire to ascertain the truth, it has begged the whole question as to the nature of man by confining its researches to externals. *Ohne Phosphor kein Ge-*

danke, says Büchner. Perhaps his colleagues do not go quite so far as that. Perhaps they profess a diffidence which would be more to their credit did their habitual utterances permit us to believe in its reality. In any case they virtually indorse the German man of science in preferring as a working hypothesis the material theory. "We cannot," say they, "affirm positively that mind and matter are identical, but we have not found any convincing evidence to the contrary." One reason why they have not found such evidence is that they have not sought it with any enthusiasm, or in the only place where it can be hopefully looked for. Psychology is the least developed science among the Western nations. Its students revolve like squirrels in their wheel, and they have not succeeded yet in attaining an equal height with Plato, nor have they reached more definite knowledge than the astronomer-poet of Persia, Omar Khayyám, had acquired eight hundred years ago.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about; but evermore
 Came out by the same door where in I went."

Is there any more profitable outcome to be looked for from modern psychologic science? Or how can that be truly a science of soul which depends on a biology the inductions of which are materialist? There are two paths which lead from nineteenth-century science and philosophy: on the guide-post of one may be read Agnosticism; and Pessimism, on that of the other. Herbert Spencer on the one hand, Schopenhauer on the other, teach us that speculation which proceeds beyond the knowable is futile, and that the knowable is bounded by the demonstrations of science; while we are consoled for the loss of faith and hope by the assurance that, after all, life is of no particular consequence, and in effect little more than a mistake, perpetuated through man's egotism. Schopenhauer, indeed, has travestied and per-

verted the philosophy of the East in making of it a support to his pessimistic system; but agnostic no less than pessimistic philosophy tends to confirm and strengthen the materialist tendencies, which prevail more and more.

There is nothing intrinsically humiliating in the doctrine of evolution. Mankind might contemplate without mortification and accept without loss of self-respect the theory of descent from the ascidian, might acknowledge without repulsion their relationship to the anthropoid ape, if the curve of progress were plainly carrying them farther and farther from these lowly origins, and bringing them as clearly nearer and nearer a higher order of existence. But what if "the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," inherit with their other possessions tendencies, the development of which, while vastly increasing the external attractiveness and splendor of life, are fixing the race in a line of advance which ends in a *cul-de-sac*? What if the material civilization which makes so imposing a figure at present, which is so full of promise of a certain kind, which tempts so strongly to a belief in the perfectibility of conditions, is really a declining and not a rising civilization? What if the incessant stimulation of man's lust of possession, of his wants, of his selfishness, which so-called progress involves, should so reinforce the latent brute in all of us, so kill out the latent spirit, as to arrest healthy development? Something very like this must have happened to the nations of antiquity, the lustre of whose progress shone like lamps among their contemporaries, yet which sank and disappeared utterly. Can we indeed expect with any confidence that a purely material civilization will go on indefinitely flourishing? Abstract the spiritual qualities from man, throw him back altogether upon his instincts, and he does not sink merely to the level of the beasts; he becomes their inferior.

For if the beasts are "vacant of our glorious gains" in intelligence, at least their instincts guide them more surely than the partially atrophied instincts of man guide him. The beasts know when they have enough; man never does. The beasts avoid excess; man does not. The beasts recognize the things in nature which are for their good; man has no such gift. Take from man, therefore, his spiritual part, and his course is endangered, perhaps brought to a standstill, perhaps even turned back. But the spiritual side of man is at present quite generally neglected, and all the energy available is being expended on the education of his lower, that is to say his material side. Some of the consequences of this have already been examined. There are thinkers who hold that the best guarantee for steady progress consists in the infinitude of human wants and desires. But if all the wants and desires nourished and expressed are physical and material, does that make no difference in the soundness of the hypothesis? How much does the world owe to the ideal? is a question which can hardly be answered candidly without casting serious doubt upon the practicability of permanent progress on the lines of materialism; and yet it is assuredly on those lines that it is now advancing, and perhaps more wholly upon those lines than at any former period.

A chief danger of the situation consists in the fact that all the most potent evils of materialism tend to feed and fatten upon their own substance, and to perpetuate themselves after the manner of certain low organisms in the physical world. It would not, for instance, require more than one or two generations of undisciplined self-seekers to establish a breed of egoists more self-centred, more void of sympathy, than any form of advanced civilization has yet known, and the influence of such men and women upon any society can be easily perceived. Toleration of fraud and men-

dacity, for a comparatively brief period, would produce equally marked consequences. Nor is the effect less in minor phenomena. In a country where the ballot is the ultimate expression of popular will, it is only necessary greatly to stimulate the rapacity of the masses to bring about, in due course, legislation involving confiscation of the possessions of the rich. In the Greek republics this kind of social war frequently occurred, and naturally, when matters reached that extremity, the only law capable of enforcement was that of *force majeure*; so sometimes the poor overcame the rich, and sometimes the rich overcame the poor, and whichever side was victor practiced hideous cruelties upon the vanquished. The history of the Paris Commune proves that the lowest depths of savagery are not beyond the possible descent of civilized societies, and we cannot therefore solace ourselves with the flattering assurance that like causes would not produce like effects among us. The decline in the sense of duty tends to similar consequences. When responsibility decays, regard for the rights of others is sure to be weakened. Communities which tolerate the practice of abuses upon themselves are apt to manifest loose morality in general. Good citizenship implies self-respect and full recognition of the neighbor's rights, together with equally clear perception of one's own and one's fellow's obligations. Those who are careless of what is due to themselves will be not less apathetic concerning what is due to the commonwealth. But incivism is the fruit of unsocial selfishness. Whoever refuses to do his duty as a citizen does so because he is absorbed in his personal occupations, and, as a rule, is thus absorbed by the greed of gain. As all force is masterful, selfish and greedy men exercise a strong influence on the community, and their concentration of purpose usually secures their ends. But let the masses also acquire this energy of ac-

quisitiveness, and apply it through the ballot, and the strong purpose of the selfish minority must be borne down by the pressure of the much greater though similar force. What redemption there could be for a community or a nation so circumstanced it is difficult to see. All reversion tends to spread. Savagery superimposed upon civilization can only be met by savagery. *Inter arma silent leges.*

Even in the efforts made from time to time to stem the evils which are most conspicuous and most mischievous, the influence of the prevailing tendencies is apparent. In legislation the disposition is towards paternalism, repression, physical coercion, as remedies for moral ills. Habits and appetites which are the growth of ages are attacked by police measures. The belief that human nature can be controlled altogether from without, though contradicted by unbroken experience, is at the bottom of this line of action. In the Middle Ages such a belief led the Church to adopt the policy of coercion, and in so doing to make men hypocrites, and to materialize and degrade religion. To-day we must go to Central Arabia and study the Wahhabee dynasty, if we wish to know how such a policy really affects human life. Wahhabeeism is the Puritanism of the East, and it is undoubtedly preparing the way for a reaction as marked as the Puritanism of the Commonwealth period produced in the period of the Restoration. The idea that men may be made good by statute is one of those which have been most frequently disproved by experiment, yet it recurs with a persistence which argues ill for intellectual development. "Knowledge grows, but Wisdom lingers," the poet has written, and the fact mentioned is a striking illustration of the truth of this observation. But reliance upon external influence is a note of the time. It is seen under many aspects. Especially is it accountable for the dependence

of parents upon organized educational agencies for the kind of training which it is impossible to give elsewhere than in the home. For all spiritual development has its origin there, and in the absence of purifying and ennobling home influences there is no school or college which can impart this first and highest and most precious of all instruction.

Affection, reverence, self-sacrifice, modesty, veracity, the power of estimating things truly, appreciation of the higher life, every elevating tendency, every worthy aspiration, flourish best on the family hearth. But if their natural habitat is empty; if mean selfishness, and silly frivolity, and servitude to appearances, and the myriad hypocrisies, shams, and littlenesses of sordid convention, fill and control the place, alas for the generation so defrauded of its sacred birthright, so delivered helpless to the materialism of the age! There is no remedy in the extension of educational machinery. We may exchange the classics for modern languages; we may make more room for physical science; we may introduce courses on the science of government; we may pay more attention to political economy; we may add technical schools to the common ones: but when we have done our best, we shall have failed to evolve a substitute for the only education which gives life a significance higher and broader than that of Descartes's automatism.

The exceeding sluggishness which characterizes human progress, and the doubt which exists as to its genuineness, are both attributable to the deadening and perverting influence of what, for the convenience of designation, may be called Externalism. The disposition to attempt all reforms from without has not only prevented real progress, but discredited its promoters. The endeavor to eliminate desire by restricting action has always had the same consequences. It has put a premium on deceit and inflamed every destructive passion. The

final results of such experiments have been distinctly lowering to the moral standard. On the other hand, the permanent and salutary advances made by the race have been from within outward; the effects, that is to say, of conviction and persuasion producing volitional action. That which men have willed to do, because convinced that it was right by reflection and observation, has for the most part proved well done, and has become an enduring possession of the race. Herein lies the open secret of true civilization, yet it is neglected. For as any ordered or tolerable existence in a community composed entirely of one sex is unthinkable, so progress of a genuine and permanent character upon purely materialistic principles is inconceivable. As the woman is necessary to the man, so is the spiritual necessary to the material; and as, even when the woman is present, the society stagnates which refuses her a due part in life, so, even when the spiritual is outwardly recognized and revered, progress must be artificial and unsound if the higher influences are in practice ignored. The poet may postulate

“Some far-off, divine event
To which the whole creation moves,”

but what meaning can there be in such a suggestion to a world which is steeped to the lips in materialism; which is becoming more and more atrophied as to its spiritual capacities; which rejoices in the agnostic philosophy that draws the curtain over all the future, and concentrates the lime-light of intellect upon the present alone?

Not entirely upon the present, though. We look back to our ancestors the *primates*, and pride ourselves upon the gulf that separates us from those humble animals. But on both sides of us there is a missing link; and while the one behind us eludes our most earnest research, the one before us interests us hardly at all. To the question, What is man? the answer of science is, “A

little higher than the beasts;” the answer of revelation is, “A little lower than the angels.” But to-day it is science that speaks *ex cathedra*, while revelation has no more honor among us. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there is no content, nor enduring satisfaction, nor evolution other than animal, nor invention other than sensual, nor culture other than soulless, when spirituality is excluded, or dormant, or paralyzed. Man needs a higher law as a guide to the higher life. The less he feels and recognizes this need, the more materialism takes hold upon him, the less hopeful must his future be, no matter what apparent growth he may be making. Human history in the past has been a monotonous iteration of lessons on this one theme. Poverty, thrift, prosperity, wealth, luxury, corruptness, degradation: in these seven words the fate of many great empires is told. No nation following in that track has escaped the common destiny. Shall we? If we proceed upon the present lines, we have no right to look for a peculiar end to our experiment. The globe is the burial-place of extinct civilizations, and materialism was the disease of which they one and all died. With the experience of the past to warn us, with the knowledge of the present to enlighten us, we ought to escape the danger, if escape be still possible; but neither experience nor knowledge can avail unless they are vitalized by an inspiration which will be sought vainly in externals, and which demands for its evocation a faculty the exercise of which has been so long neglected that it may be difficult of control. Yet in this direction alone is there hope of recovering the right path, and without action to this end there can be no useful resistance to those agencies and influences which are gradually but surely destroying spiritual culture, aspiration, and achievement, and leveling down life to the plane of a debasing materialism.

George Frederic Parsons.

THE SECOND SON.

XXV.

LILY'S RESOLUTION.

LILY FORD had been extraordinarily moved by Roger's declaration. It had an effect upon her imagination which was beyond all reason, and quite out of proportion with the event. She had not been without stirrings of heart as to Roger's visits in the days when her mind was still free, and Stephen was to her only a vague shadow of that hero of romance for whose arrival she was looking daily. Roger's appearance had been, indeed, the first that had roused the expectation in her, and made that general and shadowy sense of something about to happen, which is always dominant in a girl's mind, into a still shadowy but more possible reality. Her heart had beat its first, not for him, but for the excitement of his coming, the prince, the knight, the lover of all the romances. Afterwards Lily had grown a little afraid of Roger. His visits, his looks, his tones, all flattered her, but frightened her at the same time. Perhaps she never could have been at her ease with him as with Stephen. He revered her too much, and Lily knew very well that this was not the appropriate sentiment with which to regard her. Admiration she understood perfectly, and love more or less; but that ideal respect bewildered her, and impaired her self-possession in his presence. That she should look up to him as an elder brother and head of the family was a much more possible relation than anything more familiar, and in this light she had begun to regard Roger vaguely before his sudden disappearance. But now that all was changed, now that she was Stephen's betrothed, almost his bride, his brother's sudden arrival, his sudden appeal to her,

the almost certainty there seemed in his mind that he must be the first who had so addressed her, and that only her anxiety for her father prevented her full response, was an overwhelming surprise, and indeed a horror, to Lily. It shocked and paralyzed her. Her "Oh, Mr. Roger!" was a cry of terror. No other words would come, nor did she know what to do except to fly, to hurry away, to hide her face and stop her ears, that she might not hear nor see those avowals, which not only were almost criminal, but would raise, she felt vaguely, such a wall of separation between herself and the brother of her future husband as nothing hereafter could overcome.

Lily was altogether more painfully affected by this incident than could have been supposed possible. It made her wretched, it filled her with visionary terror. It was wrong, wicked, unnatural. His sister-in-law! and she dared not tell him, — dared not betray the position in which she stood towards Stephen, who by this time had no doubt got the license and prepared everything for their marriage. The situation overwhelmed the girl; no better expedient occurred to her than to shut herself up in her room, from which, scarcely venturing to breathe lest she should be discovered, with feelings of alarm and agitation indescribable, she heard the voice of Roger speaking to her mother down-stairs. Mrs. Ford, for her part, did not understand Lily's panic, nor why she should hide herself. It was, no doubt, a very agitating and splendid event; but except for the natural tremor of so enormous a success, and some qualms of alarm as to its immediate effect upon Ford's position as gamekeeper, — qualms calmed by the thought that everything must come right in the end, for Mrs. Ford had no faith in disinheritance, — the mother would

have easily made up her mind to boundless joy and triumph. But Lily's condition was not to be accounted for by mere nervousness or excitement. She was so determined that Roger's suit could not be listened to for a moment, so anxious to hide herself and keep out of his way, that Mrs. Ford was compelled to yield with a troubled heart to these tremors. She had long ago discovered that she did not always understand Lily. How should she? The girl was far above her mother in so many things. It was a pride the more to think that so humble a woman as she was could not always tell what her child meant, — her child, who was so much superior to any other woman's child.

But while Lily thus lurked terror-stricken in her room, her mind was full of many troubled thoughts. The time had come, she felt, when her fate could no longer hang in the balance; when that decision, which she could not but feel to be an awful one, must be made. For nothing in the world would she run the risk of meeting Roger again, or being once more addressed by him in those words she trembled to think of. Rather anything than that; rather the final step, the plunge which she longed, yet feared, to make. She had parted from Stephen with a promise that her decision should not be long delayed, but whether without this new excitement Lily would ever have been able to wind herself up to so bold a step it is impossible to tell. She sat upon the floor in her little chamber, all crouched together, sick with alarm and nervous excitement, while the sound of Roger's masculine voice came up from below. She had consented that Stephen should remain in town awaiting her, and that he should take all the steps about the license; she had even promised to let him know, by a telegram, the time of her arrival, in order that he might meet and take her to the house he had selected, — the house, of course, of a good woman, an old servant, who

would care for her until the hour of the marriage, for which, in the mean time, all should be prepared. Everything had been arranged between them, even to that old church in the city which Lily, aided by her experience of novels, had thought the safest, and which he had yielded to, though avowing his preference for a registrar's office. A registrar's office! Oh, no, that would have been no marriage at all! And at last he had consented, and even had discovered that he knew the very place, — an old, old church, quite out of the way. All these things began to swim through Lily's head as she sat on the floor, in the panic and humiliation of her thoughts, listening to the far-off sound of Roger's voice; anticipating the horror of perhaps seeing him again, of having to make him some answer, of her mother's wondering questions, and of all the commotion which she did not know how to face.

And on the other side, how much there was! Her lover waiting, longing, hoping that every day would bring her to his arms; a new life, the life she had always known must one day be hers, and happiness, and splendor, and her right position, and the society of ladies and gentlemen. All this lay before her, separated from her only by the decision, by the one step out of her present world into the other, which would indeed be something like dying and coming to life again, and yet would be so quick, accompanied by so little pain; a thing, too, that must be done sooner or later. Lily scarcely thought of the pangs she would leave behind her, of the tortures her father and mother would have to suffer. It would be only for a moment, she reflected, for a single night, or perhaps a couple of days; and then what comfort and delight to follow! The pain was scarcely worth thinking of. Mrs. Ford herself would not complain: she would say it was nothing; it was a cheap price to pay for knowing her child to be so happy. Her mother's very humbleness

reassured Lily. The parents would care nothing for the anxiety after it was over; they would be so glad, so glad, when the next day a telegram told them that all was well.

But was she herself strong enough to do it, — that was the question, — strong enough to forget herself, to step out of all that was ordinary, to free herself from every prejudice? They were only prejudices, she said to herself, — how often had Stephen told her so! To meet him at the railway, to drive with him to that good woman's house, was that worse than meeting him in the park? Was it possible for her, was it honorable, was it modest even, to have any doubts of Stephen? No, no, she had none. She would be as safe with him as with her father, she knew. It was nothing but a prejudice, a breach of the ordinary, that was all. She wanted orange-blossoms, and the children to strew flowers, and the church-bells to ring. Oh, yes, she allowed it all in her heart. That was what she would have liked best. Oh, how she would have liked it! If she had married Witherspoon, even, that was what would have happened at home. Witherspoon! She trembled, and grew red for shame of herself, who, engaged to a gentleman, an officer, should allow herself to think it had ever been possible that she might have married Witherspoon. The gardener! while his master was there, pleading, persuading, with that tone of entreaty which she could distinguish, with a shiver, down-stairs, begging that he might see her; and he was her brother-in-law, if he had only known it! Oh, good heavens, her bridegroom's brother! And how could she face him, or reply to him, or let him speak to her, in that dreadful mistake he was making? No, no, no! it was impossible! There was only one thing to be done, and that was to go away. It must be done one time or another; to-morrow or the day after to-morrow, if not to-day. It must be done. Was not

Stephen waiting for her, waiting for her telegram, with everything ready at that good woman's house, and the license in his pocket? It must be done! it must be done! It was the only way of escaping, of seeing Roger no more, — poor Roger, who loved her, yet must not love her, poor fellow!

She did not venture to get up, to run the risk of betraying her presence in the upper room even by the creaking of a board, until she heard his voice die out underneath, and then his lingering step upon the gravel. She felt sure — and her heart beat louder at the thought — that he turned, after he had left the door, to look back wistfully, if perhaps he might still see her at a window. Poor Mr. Roger! But she dared not meet him; it was kinder, far kinder to him that she should go away.

Presently Lily heard her mother toiling up the narrow stairs. Mrs. Ford came in panting for breath, but not only with the fatigue of the climbing. She had her apron thrown over her arm, handy for wiping her eyes or forehead, which was moist with exhaustion and trouble. She threw herself into a chair with a half groan. "I'd rather do the hardest day's work as I ever had in my life than do what I've been a-doing now," she said. "Oh, Lily, Lily!"

"What is it, mother?" asked Lily, though with a tremor which showed how well aware she was of her mother's meaning.

"What is it, child? It's this, that I never seen a man in more trouble than the young master. To think it should be *us*, as has always been so well treated, that has brought him to this! And he can't believe as you won't have nothing to say to him, Lily; and no more can I, no more can I!"

"Do you think a girl is obliged to — to accept anybody who asks her?" cried Lily, trying to give her excitement a color of indignation. Her eyes shone feverishly through quick-springing tears,

and her color changed every minute. Her agitation and trouble were indeed very plain to see.

"Do you call Mr. Roger 'anybody'?" retorted the mother angrily. "Who have you ever seen like him? You told me you would never marry if it was n't a gentleman, and where will you find a gentleman like Mr. Roger? And one that respects you, like you were a queen. And says the Squire will never meddle with us, seeing as he's put it all out on him. Oh, Lily, the Squire's cut him off with a shilling, all because of you. And now you won't have him! Oh, poor young gentleman! and to think this is all come to him through coming in so kind to say a pleasant word to your father and me!"

"Cut him off with a — Mother, do you mean to say the Squire knows?" Lily's voice sank into a half-frightened whisper. Her eyes grew large with terror. If this were the consequence to Roger, what would happen to Stephen? But then she reflected, quick as a lightning flash, that Roger was the eldest son; that no such penalty would be likely to attach to the youngest; that Stephen was an officer, and, as she thought in her foolishness, independent. This quick train of thought reassured her almost before the words were said.

"Knows!" echoed Mrs. Ford, with a tone almost of contempt. "What is there as the Squire don't know?" She did not set herself up as equal to her daughter in any other kind of information; but for this potentate, of whom her experience was so much greater than Lily's, she could take upon herself to answer. Of course he knew! Had he not discovered for himself what Lily was, and must he not have divined from that moment all that was happening? "I knew," she added, "as it was n't for naught that he came here, — I see it in his eyes. He was struck when you came in; he lost his senses like. Oh, Lily, Lily!" cried Mrs. Ford. "You I've

been that proud of! May be, after all, it would ha' been better for all of us if you'd been more like other poor folks' children. Oh, my pretty, that I should live to wish you different, — me that have always been that proud!"

"You don't wish me different, mother, whatever happens," said the girl, with a sudden melting of the heart, throwing her arms for a moment round the homely woman, and kissing fervently her bowed head. But Lily had disengaged herself from this rapid embrace before her mother, surprised by the sudden warmth, could return it; and when Mrs. Ford turned round to give back the kiss, Lily had already begun to arrange some small articles, collars and cuffs, which were laid out in her drawers, and was saying over her shoulder, in a voice which had a strained tone of levity, "It's far better for Mr. Roger that I should have nothing to say to him, in that case, mother, — better for both him and me. For the Squire will have him back when he hears it has all come to nothing. And what could we do with a shilling? We could n't live upon that."

"Oh, Lily, you have always the best of sense," replied Mrs. Ford. "I never thought of that. But, dear, you'll have to see him when he comes again. I've done my best for you, but I can't take it upon me no more."

"When he comes again! Is he coming again? Oh, mother!"

"How could I help it, Lily? He would n't take his answer, was it likely, from me."

"Then, mother," cried Lily, — she spoke with her head bent over her little collars, counting them, Mrs. Ford thought, to see that they were all right after the wash, — "then, mother" — Her breath came quick, but that was very natural, disturbed as she had been; and she made a pause before saying any more. "I think I must go out and stay — about the park — till night. I can-

not, oh, I cannot see Mr. Roger! It would make me ill to see him; and what would be the use? I will take a piece of cake for my dinner, and go up into the wood, and come home with father. And then you can tell him you don't know where I am, — and it will be quite true."

"Oh, Lily, I have said that already, — that I did n't know where you were. It was true enough, for I did n't know if you were here, or in my room, or in the loft, or where you were. But if I say it again — and him looking that anxious in my face" —

"It will be truer than ever, mother," said Lily. She turned again to Mrs. Ford, and put her arms, which trembled, round her, and leaned her head upon her mother's breast. "Oh, mother," she cried, "I know it's hard upon you, I know it is; but only have patience just a very little, and everything will come right. I know it will all come right. Only have patience a little, and don't be vexed with me, mother dear."

"Vexed with you, my pretty!" cried Mrs. Ford, hugging her child. "Since ever you were born, Lily, you've been the pride of my heart; and I would n't have you different, not a bit different, whatever was to happen to me. There, bless you, child, don't cry, and I'll go and cut you a nice bit of cake, and put some apples in the basket, and you'll come home with your father; and I'll never say another word about Mr. Roger, poor young gentleman, though it do go to my heart."

She went quickly away down-stairs, not trusting herself to say another word, lest she should enter again upon the forbidden subject. Lily, with hands that trembled, lifted her hat from its box. She selected her best hat, and a pretty little cloth jacket which had been purchased for Sundays; but such extravagance was not unusual with Lily, who took very good care of her clothes, though she did not always keep them

for best. Perhaps this was one reason why she ran out so quickly, taking the little basket hurriedly from Mrs. Ford's hand, that her mother might not remark upon her dress. But she left her collars lying about, not put neatly into the drawer, as was her wont. Mrs. Ford put them away very carefully afterwards, wondering a little at Lily's carelessness; but indeed it was no wonder, poor child, in the circumstances, that she should be put out of her usual tidy way.

XXVI.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Roger arrived in London in the evening, before it was dark. He had not had a cheerful journey. The fact that he had not been able to see Lily, and that her mother had a second time defended her doors against him, and with flushed cheeks and troubled eyes had repeated once more that Lily was out, that she could not tell where she was, had disturbed him in his convictions. It had seemed so certain, so self-evident, that his suit must be acceptable to the gamekeeper's daughter; was it possible that Lily was not of that opinion, that she loved some one else, that after all somebody in her own class had secured her affections? The idea made Roger's blood boil; but when he thought again he said to himself, No, no. She could never give herself to a man of her father's class; it was impossible, it could not be; and who could she have seen whom it was possible to reckon with as rivaling himself? Roger was not vain, especially now when his heart was so profoundly touched. At the best, he had scarcely expected her to love him as he loved her. But that she should shrink and fly from him was incredible. It could be only what her mother said: that to find herself the cause of so much disturbance had overwhelmed her deli-

cate spirit. Sweet Lily, pure flower of nature, moved by all the most generous emotions. A girl who had been brought up in the world would have liked the commotion. She would have thought of nobody but herself in the matter. But Lily held her own happiness at arm's-length, trembling for it lest it should hurt some one else. This conception of her sweetened his thoughts, which were not bright, as he went away. He told her mother that he would write, *explaining everything*, and that Lily must reply to him sincerely, truly, without thought of any secondary matter. "You shall not be disturbed; I will take care of you," he repeated, though he did not know how he was to do so. And thus unsatisfied, unhappy, he had gone away.

It seemed to Roger that at the junction, where there was a change of carriages for some of the humbler travelers, he saw for a moment among the changing groups a figure which reminded him of Lily; and he started from his corner to follow it with his eyes. But he knew the idea was absurd even as it flashed through his mind. It was only that he had Lily on his heart, on his brain, in his every thought, and discovered resemblances to her, visions of her, wherever he turned; he knew that nothing could be more ridiculous than the thought that Lily was traveling to London or anywhere else, alone. It was only a delusion of his preoccupied heart.

The yellow flame of the lamps, newly lighted, was shining against the dim blue of the evening, when he reached the big railway station, crowded and echoing with voices and commotion. He had just got his bags and coats out of the carriage he had occupied, and flung them into the arms of the waiting porter, when he was suddenly startled by the appearance of another very familiar image, almost as unlikely in such a place as that of Lily. The sight of his

brother Stephen was not habitually a pleasure to Roger; but there was something in his own forlornness, in his sense of severance from all his former life, which disposed him towards his own flesh and blood; and a wild idea that Stephen might have heard what had happened, and might have come to meet him, to show him a little sympathy, though they were not usually great friends, suggested itself in the heat of the moment. He turned round abruptly, straight in his brother's way, and held out his hand. "You've come to meet me, Steve? How kind of you!" he cried.

Stephen had been going slowly along looking into the carriages, as if searching for some one. He stopped and stared, not with the air of a man who had found the person he was seeking, but astonished at the sudden grasp of his hand and claim upon him. "You here!" he cried, with a look of wonder and discomfiture; and then he laughed, getting free of Roger's hand. "No, indeed," he said, "I did n't come to meet you. How should I? I did n't know you were coming. I thought you were at home."

"I have left home. Steve, I have a great deal to tell you. There are things you ought to know. It may affect you, too," added Roger, pausing, with a new thought. "Jump into the cab with me; don't leave me now we've met. I have a great deal to say."

"My dear fellow," answered Stephen, "I'm very sorry; but I've got half a dozen engagements. I've come here to meet — one of our fellows, don't you know. I can't possibly spare you a moment to-night. You're at the old place, I suppose? Well, good-by. I'll soon look you up."

"Stay a moment; none of your fellows can be so important as this," said Roger, with his hand upon his brother's arm.

A smile of conscious triumph came

over Stephen's face; he shook off Roger's hand and turned away, kissing the tips of his fingers. "Ta-ta. I'll look you up very soon," he cried, disappearing in the crowd. Roger divined the meaning of that triumphant smile. He looked after his brother for a moment, with a sense that Stephen's rendezvous, whatever it was, was an offense to his own trouble and to the cause of that trouble, — a sin against love. The train was long and the platform crowded. Stephen and the person, whoever it was whom Stephen had come to meet, were lost in the groups of moving figures, indistinguishable, a continually shifting and re-forming crowd, under the mingled light of the yellow lamps and the waning day. Roger saw the pale sky at the end of a long vista, the lights, more perplexing than illuminating, in a row above the dim, long, crowded line of moving figures below. And then, with a sigh, half of disappointment, half of a vague and troubled foreboding, he turned to get into the cab, which was already laden with his traveling-gear. A curious fancy to wait and see who it was whom Stephen had come to meet crossed his mind, one of those sudden, vague fancies which blow about through a man's consciousness without any will of his own. He pulled himself up with an indignant return upon himself. What, wait and spy upon his brother! Of all things, that was the last. The little self-argument passed in a second, scarcely so long as it took to transfer to the porter, who stood waiting to know what address he was to give the cabman, the sixpence in Roger's hand, — and it never really was a question at all. That he should watch Stephen and find out who it was he met was as impossible as to catch the first passer-by by the throat and rob him. And yet, if that impossible thought had been carried out, — if he had but done it, this impossible thing!

Roger went off to his chambers, the rooms which had scarcely yet begun to

show the emptiness of rooms uninhabited. The invitation cards which he had taken down from the glass still lay together in a little bundle on the mantelshelf. How few hours it was since he had left them, still all uncertain, not knowing what turn his fate was to take! Now it was all settled, beyond the reach of further change. The state of mind in which he was when he left this place, not much more than twenty-four hours before, was now almost incredible to him. He scarcely understood how it could have been. From the beginning of time it must have been clear that only in one way, only in this way, could he have acted. Doubt on the subject was an offense to him as he now saw it, and all the efforts that had been made to turn him from his purpose were as wrong as they were vain. He thought of Edmund's action, his persuasions, the journey they had made together, in which his brother had been his slave, — a slave to all his caprices, while believing that he was the guide, weaning Roger from those plans which never could have been doubtful for a moment, which now were fixed beyond all recall. Poor Edmund, always so well intentioned, so well meaning!

Roger sat gazing at the light of his solitary lamp, and wondered within himself what Edmund would do. Would he accept, after all, the reversion of the heirship, and become in time the proprietor of Melcombe? Why should he not accept it? Since it was no longer Roger's, how much better it should be Edmund's, so good a fellow as he was, — the best of them, much the best! He paused here for a moment to wonder over again, or rather to be conscious of an impulse of wonder floating across his mind, as to who it was Stephen was going to meet, but dismissed this absurd, insignificant question, and returned to Edmund. It would be by far the best thing that Edmund should accept, and marry Elizabeth Travers, and

bring her home to Melcombe. A smile came over Roger's face as he sat thinking,—a smile altogether sweet and tender, with perhaps a touch of melancholy, as there always is in such tender thoughts. Where could there be a better pair? They would make the house delightful; not like anything Roger had ever known in it, but far better, purer, more elevated, a home of love and kindness. Yes, that was how it must be: Edmund and Elizabeth must marry, and live happily ever after, like the lovers in a fairy tale; "while I and Lily," he said to himself, "Lily and I"—with his smile softening more and more into a melancholy, profounder, sweeter, than any sentiment he had ever been conscious of in his life. Lily and he would not make a home like that at Melcombe. He did not anticipate any centre of life, any new world beginning, in that fated union, which was like one of the old tragic expedients of destiny in the Greek plays, he thought,—a thing that had to be, that no human effort could disturb. He smiled over it with a pathetic consciousness that it could not be what people called happy,—not like that other marriage, like Edmund and Elizabeth; not happy in that way,—no, nor of that kind.

He returned with pleasure from the too penetrating thought of his own fate to think of these two, largely administering an ample household, a shelter from the storms outside, an ever noble, tranquil centre of life. His smile grew without his consciousness into a half laugh, in which amusement mingled. Ned would fight against it, he would not see his way, he would think it was robbing his brother,—old Ned! the best fellow that ever was; in love with Lizzy Travers all this time, but never owning it, never letting himself think of it, in case he might come in Roger's way. But in the end Edmund must hear reason,—he must see that this was the most desirable thing that

could happen. Roger drew his writing things towards him, and began at once to write to his brother, setting all these arguments before him. There must be no mistake upon the subject; Ned must do it, if it were but for Roger's sake.

After writing this letter he sat motionless for some time, staring vacantly at the flame of his lamp. Then he took up the pen again, and began another letter, his great letter, his explanation to Lily. He wrote to her as to one whom he regarded with a kind of worship, reverent of all her ignorances and innocences, yet as one who belonged to him, between whom and himself there could be no obstacles that were not imaginary, to be surmounted at their pleasure. She had to understand this at the outset,—that she was his, that he would hear of no objections. He had encountered for her everything a man can encounter for the woman he loves. It was done, and there could be no further question. Family and fortune he had put away for her; it only remained that she should put away her hesitations, her anxieties for her father (who should not suffer, he promised her), her fears and diffidences for him,—a matter so easy, and yet all that was wanted to make everything clear.

It was very late when he concluded the letter, or rather early in the May morning, the solemn hour which is at once the dead of night and the approach of day. As he sealed the envelope there came over him again that insistent yet altogether irrelevant question,—Who was it whom Stephen was hurrying to meet, with that smile of triumph on his face? He shook it from him indignantly, not knowing by what mechanical freak of fancy it should come back thus, again and again. What did it matter who it was? Some of Stephen's banal loves, a vulgar adventure, perhaps some one of whom it was a shame to think, while the air was still softly echoing with Lily's name. If he had but known!

XXVII.

IN THE TOILS.

Lily's heart was in her mouth, as people say, — it was fluttering like a bird. She stepped out, stumbled out, of the railway carriage, among the crowd, looking wildly about her, feeling herself for the moment lost. She had never encountered such a crowd before. She felt herself disappear in it, among the people who were running about after their luggage, and those who were calling cabs, and the porters pushing through the throng with big boxes on their shoulders. Lily felt herself lost, as if, whoever might be looking for her, she should never be found any more. It had not occurred to her to prepare for the risk of not meeting her lover. She was quite unaware where to go, what to do. She had never been in London before, nor in a crowd, nor left to herself to push her way. She was as much disconcerted at finding herself alone as if she had been a duke's daughter instead of a game-keeper's; and the noise and the bustle frightened her. She looked round helplessly, wistfully, putting up the veil which she had kept over her face during the whole journey. No one was likely to recognize her here, — no one except him for whom she was looking, who had not come. Had he not come? Was it possible that some accident could have happened, and that he was not here?

Lily had some ten minutes of this panic and misery. It was the first thing that had gone wrong with her; all the previous part of the journey had seemed so easy. She had walked to the junction, from whence, as had been arranged between them, the telegram was to be sent, and thus avoided all curious eyes at the little Melcombe station; and she had been lucky enough to find a second-class carriage empty, where she was left undisturbed all the way. She had not

the least idea that Roger was in the same train, nobody had come near her except the guard, and she had seen no familiar face; all had gone perfectly well till now. Her heart beat, indeed, with a wildly quickened movement whenever she allowed herself to think. But Lily had enough perception of the necessity of self-command to avoid thinking as much as was possible, and to concentrate her mind upon the happy meeting at the end of this exciting journey. She figured to herself Stephen appearing at the carriage window almost before the train stopped, and how in a moment all anxiety of hers, all need to act or decide for herself, would be over. She had nothing in the shape of luggage except the little basket in which her mother had put the luncheon, the slice of cake and apples, which she had been glad enough to have before the long afternoon was over. Lily had slipped into this basket a very small bundle of necessities, which were all she had brought with her. She held it tightly in her hand as she got out, bewildered by the arrival, by the jar of the stopping, by the dreadful sensation of finding herself there alone among the crowd. She did not know how long she stood, pushed about by the other travelers, who knew where they were going, who had nothing to wait for; but it was long enough to feel herself forsaken, lost, and to realize what it would be to have nowhere to go to, to be thrown upon her own resources in this horrible great, strange, noisy place. Then in a moment Lily's heart gave a wild leap, and she knew it was not to be so.

But the first sensation of the meeting was not altogether sweet. Instead of Stephen's face at the window, ready, waiting to receive her according to her dream, what really did happen was that Lily felt herself suddenly surrounded by an arm which drew her close, and felt a hot breath upon her cheek, and a "Here you are at last, little one!" which jarred upon her almost as much as it relieved

her. In the railway station, among all these crowds! She started out of his embrace, freed herself, and threw a hurried glance upon the bystanders with instinctive terror almost before she looked at him. "Oh, Stephen!" she exclaimed, with a little cry of reproach.

"Don't be frightened," he replied; "nobody knows us here, you little goose. I might take you up in my arms and carry you off, — nobody would mind. And so here you are, Lil, my pet; really here at last."

She put her arm timidly through his. "Oh, Stephen, I thought I should never find you! And what should I have done!"

"It was not my fault," he declared. "Where is your luggage? Oh, to be sure, you have n't got any luggage!" He stopped to laugh at this, as if it amused him very much, but pressed her arm close to his side all the time with a sort of hug, which consoled though it half frightened Lily. "Why, how are you to get on for to-night?" he went on, still with that laugh. "Must we stop at a shop somewhere and buy you things for to-night?"

"Oh, Stephen, don't!" said Lily, with a pang of wounded pride.

"Don't? What? Talk of your things, or about what you'll want? Well, well, we'll leave all that till to-morrow." His laugh, why should it have offended Lily? It had never done so before. "Here's our cab," he said, leading her out of the noise of the station. Lily's heart beat so that it made her faint, as he put her into the hansom, and took his place beside her, so close, with again that sweep of his arm round her, which seemed to offend her too, though she could not tell why, — she had no right to be offended by that clasp. He had held her in his arms in the park, when they met there, with not a creature near, and she had not been offended: why should she be now, or find fault with the man who was to be her husband

to-morrow, for his fondness? She drew herself away a little, as much as was possible; but she restrained the protest that rose to her lips, and her heart fluttered and beat, and all her pulses seemed to clang in her ears, with an excitement which had pain in it and trouble, not the sensation of safety and protection and shelter for which she had hoped.

"Fancy what made me late," Stephen said; "it was not my fault. As I came hurrying along, looking out for my little Lil, whom do you suppose I saw jumping out of a carriage? — and he saw me too, worse luck, and thought, the fool, I had come to meet him. You could n't guess if you were to try till Christmas. Why, Lily, my pet, my brother Roger! Think what a fright I was in for a moment: for though you never would own to it, I know he was always hanging about the place; and if you could have had the eldest son, my little Lil, I dare say you'd never have thought twice of me."

"Oh, Stephen!" she cried, with a choking sensation in her throat. "Oh, don't, don't." He held her close as in a vise, and laughed, and delivered these remarks with his lips close to her cheek. He was excited, too, but the banter which had appeared to her so sprightly and delightful at Melcombe seemed at this tremendous moment so out of place, so dreadful to listen to. And then Roger! — if he but knew!

"Yes, — you did n't know he was in the same train, did you? Had he turned up a little sooner, you'd have thrown me off at the last moment, would n't you, Lil? But Roger is one of the prudent ones, my dear. No chance for you there. Catch him offending the pater and losing his chances for all the girls in the world! He is not that sort. He is not a fool in love, like me!"

"Please, Stephen! Oh, please, Stephen!" Oh, to hear all that of Mr. Roger, who had said such beautiful things to her, who had suffered she knew not

what for her, who had come boldly and told her mother that he wanted Lily for his wife! All at once there sprang up in Lily's frightened soul a consciousness that she dared not say this to Stephen, as things now were. She had been very bold with him, and said what she pleased, while she had her home within reach and had still full power over herself. But now everything seemed changed: now that she was at the height of all her dreams had pointed to, on the eve of her wedding-day, about to marry a gentleman, — and not a gentleman only, but a splendid officer, the flower of the world; now that she was about to step into another sphere, to leave her own humbleness and obscurity behind forever. Confusedly Lily was conscious of all this grandeur shining before her, — only one other step to be taken, only a few hours to pass: but still more certainly she became aware that her lover terrified her beyond description, and that in a moment there had rolled up between them a crowd of things which she dared not speak of, nor allude to, and those the very things which she most wished to say.

It was a relief to her when the cab stopped, in a quiet street, with not many lamps and scarcely any one about, — a street of houses with little gardens in front of them, narrow London inclosures, with a tiny tree or bush in the centre of a space no bigger than a table. But it was very quiet, and Lily felt a throb of satisfaction, hoping to see the good woman, the faithful creature who was to protect her and be a mother to her until to-morrow. She longed for the sight of this woman as she had never longed for anything in her life. But no woman appeared; the door was opened by a man, and Stephen led the way up to a room on the first floor, where there were lights and a table was laid. The room looked fine to Lily's inexperienced eyes: there were flowers about, plants in pots, and huge bouquets

in vases; and the table was pretty, with its dazzling white cover, and the glass and silver that shone under the candles with their pink shades. All these details caught her eye even in this moment of troubled emotion, and gave her a thrill of pleasure, as signs and tokens of the new world into which she was taking her first step. The man, whether servant or master of the house, who had followed them up-stairs, opened a door into a room beyond, which Lily saw was a bedroom. She took refuge hastily in this room, half because she seemed to be expected to do so, half that she might be alone for the moment and able to think.

There were candles lighted upon the toilet table, and an air of preparation, something of the ordinary and natural in the midst of all the horrible strangeness of her circumstances, which consoled her a little. She sank down upon a chair, to recover her breath and her composure, saying to herself that it was very foolish, even wicked, to be so full of nervousness and doubts and fears; that having come so far, and having done it deliberately of her own free will, she could not, must not, give way to any imaginary terrors. She might have known it would be terrible, this interval, — she might have known! But where was the good woman, the kind woman, whom Stephen had assured her she would find waiting? Then she recalled herself with a pang at her heart. How could she even ask for this woman, as if she had no confidence in the man who would be her husband to-morrow? To-morrow, — only to-morrow, — it was not very long to wait. This was, no doubt, only an excitement of her nerves, such as women were so apt to have in novels. Lily had never known before what unreasonable nerves were. She took off her hat, which relieved her throbbing head for a moment. But when she caught sight of herself in the glass, her pale, scared face frightened

her as if it had been a head of Medusa. She turned away from that revelation of her own instinctive alarms with a fresh access of terror; her hands trembled as she put them up to smooth her hair. The table was arranged with pretty brushes, ivory-backed, and every kind of pretty thing, such as Lily had heard of, but never seen before. They had all been put there for her, she tried to say to herself, all arranged for her gratification, and she so ungrateful! But she could not use them. She smoothed her hair tremulously with her hands. Oh, where was the woman, the kind woman, whose presence would give her a little courage? Where was she?

"I say, Lil, look here!" cried Stephen, rattling loudly at the door. "Don't be long about your toilet; dinner's just coming." Then he opened the door and half came in. "You want a lady's-maid, — that's what you want. Not used, eh, to managing for yourself, my dear?" His laugh seemed to fill the house with horrible echoes. "Can't I fasten something or undo something? Here, Lil, you'll find me very handy," he said, advancing to her, his large masculine presence filling the room, exhausting the atmosphere, affecting the frightened girl with a passion of terror which was almost more than she could contain.

"Oh, please!" she said, her breath coming quick, "I shall be ready — in a moment — in — in five minutes — oh, go away, please. If you would send the woman, the woman" —

"What woman?" he asked, with a stare; then laughing, "Oh, yes, I remember! The woman, eh? A faithful old servant, was n't she? Yes; well, she's looking after the dinner, I suppose; but no doubt there's a drudge of some kind, if you must have her. You must n't be silly, my pretty Lil. You must make the best of your bargain, you know. Come, can't I do?"

"Oh, if I may have the woman —

only for a moment — only for five minutes!"

"Well, don't work yourself into a fever," he said. "And mind you don't keep the dinner waiting, for I'm as hungry as a hunter," he added, looking back from the door.

Lily stood trembling in the middle of the room, with her hat in her hand, and that wild pain gradually rising, swelling, in her heart. It was all she could do to keep still, not to fly she knew not where. But yet she made an effort to control herself. He ought to have been more delicate, more respectful than ever, now that she was so entirely at his mercy. He ought to have treated her like something sacred. Ah! but then, she said to herself, he had never been respectful, reverent of her, like Mr. Roger. She had preferred it so, — it was Stephen's way; he was only a little rough, thinking there was no need for so many ceremonies, when to-morrow — to-morrow! She stood with one foot advanced, ready in her panic to fly, though she did not know where she could fly to. And then she heard his voice shouting down-stairs for some one to come up, — for the maid, for Mary. "Here, you Stimpson, send up the girl, send Mary — whatever her name is." Lily hastily locked the door which was between the rooms, while his voice was audible; feeling that even the girl, even Mary, or whatever her name was, would be some protection. Wild thoughts traversed her mind as she stood there panting for breath, like clouds driven over the sky by a stormy wind, — thoughts over which she had no control. For the first time the other conclusion burst upon her, the end of the story which was in all the books: the unhappy girl betrayed, wandering home, a shameful thing, to die. O God! O God! would that ever happen to Lily? Not to return in pride, a gentleman's wife on her husband's arm, to make her parents glad, but perhaps in shame, flinging herself

down before the door, dying there, never raising her head! Oh, what folly! what folly! Oh, how horrible — horrible! But it could not be, — how could it be? It was only Stephen's way, — a little rough, not respectful; he had never been respectful. She would have laughed at the idea before to-night, — Stephen respectful, delicate, thinking of her silly feelings. Oh, was it likely, when they were to be married to-morrow, and ceremony would be needed no more?

Presently there came a heavy, dragging step mounting the stairs, a hard breathing as of a fatigued creature; the other door of the room was pushed open, and some one came in with a steaming jug of hot water, a London maid-of-all-work, of a kind quite unknown to Lily, with a scrap of something white pinned upon her rough hair, and an apron hurriedly tied on. "I'm sorry as I forgot the 'ot water, ma'am," she said, and put it down with much noise and commotion, shaking the room with her tread, and making everything in it ring.

She was not pretty, nor neat, nor anything that was pleasant to see, but when she turned to go away, after putting down her jug, Lily caught her arm with both hands. "Oh," she cried, "don't go away! don't go away!" holding her fast. The young woman, half frightened, looked up in the face of this lady who must certainly be mad to seize upon her so.

"Laws!" she cried; and then, "If it's for lady's-maidin', ma'am, I ain't no good; and Missis wants me down-stairs."

"Oh, wait a moment! wait a moment!" cried Lily under her breath. A hundred questions rushed to her lips, but she did not know how to put them into words. "Did n't your mistress — expect me?" she managed to say.

"Missis? Expect you? Oh yes, ma'am; the Captain said as you were coming."

A little relief came to Lily's mind.

"She did expect me! But why does she not come, then? Why does n't she come?"

"Missis!" said the drudge, astonished. "Why, she's a-cookin' of the dinner. She ain't a lady's-maid, ma'am, no more than me."

"But you said she expected me!"

"Oh, bless you! It was the Captain as expected you. He said, 'Mrs. Stimpson, I'm expecting of my good lady. She's been a-visiting of her friends, and I expects her back Tuesday or Wednesday,' he says. We was all ready for you yesterday, ma'am, and the dinner ordered; but the Captain, he says, 'It 'll be to-morrow, Mrs. Stimpson.' He said as how you was very fond of your own folks, and it was always uncertain to a day when you'd come back."

"When I'd come back?"

"Yes, ma'am: I hear him sayin' of it. 'Mrs. Stevens,' he says, 'is very fond of her own folks.'"

"Is that — is that — what he said? And where does he — live, then?" said Lily, in a whisper which she could scarcely make audible.

"Captain Stevens — when he's at home? Laws! how can I tell you? But for the last week he has been living here, a-waitin' for his good lady, — just as Missis is waiting for me to help dish up the dinner down-stairs."

Lily did not say another word. She fixed her wild eyes upon the maid's face, and signed to her to go, impatiently. The drudge was surprised at this rapid dismissal, but she was too much occupied with her own dreary life to trouble herself what happened, and her mistress, she knew, would scold her for her delay. She went down-stairs, not looking behind, not hearing the steps that followed her. Lily followed like a ghost; her foot was light, not like the heavy steps of the maid. She went behind her step by step, not thinking of anything but of how to get away, incapable of thought. She had her little basket still in one

hand, her gloves in the other, which she held mechanically. When the woman turned the corner of the stairs to pursue her way to the kitchen, Lily found herself in the narrow hall, lit with one dull flame of gas, alone. She flew noiseless as a bird to the door which was before

her, the only way of salvation. In another moment she was outside in the fresh cool air of the spring night.

Outside, — outside of everything ; alone in London, without a soul to turn to, — alone in the unknown streets, on the verge of the awful night!

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

VILLANELLE.

O MASTER of the Old and New !

We speak thy name with bated breath ;
Thy waking years were all too few.

With airs that erst in Athens blew
Thy toil's full harvest murmureth,
O Master of the Old and New !

In misty pastures, dim with dew,
Thy sad, strong spirit slumbereth ;
Thy waking years were all too few.

The forms thy potent pencil drew
On sunset light move strong as Death,
O Master of the Old and New !

The sowing seasons turn anew,
And toiling man continueth ;
Thy waking years were all too few.

Dark Arcus veils thee from our view
On vast, low meadow-lands of Death,
O Master of the Old and New !

Now men their tardy laurels strew,
And Fame, remorseful, sobbing saith,
O Master of the Old and New,
Thy waking years were all too few !

Graham R. Tomson.

TWO YEARS WITH OLD HICKORY.

ONE of the many important results of General Jackson's quarrel with Mr. Calhoun was the establishment of *The Globe* in Washington, and the selection of Francis Preston Blair, of Frankfort, Ky., as its editor. The need of an organ had been felt for some time by Lewis, Barry, and Kendall, who, keenly alive to Jackson's interests, had scented the defection of *The United States Telegraph*, edited by General Duff Green; and with a persistency due to their knowledge of the ability of the man they urged for the position, Barry and Kendall finally gained the sanction of the President to the invitation that brought Mr. Blair to Washington to conduct a Jackson organ.

In his *Life of Andrew Jackson*, Parton has well said, "If the country had been searched for the express purpose of selecting the man best fitted for the editorship of the proposed organ, no one could have been found whose history, antipathies, and cast of character so adapted him for the post as Francis P. Blair, of Kentucky."

Graduated at Transylvania University, Lexington, at a period when that institution could favorably compare with the older colleges in the Eastern States, he had grown up in a society exceptional for the grace and accomplishments of its women and the brilliant ability of many of its men. When Mr. Blair was a young man his health was extremely delicate, a fact forcibly impressed upon him and his relatives, when, having volunteered with his uncle, Major George Madison, for service in the war of 1812, he was prostrated by an hæmorrhage from the lungs while in camp at Vincennes, and had to be sent home.

He had studied law at the close of his college career, and was admitted to the bar; but the condition of his health pre-

vented the practice of his profession, and he settled upon a farm on Benson Creek, which flows into the Kentucky River near Frankfort. Very early in life he married Eliza Violet Gist, and it was to her sister, Mrs. Benjamin Gratz, of Lexington, Ky., that the letters from which I have made the selections here given were written. Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Gratz were daughters of Colonel Nathaniel Gist, one of the early settlers of Kentucky, and he was a son of Christopher Gist, who, accompanied only by a boy, had passed through Kentucky, in the interest of the Ohio Company, in 1751, eighteen years before Daniel Boone set foot upon her soil. Two years later this intrepid pioneer went with Washington, as guide and trusted friend, in his journey to the French fort, near Lake Erie, and the safe return of the young officer was very largely due to the sagacity and experience of Christopher Gist.

Mr. Blair had delighted in his out-of-door life on Benson Creek; but while his health had been greatly benefited, he was by nature totally unfit to achieve pecuniary success as a farmer, and his pocket had suffered severely in the experiment. He became clerk of the New Court (of which William T. Barry was chief justice), the decisions of which he had warmly defended, and afterward was appointed president of the Bank of the Commonwealth. Both the New Court and the bank were creatures of the Relief party, in the interest of which he had contributed some able articles to *The Argus of Western America*, a paper published in Frankfort by Amos Kendall; and when Kendall was appointed fourth auditor of the treasury by General Jackson, Blair had assumed the editorship of *The Argus*.

The origin of the bitter differences of

the Relief and Anti-Relief, or the New Court and the Old Court, parties in Kentucky, during the latter part of the first quarter of this century, would require more space for lucid explanation than can be given here. The Old Court party was largely composed of the more conservative class of the community, who rightly estimated the endeavor made by the legislature, a majority of the members of which belonged to the Relief party, to legalize through the New Court the issues, based upon very insufficient security, of certain banks that had been chartered by the Relief legislature.

The Old Court party held that the effort to force this currency upon creditors by process of law was unconstitutional, inasmuch as it impaired the obligation of contracts, and so it was finally decided. Mr. Blair was in full accord with General Jackson in his hostility to the United States Bank and to nullification; and when he came to know the President intimately, which was very shortly after Blair's arrival in Washington, his admiration for Jackson was unbounded, and he gives in the anecdotes he relates of Old Hickory some very cogent reasons for the warm attachment he felt for him.

So devoted did he become that it would have been impossible for General Jackson to strain the executive prerogative to such an extent as to alienate Mr. Blair. And the principle inaugurated by Jackson, of rewarding political partisans with public office, which has since been an almost insurmountable obstacle in the path of civil service reform, met with Mr. Blair's hearty support because it was Jackson's act.

The correspondence, to which reference has been made, began very shortly after Mr. Blair arrived in Washington, and while Mrs. Gratz was visiting in Philadelphia; and the archness and railery of some of the letters will be better appreciated if one keeps in mind the fact that his correspondent was, as

she herself expresses it in one of her letters, "a violent Clay woman."

WASHINGTON CITY, December 12, 1830.

After you left we took our position at Parson Brown's, and were agreeably disappointed in our hostess, with whom I had so much difficulty to make fair weather. She has become quite a friend, full of kindness and civility. But no sooner did we clear the cloud from her brow than we found one to settle on our own.

We had a fine room assigned, which looked extremely well, but upon trial it smoked so intolerably that we were obliged to look out for other quarters; so I crossed the street to Mr. Skinner's, where we are now settled, I think, for some time.

We have a very nice parlor and two comfortable bedrooms, well furnished (fuel found us), for \$800 per annum. The people are very decent, good souls, Yankees albeit. They are obliging, and seem willing to provide whatever I desire, and I am satisfied. I have been to a party at Macomb's and Mr. Register Smith's, a relative of mine, who entertains in the highest style imaginable.

Think you I did not go to another twelve o'clock supper at seven? But then I had the word of the host to come at seven o'clock, and so I went — to the hour; but the genteel, who know what's what, and that seven means eleven, did not make their appearance for some hours after your humble servant.

I find that the great folks come in according to degree: Senators and Representatives made their *entrée* about nine, Barry, Eaton, etc., about ten, Baron Stackelburgh about half after ten, Secretary Van Buren and the British minister upon the stroke of eleven. What think you of your Buckskin gentleman at seven? Well, I behaved very well among the canvas-back ducks, the turkeys without bones, the oysters and the quails. I made them all quail before me. I drank Rhenish and Flemish, sherry and

champagne, and discussed madeira whose *mark on the mouth* made it upwards of twenty years of age. I tried chocolate custards and jellies of all sorts, and a variety of things that I could not find out after trying them. I beat Van Buren at *hucere*, as Mr. Vaughan called it, and then outjoked his majesty's plenipo with admirable impudence. So much for wine. The good-humored minister seemed to take a liking to me, and desired me to put him down as a subscriber to *The Globe*. I told him I would send it to him as an apt emblem to be presented to the representative of a nation standing in Europe, and grasping the Canadas in one hand and the Indies in the other. I came home with a sad headache, and rose this morning with those fashionable feelings which make a man fashionable and miserable. I must give up *The Globe* or the *beau monde*.

"I think my prospects promising. I am sending my proposals everywhere. My first edition I have sold out, to members of Congress for the most part, and I have a pretty good subscription in the House. I shall get the patronage of the public offices to a considerable extent, and I am forming a scheme upon the old documents which Gales and Seaton wanted to execute at two prices. I will do it for one, and get two thirds of the profits.

On the 5th of February Mr. Blair writes from the boarding-house to which he had removed, and which, like many boarding-houses of to-day, had apparently some objectionable features: "My folks get on here pretty well, considering that we have got into a horrid boarding-house. The people are good enough, but shockingly dirty, and live so miserably that we are half starved. I have practiced all the skill I learned from you on the road. I bless the Irish potato, with his russet coat. The cracker that defies pollution, being made of such im-

penetrable stuff, is my bread. Rice, which shows like snow the various spots that have been soiled and enables me to avoid them, is my main living. I am obliged to stand this dieting until Congress is over, when I shall remove to Brown's tavern, I believe. I have passed through all the fashionable scenes this winter 'as a looker-on in Vienna.' I have come to the settled belief that there was never at any time or in any country such miserable parade labored through under the pretense of seeking pleasure. It is all heartless ostentation; or, as Solomon would say, 'vanity and vexation.'

"The hospitable host commonly invites the whole city, and those who can't get in go away, and as fast as the company get sick of being wedged in phalanx, and are enabled to extricate themselves and retreat, the house is thinned, until a servant is enabled to pass through the rabble with a waiter of trumpery over his head. This is refreshment something like that of Tantalus. It is the tyranny of Caligula, who set his laws so high that nobody could read them. So fashion puts its good things out of reach.

"At these parties they sometimes try to dance, but it puts me in mind of a Kentucky fight, when the crowd draws the circle so close that the combatants have no room to use their limbs. They have, however, four and twenty fiddlers all in a row, trying by the dint of loud music to put amateurs in motion. They jump up and down in a hole, and nobody sees more of them than their heads. Oh, how unlike the free space we have in Kentucky and the life of Crockett's music! Let me dance with my big-footed Bensonians under a Fourth of July arbor.

"I have been most fortunate in the selection of tutors for Betty [his daughter]. Mr. Leon, the Frenchman, teaches her to read, write, and speak. He is a man of letters and sense, and every way worthy.

"I have formed, I think, a pretty just opinion of the head men in our admin-

istration. It is a great mistake to suppose that Old Hickory is in leading-strings, as the coalition say.

"I can tell you that he is as much superior here as he was with our generals during the war. He is a man of admirable judgment. I have seen proof of it in the direction which he has given to affairs this winter, in which I know he differed from his advisers; and there are other measures which he adopted against the opinion of those who are supposed to have a control, that have already proved the superiority of his judgment.

"He is fighting a great political battle, and you will find that he will vanquish those who contend with him now as he has always done his private or the public enemies. I like him much better than any other person with whom I have become connected by my translation here. He is very much like old General Scott.¹ Benevolent and kind to a fault to those whom he loves; frank, affectionate, and full of hospitable feeling. In this last he goes beyond our old Kentucky general.

¹ General Charles Scott, to whom Mr. Blair refers, was born in Cumberland County, Va., and began his military career while very young, as a corporal in Braddock's campaign.

He raised the first company of volunteers south of James River that went into service in the war of the revolution, and he served throughout the war with distinguished honor. In 1785 he settled in Woodford County, Ky., and in 1808 was elected governor of that State. He was a man of strong natural powers, strikingly handsome, and of undoubted valor, but rough in manners, illiterate, very eccentric, swore fearfully, and was much given to boasting. He married the widow of Colonel Nathaniel Gist. Many anecdotes were told of him in Kentucky in the early part of this century, and among them this one is very characteristic. He was entertaining some gentlemen with an account of the blue-grass region as it was when he settled in Kentucky; the fertility of the soil shown in the luxuriance of its vegetation, and the abundance of game. "Yes, gentlemen," said he, "the trees were much thicker when I came here than they are now. All this part of Kentucky was covered with woods, and the trees were only three or four feet apart. The woods were full of game; there were herds

"Old Mrs. Royal called in the other day with one of her books to present him.² When she opened the budget he saw a partridge in the feathers, which she had bought for her dinner. He invited her in, and the poor old crazy woman made a hearty meal with him.

"I came in just as the old lady escaped with her partridge; and when he told me the story I observed carelessly that I was as hungry as Mrs. Royal, having been busy in one of the public offices at dinner time. Upon this he had a very good dinner prepared for me, against all my protestations, saying that he made it a rule all his life that nobody should ever go out of his house hungry, and I was obliged to comply with his rule.

"When he talks about his enemies he puts one also much in mind of old Scott when he spoke of Humphrey Marshall, but I have remarked that he does [not?] level his indignation at Clay, but at those who take sneaking advantages.

"You may rely on it he is as true a patriot as ever breathed, and as much of deer as fat as oxen, and great stags with horns five feet from tip to tip."

"But, governor," said one of the listeners, "if the trees grew within three or four feet of each other, and the deer's horns were five feet wide, how did they get through the woods?"

Seeing that he was cornered, the old general flew into a passion, and yelled out, "How do I know? That was n't any of my business; that was *thar* lookout."

² In his Autobiography, Amos Kendall says of Mrs. Royal: "There was living in Washington at that time a singular woman, named Anne Royal, the widow of a Captain Royal, of the United States army. She was homely in person, careless in dress, poor in purse, and vulgar in manners. But she had a tolerable education, much shrewdness, and respectable talents. She procured her subsistence by publishing books, in which she praised extravagantly those who bought her books or gave her money, and abused without measure those who refused or had in any way incurred her displeasure. Some through love of flattery, and more through fear of abuse, contributed to her support. She owned and edited two small papers, *Paul Pry* and *The Huntress*."

a democrat as your humble servant. Mr. Gratz would call him a Jacobin."

WASHINGTON, February 23, 1831.

It is a perfect relief to me when I can withdraw from the din of politics and the following up by a thread a maze of intrigue through dark labyrinths, and it is a grateful recreation to give my idle hours and thoughts to you. But I find that even you have turned politician, and curiosity, which seemed to have changed sexes in this country, has at last, I find, resumed the apparel of the gentler one, which, indeed, is quite natural and becoming. What a beautiful and agreeable variety we should have in our political drama if we could but have a part of the *dramatis personæ* composed of ladies! I never could bear those old plays, not even to read them, in which no important personage of the softer sex appeared to humanize the scene. I never could bear to dance, however fine the music, where the couples were all of the coarser kind. You cannot tell how much, then, I am delighted to find that you begin to take an interest in politics, and I will not fail to keep you informed of the condition of affairs, of the state of The Globe.

Calhoun has been plotting from the hour the President reached Washington, and I believe before, to have the immediate management of affairs by means of fastening on the President a cabinet of his own creatures. Ingham, Branch, and Berrien were, with the liberal feelings which influence the President always towards those whom he considers his friends, appointed to gratify the wishes of Calhoun. Calhoun was not satisfied, but wanted to get McDuffie or Hamilton made secretary of war, and for this reason began to undermine Eaton.

This gentleman was a great favorite with Mrs. Jackson, as well as the general. The old lady adopted him and called him her son, and this added to the strong attachment felt for him by

the President. He is an excellent man, of good sound sense, and his tried friendship induced the President to bring him near him in the war office.

It was known to the Calhoun side of the cabinet that he was to go into office with them. Calhoun's friends immediately avowed their determination not to associate with Eaton's family.

So you see they had all accepted invitations to the same table with him, knew he was to be one of the party, but refused to sit down and partake with him and his household.

This was Mr. Calhoun's first movement to embarrass the cabinet, to drive Eaton from it and introduce a majority of his friends into the departments.

At this time the President entertained the greatest kindness for Calhoun, and the predominance of this feeling prevented him from removing from their places those who acted with him in so insulting a manner on this occasion.

The circumstances greatly weakened the confidence of the President in the Vice-President; and when he heard that he had been the first to move for his arrest and trial by a military court, he considered it as such a proof of insincerity and falsehood and perfidy that he resolved, if he should find it true, to break with him forever.

The party are now all convinced that the Calhoun men, and Green among them, will do their utmost to defeat the election of the President. They pretend that Van Buren is the object of attack. They do, I believe, fear his succession through the influence of the President, and it is for this reason they attack the latter as the lion in the path.

The fact is, I came here with my predilections in favor of Calhoun, but my opinion of him is altogether changed upon evidence which is incontrovertible.

Clay says of him in a letter which they shall not know anything of here, "*The knave knows not how a man can be honest.*"

I now look upon him in the same light. You will see in *The Globe* of this day what a game this gentleman played between the two parties in 1824. Read the quotation from Webster's speech attentively, and remark how pointedly he addresses himself to Calhoun: ("Is it not so, sir?")

There is distinct proof of his "caresses" and promises to the Adams party in this city, but I am not at liberty to use it. Calhoun now returns to his Northern friends with new caresses, but they will only be acknowledged for a time, and then he will fall like Lucifer.

Of my affairs, I have to say that it requires about two thousand Globes to supply the demand. Of the number of subscribers a good many are temporary; members of Congress and of state legislatures subscribing for the session only. Many of my distant subscribers have not paid. Of permanent ones I have not more than a thousand, but the list is increasing rapidly.

I find that I shall be obliged to set up a press of my own. The opposition, I learn, contemplate moving a resolution of inquiry to know how much my printer gets for the work done by him for the office, and how much I get for *not doing it*. I have determined, for this reason, to give up all the profits heretofore earned by my publisher to him, and will set up a press for myself. I shall then get all the public patronage, which will amount to twenty thousand dollars at the least. How much of this will be profit I don't know; enough of it to pay for my establishment and to support me, I suppose.

I have had very little satisfaction or enjoyment in the visitings, or rather the visitations, of this city. I spent an hour yesterday and to-day in the Senate, listening to Tazewell and Livingston debating a question akin to the Panama mission, — the President's mission to Turkey. It arose upon the right to salary. The Virginian is a good debater.

Livingston, although the abler man, is a most miserable speaker. The power of his mind must be prodigious to make his conceptions capable of surviving their utterance.

I give all my kinder feelings a flight to you, that I may throw my bitterness into a schedule of Calhoun's tergiversations for Saturday's *Globe*.

March 2, 1831.

I wrote you a long letter, the other day, of cabinet matters, which you see, from the way poor Crawford is treated, are not to be revealed.

The parties here, I believe, mainly strike at the premier. They have little hope of intercepting Old Hickory's re-accession unless they can press the lean monster, that frightened Dr. Hornbrook, into the service of the coalition. He will not join the party which has already called in the nullifiers to help it. These nullifiers are for taking the trade of annihilating into their own hands, and therefore Death will not enter into a league which is to take his business out of his hands. What a strange combination this between the nationals and nullifiers!

My prospects are brightening here. If Old Hickory lives I shall undoubtedly be a *great man* some day. He likes me vastly, and as I am a sinner and hope to be saved he values my opinion in some things, and those nearest to him, more than he does the magician's. But this is egotism; you must not say a word about it.

April 20, 1831.

You see we have had a turning out *à la mode Anglaise et Française*. I was for it in all its extent, and did not hesitate to give my opinion to that effect.

Van Buren is a man of excellent judgment and prudence, and saw the propriety of it. A house divided never can stand, at least the inmates never can be comfortable, and those who expect ad-

vantage from their united efforts must be disappointed.

Eaton is a most excellent man, most unaffectedly benevolent, and one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with. He is full of *facetiae*. His jests and humorous stories are always decorous. The President parts from him with great reluctance, for he maintains the greatest affection towards him, but he told me that he could always sacrifice every private feeling to what he considered a public duty.

When you go home, advise Mr. Clay to put himself in order to run at the great races succeeding those of 1832. Sir Henry cannot beat Eclipse. The old hero is in fine health and admirable spirits. He was very near going to Philadelphia about ten days ago, to get a bullet cut out of his arm. It gave him considerable pain, and has worked its way so near the skin as to be easily felt. He would have gone but for the political motives which he knew would be imputed.

Let me tell you a fact to make you sensible of the deep-rooted, affectionate attachment of which the rough bosom of a war-worn veteran is susceptible. Earl has a few days ago received from the Hermitage Mrs. Jackson's portrait. He did not intend that the President should see it, but he stepped in by accident when Earl was copying from it. He stood and gazed at it for a few moments with some fortitude, until as the association rose in his mind he began to weep, and his sobs became so deep that Earl carried the picture away to relieve him.

He has a Bible in which a great many favorite passages were marked by his wife. One of these he reads every morning *religiously*.

This is devotion, but whether it be of the right kind I leave you to judge.

Madame Pintard, of whom he speaks in the following letter, was a bright-eyed, dark-haired, pretty little Frenchwoman,

who was the milliner *par excellence* of her day in Philadelphia. So great were her skill and taste in her line that a Philadelphia lady says of her, even at this late day, "She was the most elegant and accomplished of milliners, and her bonnets and caps were lovely beyond compare. She became the rage, while at the same time she dared to be saucy to her customers and lord it over them."

She was evidently as much an autocrat in the domain of fashion, at that day, as Old Hickory was in that of politics.

May 10, 1831.

I am rejoiced to find that you are *all the rage* at Philadelphia. What saucy people are we Kentuckers, as your husband calls us! You have taken possession of the beau monde, and dictate in the realms of taste and fashion. I have set up to direct the politics of The Globe. You volunteer to give *éclat* to Madame Pintard's administration, and I for Old Hickory's. The good people where you are think everything you say is right, and where I am I can do nothing wrong. If Van Buren says, "You are rash in this business, Mr. Blair," the old hero says, "You are right, Mr. Blair. I'll stand by you."

What excellent things are vanity and presumption! I am as ignorant a fellow as ever pulled a trigger, and deuce a bit do you know about Paris. It must be instinct that carries you right in the affairs of fancy, and me in those of politics.

Eliza says you may do as you will with the remnant left from the purchase of her gown. May be you could contrive something out of the means that would set off her head to advantage. You can probably hit upon the mode that revolutionary Paris may adopt for June and July. I should guess that it would be something of the tricolor, but you know best. Possibly the lily may prevail, which God forbid; probably heads may be out of fashion.

I have another tale of romance to tell you about the old hero, which sets the iron man of war in his true light. He is of the old school of chevaliers, of the school of Henry IV. of France.

Van Buren came over the other evening, when Barry, Eaton, and myself were sitting with the President, and began to rally him about a lady that had fallen in love with him. He went on to tell his story, and it seems that a most beautiful young woman had just called on the secretary, and desired to know of him who was to write Old Hickory's life, and said she desired to tell him an incident which she hoped would be recorded. She said she was the daughter of a Virginia gentleman, whose name was Love; that her only brother had become insane and killed her father, and had then hung himself; that she had been confined two years in a hospital (I think at Baltimore), had been treated harshly, and that upon the restoration of her reason she had been released; that she had property in Virginia, but was deprived of its use. She said she had appealed to the President for support in her distresses; that the old man shed tears, gave her twenty dollars from his purse, and told her that one so unfortunate should never want while he had a shilling. And then said Mr. Van Buren, "I think I have made out a Love affair."

The President said the story was indeed too true. He had sent for Mr. Ashton, the marshal, who, the poor girl said, knew her history, and found that she had told him the truth. She was the last of a respectable family, which had perished in the tragical manner she described, and her wandering intellect had prompted her flight to Washington to see the President. He told us that he commanded his feelings and countenance pretty well until, having assured her of his protection, she began to weep, begged that she might kiss him and call him father; and then said he, "I could

not restrain my tears, and that man must have been made of marble who could." His eyes were full of tears as he talked of it.

June 15, 1831.

I send you the letter of King Joseph Bonaparte, in his own handwriting, which the President gave to me for that purpose. The handwriting is something like the earlier specimens of Bonaparte's when first consul, which I examined in the state department. I was telling Mr. Leon, who made the translation I send you, that the consul wrote his name very crookedly on the papers, sometimes pointing up and sometimes down. Mr. Leon was one of his clerks, and copied much of his writing. He told me that Napoleon put his signature to papers precisely as they were handed to him. Not unfrequently he put it on the back, and when about to write a dispatch he never adjusted the paper, but wrote from corner to corner, or any way. He says his hand was almost illegible, from the circumstance of never writing more of a word than would enable the reader to make a guess at it from the connection of the sense.

Mr. Leon tells me that there was a lady in Paris who could decipher his meaning better than all his bureaux. King Joseph's letter has a little bad French in it. Are you scholar enough to find it out?

You will be glad to know that your visit brought about the relief of the count from the regulations of the *directeur des postes*. Barry, by the direction of the President, made his postmaster comply in all respects with Joseph's wishes about his letters.

You are a very great favorite of Old Hickory. In giving him my thanks, in your behalf, at dinner the other day, when he mentioned Joseph's respectful letter of you, there were several strangers present, and I observed to him that you would not have asked a letter of introduction from him but that you were

a veteran's orphan, who had served his country from Braddock's war, through the Revolution, and that you had grown up as the daughter of another soldier, who had fought in the same fields, and who now rested under the same turf; and from this connection you thought you had a right to look upon him almost in the light of a relation.

The old man's eyes glistened, and his whole countenance evinced satisfaction. He said you needed no such recommendation to him, but that none could be more endearing. With great energy he remarked that Scott and Gist were patriots, and had bravely defended the infant liberties of their country. As we were about to rise from table, he showed that the conversation had made an impression on him.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it is a standing rule with me, on quitting the table, to remember our absent friends. Will you join me in a glass to-day to the memory of two who are no more?" He then gave "Colonel Gist and General Scott," and said all who loved their country should respect their memories. This is the only instance, Lewis says, in which he has substituted his toast to his absent friends by another.

King Joseph's letter, with the translation made by Mr. Leon, was carefully preserved with Mr. Blair's letters, and from the exact transcript of it here given it may be seen that there is not only "a little bad French in it," but some very badly spelled French. He adhered to the assumed title adopted on leaving France, and this letter is signed "Joseph C^{te} de Surveilliers."

POINTE BREEZE 7 Juin 1831.

MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT, — J'ai reçu la lettre que vous avez bien voulu m'écrire le 23 mai, je me suis empressé d'accueillir Madame Gratz, aussi bien que me l'ont permis les circonstances douloureuses ou je me trouve par les

mauvaises nouvelles que je recois de ma famille. Madame Gratz m'apparue en tous points digne de l'intérêt que vous lui portez.

Seresce [serait ce?] trop presumer des sentiments que vous voulez bien me montrer, Monsieur, que de demander votre intervention auprès du directeur Général des Postes pour qu'il donne la commission au directeur de la poste de trenton de remettre mes lettres au commissionnaire que j'y envoie tous les *dimanches* à 7 heures du matin, moment où son bureau est ouvert pour la distribution des lettres de trenton, ce directeur refuse de remettre mes lettres le *dimanche*, parceque je ne demeure pas à trenton, ce qui retarde jusqu'au lundi après midi la réception de mes lettres, c'est à dire de près de trente six heures.

Monsieur le General Bernard qui se trouve ici, de passage à son retour de France, voudra bien se charger d'expliquer à Votre Excellence la nature de ma prière, ainsi qu'à monsieur le commissaire Général des postes, s'il en reçoit l'autorisation de V. E.

Je vous prie d'agréer, Monsieur, la haute considération avec la quelle j'ai l'honneur d'être de votre excellence.

A short time previous to the date of the following letter, written to her husband, Mrs. Gratz had returned to Kentucky from a rather unusually prolonged visit to Philadelphia. For many reasons that city was always most attractive to her, and for years Mr. and Mrs. Gratz made a visit there of a month or two, at least, and this when to compass such a journey meant a good deal of time and no little inconvenience.

July 16, 1831.

I received Maria's letter a day or two since, and was much gratified to find that she was safely and snugly domiciliated.

Home, Sweet Home is a good song, after all. "The Hermitage is my choice," as the veteran hero says, and after I

have managed *The Globe* for six years I shall return to my cottage under the hill, with a firm resolve never to meddle with politics again. What cursed scoundrels the aristocrats employ to do their dirty work! Green was brought here by that knave Calhoun, who is himself, at heart, one of the Hartford Convention stamp. His nullification is but a scheme to scatter our republic into fragments, that he may rule a part. I always detested McDuffie, and it is perfectly clear that he is as much a latitudinarian as he was when he wrote his pamphlet deriding with the intensest scorn the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions. He is as much national as ever he was, but he is now for a Southern nation, a Carthaginian state upon the coast of Africa, where the Punic faith may come again in vogue under the Proteus, Calhoun. Green is an excellent organ for such a government.

I have to say to Maria that my remark about Mr. Clay was a mere *jeu d'esprit*.

The Whig and Louisville Journal had charged *The Argus* with falsehood in saying that Mr. Clay's father was a dancing-master, and they called him a preacher. They were all right, and for the sake of the biographer I gave the true history to reconcile the contradiction. I made no remark about the business except mentioning that the father had turned a somerset into the pulpit, which was to his honor, while the son had flung one the wrong way, and leaped into the arms of his own and his country's enemies.

I am astonished at the implacability of the Clay side to Old Hickory. The latter regards him with much more kindness than he does Calhoun, and yet Mr. Clay's friends support Calhoun in his nullification, etc., against the President. It is against all their natural principles, and is much further removed from them than the President's democracy and reform and proscription.

For some years before he left Kentucky Mr. Blair was greatly harassed by debt, for the payment of which his means were entirely insufficient; and among his burdens was the support of his father, a man of fine ability as a lawyer, having at one time filled the office of Attorney-General of Kentucky, but, with many accomplishments, so inactive and indolent that he had no scruples at becoming a charge upon his son; and while Henry Clay was amused at the witticism, the means of retort were too ready for him to overlook it, and he sent Mr. Blair this message. "I see," said Mr. Clay, "Preston is telling his readers that my father was a dancing-master. Do tell him, when you write, that I say I admit the fact,—he was so; and say also I have never been compelled to 'pay the piper.'"

Mr. Blair's correspondent naively adds, "Mr. Clay had a meaning in that, I presume, but you know best."

August 29, 1831.

We have all returned from the sea with the renovation of the ever-changing, ever-lasting element. It has had a peculiarly good effect upon my health. As I told you in *The Globe*, the President is quite restored and reinstated from the debility induced by the over-exertion of his tour. You may tell his good Clay friends that the Bay has proved a Medea's kettle to him. He is a new man, but still the old patriot. I wished an hundred times that you had been with us, both for the sake of your health and that you might have enjoyed the agreeable old veteran in his hours of cheerful retirement, and listened to his unaffected recitals of the adventures of which his life has been so full. Of all the men I ever knew, not one has ever appeared to me so perfectly free from all disguise. His entire fearlessness renders all secrecy contemptible in his eyes. His simple, unreserved intercourse and confiding, affectionate feelings have made me as

familiar with his heart and history as I am with my own.

He puts me more in mind of uncle Madison than any other man I ever knew. You remember what a kind, tender-hearted man Major Madison was, how brave and terrible in battle. On one occasion he leaped from the bank of a creek upon an Indian of superior strength: they fought with butcher-knives, and when the major had killed his adversary, in the flush of triumph he scalped him; but after carrying the bloody trophy a little distance he became disgusted and heart-sick, until he experienced all the effects of an emetic.

General Jackson never allows his warlike enthusiasm to go so far as to mangle a fallen foe, and I but allude to the case of uncle Madison to show you how persons of the tenderest sensibilities and of the utmost benevolence may be bloody in the spirit of chivalry and the cause of patriotism.

I never witnessed in any individual more of tender affection and sympathy than in General Jackson. He had his family around him at the Rip Raps, and his courtesy and kindness and love for these strangers to his blood was felt by me as a rebuke to my colder nature and less ardent sympathies with our children. He has a little granddaughter (a beautiful child, about ten months old), named after his wife, which he takes to his bosom whenever brought within his reach. I never saw this little bantling brought in his presence that his eyes did not brighten and his affections rise.

He and I were sitting one day alone on the sofa, and I alluded in some way to his attachment for the little Rachel. He said she was the solace of his waning life, and that the father (his adopted son) had been nursed on the bosom of Mrs. Jackson. She felt for him all the tenderness of a mother; that she parted with him, even to go to Nashville to school, with reluctance, and looked for

the returning Saturday with more anxiety than the boy himself.

He paused a few moments, ruminating, and with his eyes suffused in tears said, —

“Mr. Blair, she was one of the best of women, and it is gratifying to me that it is in my power to provide amply for the objects which, if she lived, would have been so dear to her. Rachel will be my greatest comfort if I should survive to return to the Hermitage.”

I believe there never was a man whose private character has been so much misunderstood as that of General Jackson. He is the kindest and most indulgent master I ever saw, the most polite and considerate in his attentions to the two adopted families of Andrew Jackson and Andrew Donaldson with which he is surrounded, and so far from evidencing the captiousness of old age towards the spoilt children of Mrs. Donaldson (of which there are several), he has the most patient, bland, and soothing mode of caressing them into good humor and good behavior.

To himself he is self-denying; will give no one trouble in taking care of his wants, but follows up the independent habits of his early life even in age, doing almost everything for himself that he can properly do. He is always, however, well provided because of his industrious and vigilant attention personally to minutiae, but is, nevertheless, ready to disfurnish himself for the sake of others.

In this spirit of kindness, at the Rip Raps, the tavern-keeper having sent over his account for my family separately, as directed (considerably over an hundred dollars), the President insisted and made me submit to the whole being paid by him.

The same liberal and indulgent feeling pervades all his relations here. In a multitude of cases I have known him sacrifice his own predilections, and indeed his determinations, in regard to appointments, to the preferences of his sec-

retaries, and it is only when important principles are concerned that he is inexorable. Whenever anything involves what he conceives the *permanent interest* of the country, his patriotism becomes an all-absorbing feeling, and neither *kitchen* nor *parlor* cabinets can move him.

I give you these little sketches of the old chief's character that you may see the real causes of his prosperous life. It is only an alliance of private virtues with qualifications for public usefulness that has given General Jackson such prominence in the hearts and confidence of his countrymen.

August 27, 1831.

Yesterday morning was rainy, and I took my way to the old hero's office, where I expected to find him alone, and went to amuse him with the whimsical letters and news that I get from all quarters of the globe.

Among the rest I took your letter, and read to him those passages that applied to himself. He laughed heartily at the somerset gentlemen you describe, their sudden conversions, and the various modes in which they got conviction. He said he was not astonished that old General Breckenridge should consider him as only fit for a nurse and the Hermitage, that the old fellow's way of life had accommodated him to these ideas, and that he did not know how it was possible for a man of sixty-four to turn himself to any account for the country. He said the old man had passed that period some eight or ten years, and that if he judged from his own experience he might well say that the incumbent was not fit for the presidency for a second term.

He told me to tell you, however, that he would convince you that Breckenridge's rule would not hold good with a man whose life had been one of action; that he was heartier and abler to do service than while on the Seminole campaign; and says he, "Tell Mrs. Gratz that, having worn out one set of teeth in

the service of my country, I have got a new set from Mr. Planton, which will, I am sure, last me six years longer, and support me in the same service."

When I came to your comment where you say, "I turn with disgust from such hypocrites, and am sorry to find so many in the world," the old man smiled; says he, "Mr. Blair, you may tell Mrs. Gratz *she does not know the half of them.*"

The Clay press in this quarter is getting more and more violent every day. The Boston Courier abuses all Kentucky for not voting for the Clay ticket, and Gales publishes letters from Kentucky stigmatizing the Jackson districts for ignorance, and the Lord knows what all. I mean to stand up for Kentucky, and especially the *Hunters of Kentucky*, against Mr. Clay's writers. I mean to stand by the mountaineers, and show that Mr. Clay is behind them and the age in the polity that is calculated to elevate the character of a State.

The spirit of liberty has always dwelt in the mountains, and you will find more of the primitive virtue of the Revolution among the heights of Morgan and Lawrence than in the fat lands of Clark and Bourbon.

I have been inclined to cease hostilities with Mr. Clay's party. We began here to think that Mr. Clay was growing in grace, he showed so well when compared with Calhoun and Berrien, Ingham and the rest; but it seems that Mr. Clay's folks mean to join this banditti, who are certainly farther removed from all his professed principles than the present administration.

The last letter of this correspondence, written during the first term of General Jackson's administration, is devoted to an explanation of the care Mr. Blair exercises in the preservation of his health, and to a description of that paragon of her profession, Fanny Kemble.

His enthusiasm bubbles over as he dwells upon her perfection, and I quote

only that part of the letter relating to her. This letter is dated February 2, 1833.

"Talking of orators and action puts me in mind of Miss Kemble. She is the female Demosthenes of modern days. I never conceived of anything equal to her expression of the passions. The genius of Mrs. Siddons is fully inherited by her. I saw her act Beatrice, Lady Teazle, and Julia in *The Hunchback*, and in all the eccentric varieties of these characters every look, gesture, attitude, and expression was truer to nature than the finest conception of the most gifted inspired poet. In the part of Julia (a character written for her by Sheridan Knowles, — the nephew, I believe, of the great Sheridan), there never were such natural and admirable contrasts and extremes of the passions of the human heart exhibited: the happy innocent of a rural retreat run wild with the extravagant fashions of city life, the resentment of the highest and most indignant pride subdued by the all-conquering grief of deep love.

"I never saw the passions of your sex portrayed so divinely as in the acting of this fine woman. Her very utterance in grief is absolutely contagious. Her intonations are so natural and yet so beau-

tiful that while one's eyes swell with tears, and the throat is choked with the heart, the greatest pleasure is derived and the tenderest affection is felt. Her very weeping adds loveliness to her features. There is the greatest beauty in her countenance when she cries and sobs most naturally. And this is the more remarkable because I never saw any one look handsome when crying, before. Her features are not regular, not upon the Grecian model of beauty, but she is one of the finest-looking women on the stage I ever saw. The look of genius forever beaming from her face lights up her countenance, and she wears the aspect, when she speaks, of the muse of eloquence and poetry. Her eyes are wonderfully expressive, her teeth remarkably beautiful, and all the lineaments of her face are alive with intelligence and feeling. Her figure is exceedingly good, form perfect, her air elastic and light, and her motions full of grace.

"I am told that she is determined to stay two years in this country, and I am sure you will have an opportunity within that time to witness the power with which nature has endowed this new Queen of Tragedy and the Peri of Comedy."

Thomas H. Clay.

THE SPELL OF THE RUSSIAN WRITERS.

"WE are most of us, at present," observes a witty correspondent, "consumed by one of two passions, — for the German opera, or the Russian romance."

If I were sufficiently learned, both in literature and music, I would attempt, for the curiosity of the thing and the possible amusement of the reader, to trace out an analogy between these two fashionable preoccupations — I will not say crazes — of the modern Athenian.

I seem dimly to perceive that there is such an analogy; and that both of the new and rather portentous developments of art here indicated, in their solemn intensity and merciless complexity, their scorn of old-fashioned laws and symmetries, their desperate grasp after the expression of the unutterable, appeal to the same dark and disillusioned yet restless and expectant temper in the modern mind.

Happily I know just enough to perceive that such a task would be altogether beyond my power. I should be out of my depth in the musical part of it directly. I feel it to be quite sufficiently ambitious that I should essay some inquiry into the source and the elements of the strong fascination exercised over all the reading world just now, but especially, and, as I think, for special reasons, over ourselves in America, by those tremendous works of the imagination which are finding their way to us from beyond the Carpathians.

The impertinence of the attempt seems all the greater, when one reflects that nobody reads the Russian novel with gusto who does not also read French with ease, and that nobody who reads French with ease can by any possibility have overlooked the admirable studies of the subject in question by the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, which first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and have now been collected into a delightful volume entitled *Le Roman Russe*. No more delicate and beautiful critical work than may be found in these essays has been done, I think, since Sainte-Beuve died, almost twenty years ago. There are some of us who thought never again to be moved by one man's estimate of another man's achievement, so nearly after the fashion in which the great master of criticism used to move us. For, over and above his natural acumen and his ample literary and scholarly outfit, M. de Vogüé possesses, in a preëminent degree, the three chief moral qualifications of a good critic, sympathy, modesty, and patience. Not more than once or twice in all the completed volume does the finely cloven foot of the sardonic French epigrammatist peep out, as in the passage where he says that the purpose of Anna Karénine is, briefly, "to compare the hell of unbridled passion with the — *purgatory* of family life." Now M. de Vogüé himself married one of

those marvelous Russian women who dazzle and reduce to despair all the rest of the feminine world; he has lived long in Russia, and has also — thanks largely, no doubt, to the help of madame! — actually mastered the Russian language. Even the Russians themselves, the traveled ones, who are wont to smile a little archly at the struggles of the resolute occidental to grasp their idioms and penetrate their illusive national secrets, will own that M. de Vogüé knows his Russia very well, and that in many of his judgments on their authors he comes uncommonly near hitting the mark.

How, it will surely be asked, can a person of immeasurably inferior equipment hope to do better than this? Nobody does hope it, in fact; but when, after a great deal of scientific shooting, and very brilliant shooting too, considering the enormous range, the bull's-eye has not precisely been entered, any tyro may take a shot, and a great many may be tempted to do so. There is always the thrilling possibility that a random arrow may graze the black.

Not to press the figure too far, M. de Vogüé as good as confesses that his own delicately feathered and carefully aimed shafts have not yet quite found the centre of the eye. "I have tried," he says, near the close of his elaborate study of Tolstoï, "to select the attributes by virtue of which he may be included in one or another of the classifications of our rhetoric; and yet, in my heart, I know that he escapes them, and that he escapes me." I myself have made a guess concerning the side by which Tolstoï and his peers escape the accomplished Frenchman; but I do not quite dare to propound it. It will be better to consider, for a little, the books themselves.

Of the greatest of all of them in dramatic and analytic power, in their almost miraculous divination of human secrets and grasp of human motive, — of *Guerre et Paix* and *Anna Karénine* and

the chief masterpieces of Tourguéneff, long since translated into English, — I shall not presume to say anything. Suddenly it has come to pass that these books are everywhere. The selfsame volumes, wearing that glaringly democratic badge, the stamp of the circulating library, make their way into the houses of high and low. They may be found, in more dainty attire, on the shelves of the very few people who still buy books. You can pick them up on the Paris *quais*. Everybody now reads these more celebrated tales, and talks of them fluently; and a certain number, I suppose, positively reflect upon them. But while they are sufficiently captivating as mere stories, in spite of their outlandish nomenclature and their often unwieldy bulk, to approve themselves to the universal novel-reader, they are full, and over-full, of a strange moral excitement, and of vastly revolutionary suggestions for the more philosophic student. It will be the object of this article to trace the genesis of their sombre style and the growth of their peculiar ethics through certain Russian books, less widely known as yet, and some of them of an earlier date than those already named: through the *Ames Mortes* of Gogol, the *Souvenirs de la Maison des Morts* of Dostoievsky, Tourguéneff's *Récits d'un Chasseur*, — now enlarged and collected under the more appropriate title of the *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*, — and the *Polikouchka*, *Ma Religion*, and *A la Recherche de Bonheur* of Tolstoi.

It was Gogol's great book which begot all the rest, of which the names are now so familiar; and Gogol's personal history foreshadows, in some one or more important particulars, that of each of his illustrious followers. Like most of his literary compeers, Tolstoi alone having been of the highest social rank, Nikolai Vasilevitch sprang from the *petite noblesse*. He was born in 1809, in what is expressively called Little Rus-

sia; that is to say, in that circumscribed country of the Cossacks, where alone, in all the vast dominions of the Tsar, there is a something of southern exuberance in the landscape, and of southern gaiety and nonchalance in the temper of the people. He was educated in a provincial *gymnasium*, where he passed his time, as so many geniuses (and dunces) have done before him, in omnivorous general reading, to the neglect of the regular course. He graduated with a low rank, at the age of twenty, and went to St. Petersburg to seek employment in the civil service. Being odd and unattractive in person, and without influential friends, he had rather more than the usual number of disappointments and mortifications to endure, for all of which he amply revenged himself on the official class, when he had found the use of his pen. After all, his apprenticeship was not a very long one. In his twenty-sixth year we find him collecting and publishing, over his own name, a number of tales which must needs already, in their anonymous form, have attained a certain popularity. He had, by this time, worked for a year, at a desk, in a very obscure office; tried for the stage, and been rejected on account of the weakness of his voice; had acted as private tutor in a noble family, and as lecturer on history in the University of St. Petersburg. Best of all, and most important for his future career, he had made the acquaintance of the poet Pouchkine, who had given him that generous, not to say rapturous, welcome which the father of Russian letters seldom failed to accord to rising talent. Indeed, we are struck from the very beginning of this literary history with the artless admiration of these men for one another. Our own best writers hardly go beyond them in mutual appreciation. It is natural, perhaps, to the scions of a young race and the citizens of a new country, this keen sense of brotherhood; of being embarked in a patriotic com-

mon cause, requiring for its advancement the special aptitudes of each. The time for petty jealousies comes later. Pouchkine solemnly enjoins upon Gogol (and this already sixty years ago!) the duty of confining himself to Russian subjects; of studying Russian life and manners, including those of the poor *exactly as he finds them*, in all their native homeliness and even deformity. Tourgénéff sends to Tolstoi, from his death-bed of torture in Paris, an affecting entreaty that the latter will return to the world, and resume, for the sake of the fatherland, the work which he had apparently laid aside for his own. There are transient interruptions to the harmony of these deep voices. Dostoïevsky, in his grim old age, conceives a spite against Tourgénéff for having, as he thinks, tampered with his own private and proper theme of Nihilism; and when the same Dostoïevsky was first introduced to Pouchkine, some time in the forties, as "a new Gogol," the poet observed testily, "Oh yes, yes! The country is growing Gogols, like cucumbers, just now!" Before the old man was halfway through Dostoïevsky's first book, however, his hat was off, and he was paying a tearful homage to the author of *Les Pauvres Gens*. The presentation of some vast national destiny to be accomplished, the thought "for Russia's sake," is continually carrying the day, even with the most crabbed and pessimistic, over all meaner instincts and insignificant private ambitions.

But to return to Nikolai Vasilevitch. In the two collections of his early tales, *Les Veilles d'un Hameau* and *Arabesques*, he had found, as if by accident, the very key in which Tolstoi was presently to pitch *Les Cosaques*,¹ and Tourgénéff to discover so many weird and

haunting themes. He had, moreover, written a powerful tragedy in verse, *Tarass Boulba*, founded on the idealized exploits of some of his own ancestors in the Ukraine, and he had also produced one good acting comedy, which has ever since held its place upon the Russian stage. The plot of the *Réviseur* turns on the consternation excited among the corrupt officials of a certain provincial town, when they hear that they are to have a visit from a government inspector. A rather important-looking stranger, with no very obvious business, arrives at the principal hotel. It is taken for granted that this is the dreaded censor, and he is followed, flattered, fawned upon, and inordinately bribed by the whole venal crew. The stranger divines the situation, enters into the humor of it, and plays the part with spirit, to his own immense pecuniary advantage, until the real inspector arrives. The play contains, of course, a scathing arraignment of the administrative methods then in vogue in Russia. Nevertheless, the stout old Emperor Nicholas — a giant, indeed, beside his *chétif* majesty of to-day! — read the manuscript of it, in his cabinet, with roars of laughter, ordered it to be brought out, and himself gave the signal for applause from his own royal box. He afterward assisted Gogol with large though anonymous gifts of money; sufficient, in fact, to render the fortunate playwright independent of the search for daily employment, and to enable him to set forth on his travels and finally establish himself in Rome.

Gogol carried away with him, to work out in the then calm of the Eternal City, an idea which he afterward confessed to have first received from Pouchkine, — the grotesque and altogether

¹ The reader will, I am sure, be glad to learn that a new edition is about to appear of Mr. Eugene Schuyler's very spirited translation of this fascinating tale. So far as I know, it is the first of all of them to have been ren-

dered directly from the original into English, and it excited less attention than it ought to have done when first published, about ten years ago.

original idea of the Ames Mortes.¹ Stated as briefly as possible, the plan of the book, which the author himself would have preferred to call its argument, just as he affected to call its chapters cantos, is this. In the old days of serfdom, the adult male serfs counted only as *souls*. As such they were registered whenever the census was taken, and were then subject to taxation, and to be bought, sold, mortgaged, and otherwise negotiated, like any kind of personal property. But since the census was not taken often, it came inevitably to pass, through the average mortality of the peasants, and still more when this was enhanced by pestilence or other disaster, that, before the new registration came to be made, there would be a great many names upon the books of the *seigneur* which represented *dead souls* merely, and no longer active arms, or, in other words, productive property. The immortal hero of Gogol's book, Tchitchikof, — a buoyant adventurer, in whose early official career there had been some rather shady passages, — conceived the luminous idea of making a tour of the remote Russian provinces; buying up at a nominal price, where he cannot get ceded to him outright, large numbers of these "dead souls;" having his purchases regularly certified and recorded by local officials, who would not take too much trouble to inquire into the identity of his chattels; and then raising money on them, *ad libitum*, in the banks of St. Petersburg and Moscow. Tchitchikof reckons on the stupidity, the heedlessness, or the greed of the average rural proprietor for the success of his impudent undertaking, and apparently he reckons with an innumerable host. Never before, I think, was such a number and variety of sordid and ab-

surd human types observed with so ardent a zest, and portrayed with such glorious good-humor. It is all a great farce, of course, but with what spirit the first acts are played! — the characters, the dialect, the costumes and scenery, how minutely studied! I do not know what readers mean who admit with a gentle sigh that there is "a certain grim humor" in Gogol. Why, the first volume of the Ames Mortes is a perfect fantasia of fun, and not so very grim, either! The state of mind of these pensive critics must be analogous to that of the play-goer who feels bound to laugh at his favorite comedian, even when he plays tragedy. Their own organs have become affected by that "*souffle de la cimetiére*" with which Vogüé finds the later Russian literature so deeply imbued, and from which the retrospective reader cannot immediately free himself, even when bowling with Tchitchikof in his *britchka*, behind that excellent coachman Seliphane, over the unworn ways of Central Russia. But the retrospective reader certainly carries with him what was not originally present in the plan of Gogol's book. To me, at least, the narrative in its earlier portions is continuously and most delightfully droll: just as I am sure that I should have laughed at the comedy of the inspector, though Vogüé says that he could not.

How is it possible, for instance, to suspect of any deep depression, under the burden of stern moral engagements, the man who could elaborate the perfectly natural and vivacious, and also perfectly inane, dialogue between Charmante and Gentille, in that delicious "canto" entitled *Les Emotions d'une Petite Ville*, wherein the gossips decide among themselves that the object of Tchitchikof, in his mysterious comings

¹ This curious book has quite lately, as I understand, been translated into English, but the title *Dead Souls* appears to me so much more remote from all the associations connoted by the original than even the French one that

I have preferred to stick to the latter. I have not had the pleasure of seeing this English translation, and do not even know whether it has been made directly from the Russian or through the medium of the French.

and goings, *must* be to arrange an elopement with their governor's daughter? The lady who pays the visit pounces incidentally upon the summer costume of the lady who receives.

"What a pretty print!" cried Charmante (with reference to the gown of Gentile).

"Is it not? Prascovia Fedorovna thinks that the checks are a little large, and she would have liked blue dots better than cinnamon dots. But I have just sent to my sister the most exquisite stuff! I only wish I could give you any idea of it! Fancy fine, fine, *fine* stripes, the finest imaginable, and between the stripes rounds and sprigs, rounds and sprigs, rounds and sprigs. I declare to you that it is ravishing! For my own part, I never saw anything so graceful!"

"Still, it must be rather confused!"

"Oh, no, it is not confused!"

"Ah, bah! It must be!" . . . Gentile repeated mildly that the effect of the stuff they were discussing was not at all confused, and then exclaimed abruptly, —

"But, my dear, you are wearing edging still! Nobody wears it now!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, no. Everything is in scallops, instead!"

"So much the worse, I say. Scallops are not at all pretty!"

"But they are worn on *everything*. Capes are scalloped, sleeves are scalloped, shoulder-caps, even stockings. In short, everything. No edging at all!"

"It is *not* pretty, Sophia Ivanovna, — a trimming entirely of scallops."

"On the contrary, it is exquisite! They are made with a double hem," etc.

Now this is not only done to the life, but it is done, indisputably, with a sense of keen enjoyment on the part of the writer.

It is Dickens who, simultaneously

with Gogol, marks the transition from romanticism to realism in the literature of his own country. And not Dickens himself, as it seems to me, begins his work in higher spirits, less hampered by the behests of a "cold moral" or teased by the importunities of any fundamental doubt. The temper of both men altered sadly, as the years went on. That of Gogol changed the earlier and more profoundly, by just so much as he was more thorough in his practice of the new method; more sincere and unreserved in his adoption of that principle of *blank veracity*, on which what we call realism must needs rest. No man retains into mature life the spirits of his youth who does not also retain a certain number of illusions. Dickens was the first of the present generation of English realists, but he was never altogether a realist. He was romantic and rhetorical to his dying day. Gogol is rhetorical too, sometimes, especially in those eloquent apostrophes to Russia, which abound in the first volume of the *Ames Mortes*, but he is never romantic. He published, it is true, in his melancholy last years, after his writings had secured him many enemies, a number of elaborate letters on the subject of the *Ames Mortes*, in which he claimed to have been actuated, from the first conception of the book, by a high philanthropic purpose. I cannot quite believe it. He simply, as I think, undertook to tell what he saw, and what he saw began by diverting and ended by overpowering him. He was like those heroes in the old-fashioned fairy-tales who, having dared to fix their eyes upon a magic mirror, saw the smooth surface begin slowly to darken and to swirl, and grim depths open, and fierce forms emerge, until the whole uncanny thing was thick with strife and grewsome with all manner of horror. He had set himself dispassionately to observe the social condition of rural Russia in the last years of serf-

dom. There is no hint in all the *Ames Mortes* that he ever personally questioned the righteousness of that "peculiar institution" of Russia, or seriously regarded the serf otherwise than as a piece of property. He seems hardly to have troubled himself about the serf at all. It is what he sees of the effect of slavery, and the semi-barbarism it implies, upon the *master*, which ends by taking all the heart out of him.

His book was never properly finished. He had intended to offset, in the latter half of it, by a certain number of humane and noble types, the coarse, unprincipled, or ridiculous ones which he had depicted with so much zest in the beginning. He found that he must draw largely on his imagination for these types, and that his imagination was not equal to the task. He flung at the hero, of whose meanness he had tired, the sarcasm of a complete success in his iniquitous undertaking, and turned his own back suddenly and squarely upon a world in which such a *dénouement* appeared to him probable.

One day, in a fit of general disgust, he destroyed the manuscript of his second volume, setting an example which, as we know too well, Tolstoi has but lately followed with that of his third considerable romance. There is an immense contempt of self-interest about these men which compels our admiration, even when its results are most exasperating. In Gogol's case, there existed an imperfect copy of the work thus rashly sacrificed, from which, after his death, was restored and very clumsily pieced together the unsatisfactory second volume of the *Ames Mortes* which we know.

Gogol had now returned from his ten years' residence in Italy. His always precarious health had become very bad, and a great change, or conversion, had taken place in his interior life. He called himself an Orthodox Greek Christian still, but he had become a strict pietist, and his piety was of that mysti-

cal and exalted type to which, in his religious *retours*, the true Russian is ever prone, and which indicates the deep and steadfast oriental element that underlies the seeming versatility and receptivity of his nature. During his residence in Rome, Gogol had made the acquaintance of a Russian painter of sacred subjects, named Ivanof, from whom he seems originally to have imbibed his ultimate religious views. The friends had retired together to the Capuchin convent on Mt. Soracte, and they lived there for some years before Gogol returned to Russia. I could not but think much of this pair, as I rounded, a few days ago, the base of that beautiful mountain group, whose first association, to a modern mind, will always be with the dazzle of its winter snows, and with the simple convivialities of the gay Augustan poet. I seemed to see the two voluntary exiles, fugitives to the sun, out of that dim Scythia, from which had descended the doom of the old Roman world, sitting there and brooding in their ascetic retreat, between the desert of the past and the desert of the future; with that great, fair, void sepulchre of human life, the Roman Campagna, always before their natural eyes, and the stretch of the illimitable steppes haunting their mental vision. All at once I fancied that I had discerned one of the obscure and, so to speak, organic points of sympathy between these moody Muscovites and ourselves in the New World, — a tendency, namely, to overlook sometimes, in their estimate of human affairs, the whole splendid results of the civilization of Western Europe, the conventionalized Christianity, the artificial moral codes, the accumulated learning, the elaborated art, in general terms all that Vogüé includes in "the classifications of *our* rhetoric;" and to leap in their reasoning direct from the commencement of the Christian era to the present day.

It was to defray the expenses of a pious pilgrimage to the Holy Land that

Gogol published, after his return to Russia, his own private correspondence, including the *Lettres sur les Ames Mortes*. With this one exception, he gave in charity all that he could earn by his pen, and hastened his end, it is thought, by his fasts and macerations. It was, however, an attack of typhoid which finally carried him off in February, 1852, exactly four years before "General Fevrier turned traitor" to his old patron, Tsar Nicholas. The sunshine of royal favor had long since passed away from the novelist. The governor of Moscow was severely censured for attending his funeral in official dress, and Tourguéneff was already in exile on his estates for having, among other misdemeanors, called the author of the *Ames Mortes* a great man. Gogol was only forty-three when he died, but he had described in his comparatively brief career the arc of a great circle, and had indicated the orbit in which all his literary progeny were to revolve.

I have insisted the more upon the evidence of something like hilarity of temper in the youthful Gogol for the very reason that the gleam was so transitory; because the jocund morning sunshine was incontinently eclipsed, and has proved the prelude to an exceeding sombre day, — one on which a faint and dubious glint of promise is only now beginning to arise. Important events had taken place in the political world of Russia before Gogol died, and more important ones yet were rapidly preparing. The agitations and aspirations of 1848 had found their echo there in sundry organized movements or conspiracies, for the slightest possible complicity with one of which poor diseased, possessed, inspired Dostoievsky had already been dispatched to his ten years' martyrdom in Siberia. Tourguéneff was under a cloud, as we have seen, for his supposed sympathy with the malcontents and their subversive ideas, and Tolstoi, the youngest of the three by about eight

years, was presently to depart, with other young noblemen of his regiment, to the Crimea; there to obtain that personal acquaintance with the whole theory and practice of war of which he was later to make so amazing an application in *Guerre et Paix* and the Crimean sketches. It is useful to mark these dates, and to observe that the famous trio who succeeded Gogol were all born between 1818 and 1830, and might well, therefore, have been brothers in blood, no less than in genius and in destiny. Ivan Tourguéneff was the only one of them just then in a position to write, and the hunter's tales which form the bulk of the *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe* were most of them composed during that season of retirement in Russia which preceded his final removal to France.

The plan of the book is very similar to Gogol's. The adventures of a roving hero form a thread on which to suspend innumerable studies of native character. It is by far the most indigenous of all Tourguéneff's books; Russian, and very Russian, in form no less than in substance. He treated none but Russian themes at any time; but after he went to live in Paris, he made a point of treating these themes, as far as possible, in a *European* manner. I am only making the distinction which the Russians themselves continually make. They do not really claim to be European any more than we do in America. Tourguéneff made concessions to the canons of a classical taste in the works by which he is well known. He bethought himself of being an artist, and he became a great one. He cared to satisfy the critical demands of the sophisticated French reader; to make his tales brief and shapely, his style pointed and literary, albeit he could never quite overcome his repugnance to anything like a conventional ending. But here, in his earliest essays, — they might better, almost, for all their dramatic form and elements, be called meditations, — the

narrative is long, low-voiced, and desultory. We seem to hear the heavy sighs of repressed feeling by which it is frequently interrupted. Tourguéneff felt bound, as Gogol had done before him, to confine himself to a bare statement of fact. He took his assiduous and silent notes of the wild, monotonous landscape of middle Russia, with its dearth of historic associations, — a kind of scenery wonderfully *intime* to us in our country, — and of the elementary types of character bred therein, and the sad and sordid life of the children of the soil, both bond and free. But he was of another and more acutely sensitive nature than Gogol, and was penetrated by the ideas of a later day. He was intensely sympathetic, and we are not long left in doubt concerning the side to which his sympathies incline. For all his instinctive fastidiousness, they are always with the poor. The themes that engage his full powers are the simple faith and good-fellowship of an old-fashioned pair of rustics like Khor and Kalyvtch; the silent submission to unutterable wrong of the miller's wife Arina; the ingenuous courage with which the boy Paul confronts the spectre that foretells his untimely death, in that exquisite story of the night encampment of the village children among the grazing horses; the beatific resignation of the girl Loukéria, in the *Reliques Vivantes*. There is barely a word here, any more than in the *Ames Mortes*, which can be construed into a direct plea for the oppressed or arraignment of the oppressor; yet our sense of the multiform woe inherent in a vast public wrong goes on deepening from page to page, until we feel as if the most indignant appeal on behalf of the socially disinherited would seem tame and weak beside this plain process of passionless revelation.

The coincidence in time has been noted between the appearance of the *Récits d'un Chasseur* and of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the presumable rela-

tive connection of the two books with the formal abolition of slavery in Russia and the United States. But never, it must be allowed, did two philanthropists work simultaneously for kindred ends in so entirely dissimilar a fashion. Let the reader who would measure the difference between them compare the hot and harrowing description of the beating of Uncle Tom, in the chapter entitled *The Martyr*, with this, out of Tourguéneff's first volume: —

"Notwithstanding my small sympathy for Arcadi Pavlytch, it happened to me once to pass the night with him. I had my horses harnessed early in the morning, but he insisted on my taking 'an English breakfast' with him before I went, and dragged me, for that purpose, into his study. They brought us, with our tea, cutlets, soft-boiled eggs, butter, honey, Swiss cheese, etc. Two white-gloved footmen anticipated silently and very swiftly our slightest wishes. We sat upon a Persian divan. Arcadi wore large Turkish trousers of silk, a black velvet vest, an elegant fez with blue tassels, and yellow Chinese slippers without heels. He sipped his tea, nibbled a little, looked at his finger-nails, smoked, put a cushion behind his back, and in general gave evidence of being in an excellent humor. Presently he made a serious attack upon the cutlets and cheese, and after having quitted himself like a man at this operation he poured himself a glass of red wine, lifted it to his lips, and frowned.

"'Why was this wine not warmed?' he said dryly to one of the footmen. The man looked distressed, turned pale, and stood as if petrified. 'Well, my friend, I asked you a question,' continued the young seigneur with studied calm, and staring fixedly at the poor man, *who twisted slightly the napkin which he held in his hand*, but made no other movement, and appeared as if spell-bound by some fascination which deprived him of the power of utterance.

"Arcadi smoothed his brow, still regarding the poor wretch thoughtfully.

"‘Excuse me,’ he said to me, with an amiable smile and a friendly touch upon my knee; then turned his eyes again upon the footman silently.

"‘You can go, now,’ he observed at length, touching at the same time the spring of a little hand-bell, which brought in a huge dark-complexioned man, with a low forehead and streaked eyes.

"‘*Make your arrangements for Fedor,*’ he said to the man, in fewer words even than these, and with perfect self-command.

"The thick-set man bowed and went out.

"‘Such, my dear fellow,’ said Arcadi gayly, ‘are the annoyances of country life. But where are you going? Sit down, sit down, and stay awhile.’

"‘No: it is high time for me to leave.’”

Both Tourgénéff and Mrs. Stowe had on their side, as the event proved, the immense power of exact opportunity. Our countrywoman could, however, do no more than make an uncommonly vigorous use of the rhetorical and sensational devices of the past. It was a fault of all our earlier American literature to be too much in awe of literary precedent, the ever wasteful mistake of putting new wine into old bottles. But the Russian had been called to the practice of a new method; and mild as that method might at first sight appear in the hands of a writer of Tourgénéff’s refinement, it was presently felt to be a terrible one. Nor do we at all wonder that Russia, even the presumably regenerated Russia of Alexander the Liberator, was no longer a possible residence for him.

He went away to a career of honor and emolument in a foreign land, and yet he went away broken-hearted, and the fixed sentiment which underlies all the wonderfully varied studies of Rus-

sian life which he subsequently made from a distance is one of despair. Tourgénéff and Gogol are the true Nihilists, though the latter never knew the name of his complaint, and the former, as we have seen, was bitterly accused of having trenched on Dostoievsky’s province, in assuming to discuss and illustrate it. With minds congenitally clear of cant, they had plunged fearlessly—the elder even jauntily—into the deep labyrinth of latter-day speculation; but neither went far enough, before he died, to discern the faint spark of light at the extremity of the noisome cavern, or suspect the point of its ultimate issue.

For Nihilism, in its largest acceptance, that is to say the flat negation of all faith and hope, whether in the social, political, or spiritual order, is not a possible permanent attitude of the human mind. Whatever it may mean, whether it be for our consolation or our delusion, the fact is so. The planet must return from its eclipse, the soul from its nadir of universal denial. It seems strange to think of Dostoievsky, the mouthpiece of the “humiliated and offended,” the master of horrors, as the prophet of such a return, and yet I find him to have been so. He, more than any of the rest of these new men and would-be teachers, has been unfortunate in the order in which his productions have been given to the western world. It is hardly possible to comprehend or even tolerate *Crime et Châtiment* without having first read the *Souvenirs de la Maison des Morts*; or fully to appreciate the latter without knowing something of the personal history of the author. I must also confess to having been myself beaten by *Crime et Châtiment*, when I first attempted to read it. I began the book, and had not nerve enough to finish it. But I did afterwards read the *Souvenirs* from beginning to end, and this, which was really the earlier work, reconciled me to the later. It is one long, dry chronicle of human misery, of which not a single dis-

trampling or even revolting detail is spared the reader; but it is a chronicle of such misery endured unto the end, and, before the end, surmounted by the might of the inviolable human will. Let us see to what extent this agonizing, and yet in some sort animating, story is a narrative of actual experience.

Fedor Michailovitch Dostoïevsky was born in 1821, in an almshouse in Moscow, where his father, the proprietor of a tiny rural estate and a retired army-surgeon, had received the appointment of physician. It was but a starveling livelihood which the elder Dostoïevsky gained in this way, and his children were familiarized, from their earliest years, with the pinch of barely decent poverty in their own persons, no less than with the daily spectacle of extreme wretchedness and destitution. Shift was made, however, to send Fedor and his brother Alexis to the school of military engineering at St. Petersburg, and the former graduated at the age of twenty-two with the grade of sub-lieutenant. He wore his uniform for about a year, then doffed it, and returned to Moscow, having embraced the desperate resolution of exchanging the sword for the pen as a means of livelihood. Some sort of subsistence he must have contrived to gain by writing, since his first book, *Les Pauvres Gens*, a simple and very affecting story of life among the working-classes of Moscow, was published in 1844, and it was not until April, 1849, that he was arrested and imprisoned as a political offender.

The two brothers were both implicated in what goes by the name of the conspiracy of Petrachevsky, but the counts against them were extremely light. They were charged with having attended the meetings of the conspirators, with having joined them in denouncing the censorship of the press, and with having subscribed for the publication of a book, which never appeared, by the way, but which was to have set forth

certain decidedly treasonable views. The Russian police could hardly have been as vigilant a body then as now, for the meetings of this revolutionary club had been going on for nearly two years, when the associates were finally betrayed by one of their own number. They had arranged a series of banquets, and had already celebrated, in one of these, the founder of Christianity, but that which was made the occasion of their arrest was held in honor of Fourier. Neither of the brothers Dostoïevsky, as it happened, was present on this occasion, but they shared the common fate. Alexis was soon set at liberty, in the absence of any shadow of proof against him, but Fedor was consigned, with the rest, to a squalid dungeon, where they remained, for eight months, awaiting sentence.

One of their number — not the novelist — has left a narrative of this time of suspense, in which he tells the curiously characteristic story of a young soldier of their guard, who was wont to do his best to console them by opening, on the sly, from time to time, the grating in their door, and softly whispering, “Are you very tired of it? Suffer patiently! Christ also suffered!” It is natural, apparently, to the untutored Muscovite mind to conceive of Christianity, quite simply, as a *supplice*. Dostoïevsky was destined to transpose this fixed idea of the inherent excellence and efficacy of suffering from the passive into the active voice; while that most militant of all non-resistants, Tolstoi, is endeavoring even now — or was endeavoring yesterday — to make of it a watchword, not to say a war-cry. Sainte-Beuve says of one of his nobly divined if slightly idealized women, the Duchesse de Duras, “She did more than accept suffering. She *loved* it. She conceived for suffering, if I may say so, a kind of last sublime passion.” It is a similar disposition to exceed the utmost, to “desire the inevitable,” to substitute

enthusiasm for resignation and turn the flank of despair, to woo the object of one's deepest dread in the spirit of that strange chant to which Tennyson so long denied a place in *In Memoriam*, —

“O Sorrow, wilt thou dwell with me,

No casual mistress, but a wife?” —

it is this very transport of dejection which seems everywhere to mark the latest development of the Russian idea. Fanatical? Unnatural? No doubt, to a “European,” or, in other words, thoroughly Latinized mind, like Vogtié's. But who shall say what is or is not going to be natural to the men of an untried race and an unknown era? Still there was a black passage to be traversed by Fedor Dostoievsky before he should even conceive the possibility of solving by so defiant a paradox the riddle of his difficult life.

All the summer and autumn of 1849, while just over the Carpathian Mountains the war for Hungarian independence was traversing its brief season of triumph, Petrachevsky and his comrades languished in prison, uncertain of their doom. Finally, on the 22d of December, they were led out into the Place Semenovskiy, in Moscow, and ordered to take off their coats before listening to their sentence. The mercury stood at twenty degrees below zero, and the reading had lasted half an hour before it concluded with the words “condemned to be shot.” The restless glances of some of the shivering band had already detected a wagon drawn up at one side of the square, and piled high with certain bulky objects, concealed by a coarse cloth, which were now understood to be coffins. As soon as the reading was ended, Petrachevsky and his two most prominent associates were brought forward into the centre of the square and blindfolded, and the muskets of the soldiers were actually leveled, when a messenger arrived from St. Petersburg commuting the sentence, and they were all started forthwith for Siberia. The con-

spirators had experienced the imperial clemency, but the horrible shock received upon that bitter day may well have left its morbid traces for his entire life on the body and brain of Dostoievsky.

At Tobolsk the convicts were visited, and their most pressing necessities relieved, by a deputation composed of the wives and widows of old Siberian prisoners, of whom some were still in du-rance, and some had long since died in exile. Here, too, the comrades were all parted from one another, and each received separate sentence; Dostoievsky's being four years' hard labor in the convict prison, to be followed by enlistment for life in the ranks of the Siberian army, with forfeiture of nobility and all so-called civil rights. He served out his full term among the convicts, but was pardoned under the general amnesty proclaimed by the Emperor Alexander in 1859, and permitted to return to Moscow. There he lived until 1881. There he wrote his greatest books, the *Souvenirs*, *Crime et Châtiment*, and *Humiliés et Offensés*; and the concourse of the lower orders at his funeral was so great that his coffin was actually overturned by the press in the room where the remains were exposed.

In the *Souvenirs de la Maison des Morts*, he has given us, under the thinnest possible disguise of fiction, the journal of these ten years of exile. He would never have been allowed to publish it, of course, had he not represented his convict as a civil rather than a political offender. One wonders a little, especially while one's nerves are yet quivering from the perusal of the story, that he should have been allowed, under any circumstances, to publish it *there*. But after all, it contains nothing of the nature of a complaint or an arraignment, hardly so much as an implied protest or indirect reflection against the authorities. That, as we have seen, is not the way of the Russian when he feels himself wronged. He relies, as well he

may, upon his unparalleled power of making things speak for themselves. Here the facts are: the hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and squalor; the cruel mockings and scourgings; the anguish, to a man of personal refinement and educated moral sense, of the unavoidable daily and hourly contact with all that is coarsest and most depraved in humanity; the pain of unaccustomed toil, and the far worse pain of enforced inaction; the inconceivable *ennui*; the maddening waste of life's best years; the daily spectacle of death in its dreariest form. The man who has endured these things consents to re-live them, and the reader has no choice but to live them also. I had intended to give a detailed sketch of the *Souvenirs* and to make extracts. But quotations are hard to select where, with continuous intensity, there is absolutely no emphasis laid by the writer, and I fancy that I enter more fully into his own spirit and intent by declining to break his narrative at all. I will indicate only two salient passages: that in which he is roused from his first complete prostration of soul by the sudden stimulus of the thought, "Here one may learn to suffer *all*;" and that other, near the end, where he calmly casts up the profit and loss of his dire experience, and proclaims himself enormously the gainer.

"Ah no, poor soul!" cries Vogtié, with a compassionate shake of the head. "It is a brave word, certainly, but all the more pitiful to hear! His nerves were hopelessly shattered during those ten years, his epileptic malady confirmed, his mind incurably warped."

To this opinion, had it been delivered in his presence, Dostoïevsky would assuredly have retorted, as he did once, in fact, disdainfully retort, when the French critic ventured a guarded allusion to the "limitations" of the Russian writers, "We have the genius of all other nations plus our own. It follows that we can comprehend you, and that you can-

not comprehend us!" But the author of the *Scarlet Letter* and the *Marble Faun* would intuitively have comprehended. I wonder, by the way, that no one should yet have noted the identity in plot of Dostoïevsky's greatest novel, *Crime et Châtiment*, and Hawthorne's latest, and in some respects profoundest, romance: a horrible crime committed under overwhelming temptation, a long evasion of justice, followed by a voluntary surrender and a course of unflinching expiation. The mystic element predominates in the American fiction, the realistic in the Russian; but both elements are present in both works, combined in previously untried proportions.

But it was reserved for a member of the most favored class in Russia distinctly to formulate, for her dumbly enduring millions, this possible new faith, grown from the very seed of despair. The re-reading, or re-adjustment, of Christianity proposed by Count Leo Tolstoi in *Ma Religion* has its fantastic features. It recalls the earliest presentation of that doctrine, at least in this: that it can hardly fail to prove a "stumbling-block" to one half the well-instructed world, and an epitome of "foolishness" to the other. It consists merely in a perfectly literal interpretation of the fundamental precepts, resist not evil, be not angry, commit no adultery, swear not, judge not. Even the qualifications which our Lord himself is supposed to have admitted in the passage, "Whosoever is angry with his brother *without a cause*," and in the one excepted case to the interdict against divorce, our amateur theologian rejects as the glosses of uncandid commentators, or the concessions of an interested priesthood. He then proceeds to show that the logical results of his own rigid interpretations, if reduced to practice, would be something more than revolutionary. They would involve the abolition of all personal and class distinctions; the effacement

of the bounds of empire; the end alike of the farce of formally administered justice and of the violent monstrosity of war; the annihilation of so much even of the sense of individuality as is implied in the expectation of personal rewards and punishments, whether here or hereafter. For all this he professes himself ready. The man of great possessions and transcendent mental endowment, the practiced magistrate, the trained soldier, the consummate artist, the whilom statesman, having found peace in the theoretic acceptance of unadulterated Christian doctrine as he conceives it, offers himself as an example of its perfect practicability.

Ma Religion was given to the world as the literary testament of the author of *Guerre et Paix* and Anna Karénine. From the hour of the date inscribed upon its final page — Moscow, February 22, 1884 — he disappeared from the scene of his immense achievements and the company of his intellectual and social peers. He went away to his estates in Central Russia, to test in his own person his theories of lowly-mindedness, passivity, and universal equality. He undertook to live henceforth with and like the poorest of his own peasants, by the exercise of a humble handicraft.

Those who know him best say that he will inevitably return some day; that this phase will pass, as so many others have passed with Tolstoi; and that we need by no means bemoan ourselves over the notion that he has said his last word at fifty-seven. Indeed, he seems to have foreshadowed such a return in his treatment of the characters of Bezouchof and Lenine, with both of whom we instinctively understand the author himself to be so closely identified. We are bound, I think, to hope that Tourguéneff's last prayer may be granted; those of us, at least, who are still worldly-minded enough to lament the rarity of great talents in this last quarter of our century.

And yet, there is a secret demurrer; there are counter-currents of sympathy. A suspicion will now and then arise of something divinely irrational, something — in all reverence be it said — remotely messianic, in the sacrifice of this extraordinary man. The seigneur would become as a slave, the towering intelligence as folly, if by any means the sufferer may be consoled, the needy assisted. Here, at any rate, is the consistency of the apostolic age. And is it not true that when all is said, when we have uttered our impatient protest against the unconditional surrender of the point of honor, and had our laugh out, it may be, at the flagrant absurdity of *any* doctrine of non-resistance, a quiet inner voice will sometimes make itself heard with inquiries like these: —

“Is there anything, after all, on which you yourself look back with less satisfaction than your own self-permitted resentments, your attempted reprisals for distinctly unmerited personal wrong? What is the feeling with which you are wont to find yourself regarding all public military pageants and spectacles of warlike preparation? Is it not one of sickening disgust at the ghastly folly, the impudent anachronism, of the whole thing?” In Europe, at all events, the strain of the counter-preparations for mutual destruction, the heaping of armaments on one side and the other, has been carried to so preposterous and oppressive a pitch that even plain, practical statesmen like Signor Bonghi, in Rome,¹ are beginning seriously to discuss the alternative of general disarmament, the elimination altogether of the appeal to arms from the future international policy of the historic states.

Now, if we turn from his formulated heresies to the simple tales in which Count Tolstoi has endeavored to bring his new beliefs within the grasp and illustrate them for the benefit of

¹ See article entitled *La Paix*, in the *Revue Internationale* for March 1, 1887.

the ignorant and poor, we shall find them, or at least I find them, to be pervaded by a quite unexampled freshness and tenderness, a grace which is almost angelic. The artless animus of infinite folk-lore, the essence of all the earliest and sweetest legends of the church, may be found in the *Recherche de Bonheur*, re-wrought into shapes of infantile innocence and beauty. What a meek, pure sadness in the stories of Polikouchka and Aksénoff! Where now is Vogüé's "souffle de la cimetière"? There is a fragrance about these pages as of the morning dews of Paradise. They are more *naïf* than the *fioretti* of St. Francis. We seem to be listening to the lullabies of the new birth, or the nurserytales of the millennium. I protest that I know nothing in all the art of the past fitly to compare with *Les Deux Vieillards* and *Ce Qui Fait Vivre les Hommes* except that softly sparkling mosaic of the Good Shepherd and his flock, in the

Church of San Nazario e Celso in Ravenna.

But it is time to cut short this reverie upon the Russian writers, which long since abandoned the pretense of being a *critique*, and is fast degenerating into a rhapsody. The sum of what I feel rather than think about them may be put into a very few words. The most patient and unbiased students of the human heart which our introspective era has known have thrown contempt upon the results of their own researches. They who were once enamored of all negation have begun hardily to reaffirm. Their work of destruction and denial is virtually done. They are ready now to inaugurate a new worship, to adumbrate a new art, and to prophesy a new morality; while the classicist of Western Europe looks on confounded, unable to conceive the semblance of the structure which is to surmount these eccentric foundations.

Harriet Waters Preston.

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.*

VI.

WE found our old quarters all ready and awaiting us. Mrs. Mackellar's motherly smile, Sam's civil bow, and the rosy cheeks of many-buttoned Robert made us feel at home as soon as we crossed the threshold.

The dissolution of Parliament had brought "the season" abruptly to an end. London was empty. There were three or four millions of people in it, but the great houses were for the most part left without occupants except their liveried guardians. We kept as quiet as possible, to avoid all engagements. For now we were in London for Lon-

don itself, to do shopping, to see sights, to be our own master and mistress, and to live as independent a life as we possibly could.

The first thing we did on the day of our arrival was to take a hansom and drive over to Chelsea, to look at the place where Carlyle passed the larger part of his life. The whole region about him must have been greatly changed during his residence there, for the Thames Embankment was constructed long after he removed to Chelsea. We had some little difficulty in finding the place we were in search of. Cheyne (pronounced "Chainie") Walk is a somewhat extended range of buildings.

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Cheyne Row is a passage which reminded me a little of my old habitat, Montgomery Place, now Bosworth Street. Presently our attention was drawn to a marble medallion portrait on the corner building of an ordinary-looking row of houses. This was the head of Carlyle, and an inscription informed us that he lived for forty-seven years in the house No. 24 of this row of buildings. Since Carlyle's home life has been made public, he has appeared to us in a different aspect from the ideal one which he had before occupied. He did not show to as much advantage under the Boswellizing process as the dogmatist of the last century, dear old Dr. Johnson. But he remains not the less one of the really interesting men of his generation, — a man about whom we wish to know all that we have a right to know. The sight of an old nest over which two or three winters have passed is a rather saddening one. The dingy three-story brick house in which Carlyle lived, one in a block of similar houses, was far from attractive. It was untenanted, neglected; its windows were unwashed, a pane of glass was broken; its threshold looked untrodden, its whole aspect forlorn and desolate. Yet there it stood before me, all covered with its associations as an ivy-clad tower with its foliage. I wanted to see its interior, but it looked as if it did not expect a tenant and would not welcome a visitor. Was there nothing but this forbidding house-front to make the place alive with some breathing memory? I saw crossing the street a middle-aged woman, — a decent body, who looked as if she might have come from the lower level of some not opulent but respectable household. She might have some recollection of an old man who was once her neighbor. I asked her if she remembered Mr. Carlyle. Indeed she did, she told us. She used to see him often, in front of his house, putting bits of bread on the railing for the birds. He did not like to see

anything wasted, she said. The merest scrap of information, but genuine and pleasing; an instantaneous photograph only, but it makes a pretty vignette in the volume of my reminiscences. There are many considerable men in every generation of mankind, but not a great number who are personally interesting, — not a great many of whom we feel that we cannot know too much; whose foibles, even, we care to know about; whose shortcomings we try to excuse; who are not models, but whose special traits make them attractive. Carlyle is one of these few, and no revelations can prevent his interesting us. He was not quite finished in his prenatal existence. The bricklayer's mortar of his father's calling stuck to his fingers through life, but only as the soil he turned with his ploughshare clung to the fingers of Burns. We do not wish either to have been other than what he was. Their breeding brings them to the average level, carries them more nearly to the heart, is a simple expression of our common humanity. As we rolled in the cars by Ecclefechan, I strained my eyes to take in every point of the landscape, every cottage, every spire, if by any chance I could find one in that lonely region. There was not a bridge nor a bit of masonry of any kind that I did not eagerly scrutinize, to see if it were solid and honest enough to have been built by Carlyle's father. Solitary enough the country looked. I admired Mr. Emerson's devotion in seeking his friend in his bare home among what he describes as the "desolate heathery hills" about Craigenputtock, which were, I suppose, much like the region through which we were passing.

It is one of the regrets of my life that I never saw or heard Carlyle. Nature, who seems to be fond of trios, has given us three dogmatists, all of whom greatly interested their own generation, and whose personality, especially in the case of the first and the last of the trio, still interests us, — Johnson, Coleridge,

and Carlyle. Each was an oracle in his way, but unfortunately oracles are fallible to their descendants. The author of "Taxation no Tyranny" had wholesale opinions, and pretty harsh ones, about us Americans, and did not soften them in expression: "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging." We smile complacently when we read this outburst, which Mr. Croker calls in question, but which agrees with his saying in the presence of Miss Seward, "I am willing to love all mankind *except an American*."

A generation later comes along Coleridge, with his circle of reverential listeners. He says of Johnson that his fame rests principally upon Boswell, and that "his *bow-wow* manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced." As to Coleridge himself, his contemporaries hardly know how to set bounds to their exaltation of his genius. Dibdin comes pretty near going into rhetorical hysterics in reporting a conversation of Coleridge's which he listened to: "The auditors seemed to be wrapt in wonder and delight, as one observation more profound, or clothed in more forcible language, than another fell from his tongue. . . . As I retired homeward I thought a SECOND JOHNSON had visited the earth to make wise the sons of men." And De Quincey speaks of him as "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, in my judgment, that has yet existed amongst men." One is sometimes tempted to wish that the superlative could be abolished, or its use allowed only to old experts. What are men to do when they get to heaven, after having exhausted their vocabulary of admiration on earth?

Now let us come down to Carlyle, and see what he says of Coleridge. We need not take those conversational utterances which called down the wrath of Mr. Swinburne, and found expression

in an epigram which violates all the proprieties of literary language. Look at the full-length portrait in the *Life of Sterling*. Each oracle denies his predecessor, each magician breaks the wand of the one who went before him. There were Americans enough ready to swear by Carlyle until he broke his staff in meddling with our anti-slavery conflict, and buried it so many fathoms deep that it could never be fished out again. It is rather singular that Johnson and Carlyle should each of them have shipwrecked his sagacity and shown a terrible leak in his moral sensibilities on coming in contact with American rocks and currents, with which neither had any special occasion to concern himself, and which both had a great deal better have steered clear of.

But here I stand once more before the home of the long-suffering, much-laboring, loud-complaining Heraclitus of his time, whose very smile had a grimness in it more ominous than his scowl. Poor man! Dyspeptic on a diet of oatmeal porridge; kept wide awake by crowing cocks; drummed out of his wits by long-continued piano-pounding; sharp of speech, I fear, to his high-strung wife, who gave him back as good as she got! I hope I am mistaken about their everyday relations, but again I say poor man!—for all his complaining must have meant real discomfort, which a man of genius feels not less, certainly, than a common mortal.

I made a second visit to the place where he lived, but I saw nothing more than at the first. I wanted to cross the threshold over which he walked so often, to see the noise-proof room in which he used to write, to look at the chimney-place down which the soot came, to sit where he used to sit and smoke his pipe, and to conjure up his wraith to look in once more upon his old deserted dwelling. That vision was denied me.

After visiting Chelsea we drove round through Regent's Park. I suppose that

if we apply the much-abused superlative to Hyde Park, Regent's Park will be the comparative, and Battersea Park the positive, ranking them in the descending grades of their hierarchy. But this is my conjecture only, and the social geography of London is a subject which only one who has become familiarly acquainted with the place should speak of with any confidence. A stranger coming to our city might think it made little difference whether his travelling Boston acquaintance lived in Alpha Avenue or in Omega Square, but he would have to learn that it is farther from one of these places to the other, a great deal farther, than it is from Beacon Street, Boston, to Fifth Avenue, New York.

An American finds it a little galling to be told that he must not drive in his *numbered* hansom or four-wheeler except in certain portions of Hyde Park. If he is rich enough to keep his own carriage, or if he will pay the extra price of a vehicle not vulgarized by being on the numbered list, he may drive anywhere that his Grace or his Lordship does, and perhaps have a mean sense of satisfaction at finding himself in the charmed circle of exclusive "gigmanity." It is a pleasure to meet none but well-dressed and well-mannered people, in well-appointed equipages. In the highroad of our own country, one is liable to fall in with people and conveyances whom it is far from a pleasure to meet. I was once driving in an open carriage, with members of my family, towards my own house in the country town where I was then living. A cart drawn by oxen was in the road in front of us. Whenever we tried to pass, the men in it turned obliquely across the road and prevented us, and this was repeated again and again. I could have wished I had been driving in Hyde Park, where clowns and boors, with their carts and oxen, do not find admittance. Exclusiveness has its conveniences.

The next day, as I was strolling

through Burlington Arcade, I saw a figure just before me which I recognized as that of my townsman, Mr. Abbott Lawrence. He was accompanied by his son, who had just returned from a trip round the planet. There are three grades of recognition, entirely distinct from each other: the meeting of two persons of different countries who speak the same language, — an American and an Englishman, for instance; the meeting of two Americans from different cities, as of a Bostonian and a New Yorker or a Chicagonian; and the meeting of two from the same city, as of two Bostonians.

The difference of these recognitions may be illustrated by supposing certain travelling philosophical instruments, endowed with intelligence and the power of speech, to come together in their wanderings, — let us say in a restaurant of the Palais Royal. "Very hot," says the talking Fahrenheit (Thermometer) from Boston, and calls for an ice, which he plunges his bulb into and cools down. In comes an intelligent and socially disposed English Barometer. The two travellers greet each other, not exactly as old acquaintances, but each has heard very frequently about the other, and their relatives have been often associated. "We have a good deal in common," says the Barometer. "Of the same blood, as we may say; quicksilver is thicker than water." "Yes," says the little Fahrenheit, "and we are both of the same mercurial temperament." While their columns are dancing up and down with laughter at this somewhat tepid and low-pressure pleasantries, there come in a New York Réaumur and a Centigrade from Chicago. The Fahrenheit, which had got warmed up to *temperate*, rises to *summer heat*, and even a little above it. They enjoy each other's company mightily. To be sure, their scales differ, but have they not the same freezing and the same boiling point? To be sure, each thinks his own

scale is the true standard, and at home they might get into a dispute about the matter, but here in a strange land they do not think of disputing. Now while they are talking about America and their own local atmosphere and temperature, there comes in a second Boston Fahrenheit. The two of the same name look at each other for a moment, and rush together so eagerly that their bulbs are endangered. How well they understand each other! Thirty-two degrees marks the freezing point. Two hundred and twelve marks the boiling point. They have the same scale, the same fixed points, the same record: no wonder they prefer each other's company!

I hope that my reader has followed my illustration, and finished it off for himself. Let me give a few practical examples. An American and an Englishman meet in a foreign land. The Englishman has occasion to mention his weight, which he finds has gained in the course of his travels. "How much is it now?" asks the American. "Fourteen stone. How much do you weigh?" "Within four pounds of two hundred." Neither of them takes at once any clear idea of what the other weighs. The American has never thought of his own, or his friend's, or anybody's weight in *stones* of fourteen pounds. The Englishman has never thought of any one's weight in *pounds*. They can calculate very easily with a slip of paper and a pencil, but not the less in their language but half intelligible as they speak and listen. The same thing is in a measure true of other matters they talk about. "It is about as large a space as the Common," says the Boston man. "It is as large as St. James's Park," says the Londoner. "As high as the State House," says the Bostonian, or "as tall as Bunker Hill Monument," or "about as big as the Frog Pond," where the Londoner would take St. Paul's, the Nelson Column, the Serpentine, as his standard of comparison. The difference of

scale does not stop here; it runs through a great part of the objects of thought and conversation. An average American and an average Englishman are talking together, and one of them speaks of the beauty of a field of corn. They are thinking of two entirely different objects: one of a billowy level of soft waving wheat, or rye, or barley; the other of a rustling forest of tall, jointed stalks, tossing their plumes and showing their silken epaulettes, as if every stem in the ordered ranks were a soldier in full regimentals. An Englishman planted for the first time in the middle of a well-grown field of Indian corn would feel as much lost as the babes in the wood. Conversation between two Londoners, two New Yorkers, two Bostonians, requires no foot-notes, which is a great advantage in their intercourse.

To return from my digression and my illustration. I did not do a great deal of shopping myself while in London, being contented to have it done for me. But in the way of looking in at shop windows I did a very large business. Certain windows attracted me by a variety in unity which surpassed anything I have been accustomed to. Thus one window showed every conceivable convenience that could be shaped in ivory, and nothing else. One shop had such a display of magnificent dressing-cases that I should have thought a whole royal family was setting out on its travels. I see the cost of one of them is two hundred and seventy guineas. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars seems a good deal to pay for a dressing-case.

On the other hand, some of the first-class tradesmen and workmen make no show whatever. The tailor to whom I had credentials, and who proved highly satisfactory to me, as he had proved to some of my countrymen and to Englishmen of high estate, had only one small sign, which was placed in one of his windows, and received his customers in a small room that would have made a

closet for one of our stylish merchant tailors. The bootmaker to whom I went on good recommendation had hardly anything about his premises to remind one of his calling. He came into his studio, took my measure very carefully, and made me a pair of what we call Congress boots, which fitted well when once on my feet, but which it cost more trouble to get into and to get out of than I could express my feelings about without dangerously enlarging my limited vocabulary.

Bond Street, Old and New, offered the most inviting windows, and I indulged almost to profligacy in the prolonged inspection of their contents. Stretching my walk along New Bond Street till I came to a great intersecting thoroughfare, I found myself in Oxford Street. Here the character of the shop windows changed at once. Utility and convenience took the place of show and splendor. Here I found various articles of use in a household, some of which were new to me. It is very likely that I could have found most of them in our own Boston Cornhill, but one often overlooks things at home which at once arrest his attention when he sees them in a strange place. I saw great numbers of illuminating contrivances, some of which pleased me by their arrangement of reflectors. Bryant and May's safety matches seemed to be used everywhere. I procured some in Boston with these names on the box, but the label said they were made in Sweden, and they diffused vapors that were enough to produce asphyxia. I greatly admired some of Dr. Dresser's water-cans and other contrivances, modelled more or less after the antique, but I found an abundant assortment of them here in Boston, and I have one I obtained here more original in design and more serviceable in daily use than any I saw in London. I should have eyed Wolverhampton, as we glided through it, with more interest, if I had known at that time that the inventive

Dr. Dresser had his headquarters in that busy-looking town.

One thing, at least, I learned from my London experience: Better a small city where one knows all it has to offer than a great city where one has no disinterested friend to direct him to the right places to find what he wants. But of course there are some grand magazines which are known all the world over, and which no one should leave London without entering as a looker-on, if not as a purchaser.

There was one place I determined to visit, and one man I meant to see, before returning. The place was a certain bookstore or book-shop, and the person was its proprietor, Mr. Bernard Quaritch. I was getting very much pressed for time, and I allowed ten minutes only for my visit. I had never had any dealings with Mr. Quaritch, but one of my near relatives had, and I had often received his catalogues, the scale of prices in which had given me an impression almost of sublimity. I found Mr. Bernard Quaritch at No. 15 Piccadilly, and introduced myself, not as one whose name he must know, but rather as a stranger, of whom he might have heard through my relative. I conjecture that his Sunday is our Saturday, and if I were entertaining him I should not offer him ham sandwiches. If of that ancient race to which I suppose him to belong, he is a good specimen of it, and I should like to deal with him; for if he wants a handsome price for what he sells, he knows its value, and does not offer the refuse of old libraries, but, on the other hand, all that is most precious in them is pretty sure to pass through his hands, sooner or later.

"Now, Mr. Quaritch," I said, after introducing myself, "I have ten minutes to pass with you. You must not open a book; if you do I am lost, for I shall have to look at every illuminated capital, from the first leaf to the colophon." Mr. Quaritch did not open a single book,

but let me look round his establishment, and answered my questions very courteously. It so happened that while I was there a gentleman came in whom I had previously met, — my namesake, Mr. Holmes, the Queen's librarian at Windsor Castle. My ten minutes passed very rapidly in conversation with these two experts in books, the bibliopole and the bibliothecary. No place that I visited made me feel more thoroughly that I was in London, the great central mart of all that is most precious in the world.

Leave at home all your guineas, ye who enter here, would be a good motto to put over his door, unless you have them in plenty and can spare them, in which case *Take all your guineas with you* would be a better one. For you can here get their equivalent, and more than their equivalent, in the choicest products of the press and the finest work of the illuminator, the illustrator, and the binder. You will be sorely tempted. But do not be surprised when you ask the price of the volume you may happen to fancy. You are not dealing with a *bouquiniste* of the Quais, in Paris. You are not foraging in an old book-shop of New York or Boston. Do not suppose that I undervalue these dealers in old and rare volumes. Many a much-prized rarity have I obtained from Drake and Burnham and others of my townsmen, and from Denham in New York; and in my student years many a choice volume, sometimes even an Aldus or an Elzevir, have I found among the trumpery spread out on the parapets of the quays. But there is a difference between going out on the Fourth of July with a militia musket to shoot any catbird or "chipmunk" that turns up in a piece of woods within a few miles of our own cities, and shooting partridges in a nobleman's preserves on the first of September. I confess to having felt a certain awe on entering the precincts made sacred by their precious contents. The lord and master of so many *Editiones Principes*, the

guardian of this great nursery full of *incunabula*, did not seem to me like a simple tradesman. I felt that I was in the presence of the literary purveyor of royal and imperial libraries, the man before whom millionaires tremble as they calculate, and billionaires pause and consider. I have recently received two of Mr. Quaritch's catalogues, from which I will give my reader an extract or two, to show him what kind of articles this prince of bibliopoles deals in.

Perhaps you would like one of those romances which turned the head of Don Quixote. Here is a volume which will be sure to please you. It is on one of his lesser lists, confined principally to Spanish and Portuguese works: —

"Amadis de Gaula . . . folio, gothic letter, FIRST EDITION, unique . . . red morocco super extra, *doublé* with olive morocco, richly gilt, tooled to an elegant Grolier design, gilt edges . . . in a neat case."

A pretty present for a scholarly friend. A nice old book to carry home for one's own library. Two hundred pounds — one thousand dollars — will make you the happy owner of this volume.

But if you would have also on your shelves the first edition of the "*Cronica del famoso cabaliero cid Ruy Diaz Campadero*," not "gilt tooled," not even bound in leather, but in "cloth boards," you will have to pay two hundred and ten pounds to become its proprietor. After this you will not be frightened by the thought of paying three hundred dollars for a little quarto giving an account of the Virginia Adventurers. You will not shrink from the idea of giving something more than a hundred guineas for a series of Hogarth's plates. But when it comes to Number 1001 in the May catalogue, and you see that if you would possess a first folio Shakespeare, "untouched by the hand of any modern renovator," you must be prepared to pay seven hundred and eighty-five

pounds, almost four thousand dollars, for the volume, it would not be surprising if you changed color and your knees shook under you. No doubt some brave man will be found to carry off that prize, in spite of the golden battery which defends it, perhaps to Cincinnati, or Chicago, or San Francisco. But do not be frightened. These Alpine heights of extravagance climb up from the humble valley where shillings and sixpences are all that are required to make you a purchaser.

One beauty of the Old World shops is that if a visitor comes back to the place where he left them fifty years before, he finds them, or has a great chance of finding them, just where they stood at his former visit. In driving down to the old city, to the place of business of the Barings, I found many streets little changed. Temple Bar was gone, and the much-abused griffin stood in its place. There was a shop close to Temple Bar where, in 1834, I had bought some brushes. I had no difficulty in finding Prout's, and I could not do less than go in and buy some more brushes. I did not ask the young man who served me how the old shopkeeper who attended to my wants on the earlier occasion was at this time. But I thought what a different color the locks these brushes smooth show from those that knew their predecessors in the earlier decade!

I ought to have made a second visit to the Tower, so tenderly spoken of by Artemus Ward as "a sweet boon," so vividly remembered by me as the scene of a personal encounter with one of the animals then kept in the Tower menagerie. But the project added a stone to the floor of the underground thoroughfare which is paved with good intentions.

St. Paul's I must and did visit. The most striking addition since I was there is the massive monument to the Duke of Wellington. The great temple looked rather bare and unsympathetic. Poor

Dr. Johnson, sitting in semi-nude exposure, looked to me as unhappy as our own half-naked Washington at the national capital. The Judas of Matthew Arnold's poem would have cast his cloak over those marble shoulders, if he had found himself in St. Paul's, and have earned another respite. We brought away little, I fear, except the grand effect of the dome as we looked up at it. It gives us a greater idea of height than the sky itself, which we have become used to looking upon.

A second visit to the National Gallery was made in company with A——. It was the repetition of an attempt at a draught from the Cup of Tantalus. I was glad of a sight of the Botticellis, of which I had heard so much, and at others of the more recently acquired paintings of the great masters; of a sweeping glance at the Turners; of a look at the well-remembered Hogarths and the memorable portraits by Sir Joshua. I carried away a confused mass of impressions, much as the soldiers that sack a city go off with all the precious things they can snatch up huddled into clothes-bags and pillow-cases. I am reminded, too, of Mr. Galton's composite portraits; a thousand glimpses, as one passes through the long halls lined with paintings, all blending in one not unpleasing general effect, out of which emerges from time to time some single distinct image.

In the same way we passed through the exhibition of paintings at the Royal Academy. I noticed that A—— paid special attention to the portraits of young ladies by John Sargent and by Collier, while I was more particularly struck with the startling portrait of an ancient personage in a full suit of wrinkles, such as Rembrandt used to bring out with wonderful effect. Hunting in couples is curious and instructive; the scent for this or that kind of game is sure to be very different in the two individuals.

I made but two brief visits to the

British Museum, and I can easily instruct my reader so that he will have no difficulty, if he will follow my teaching, in learning how not to see it. When he has a spare hour at his disposal, let him drop in at the Museum, and wander among its books and its various collections. He will know as much about it as the fly that buzzes in at one window and out at another. If I were asked whether I brought away anything from my two visits, I should say, Certainly I did. The fly sees some things, not very intelligently, but he cannot help seeing them. The great round reading-room, with its silent students, impressed me very much. I looked at once for the Elgin Marbles, but casts and photographs and engravings had made me familiar with their chief features. I thought I knew something of the sculptures brought from Nineveh, but I was astonished, almost awe-struck, at the sight of those mighty images which mingled with the visions of the Hebrew prophets. I did not marvel more at the skill and labor expended upon them by the Assyrian artists than I did at the enterprise and audacity which had brought them safely from the mounds under which they were buried to the light of day and the heart of a great modern city. I never thought that I should live to see the Birs Nimroud laid open, and the tablets in which the history of Nebuchadnezzar was recorded spread before me. The Empire of the Spade in the world of history was founded at Nineveh by Layard, a great province added to it by Schliemann, and its boundary extended by numerous explorers, some of whom are diligently at work at the present day. I feel very grateful that many of its revelations have been made since I have been a tenant of the travelling residence which holds so many secrets in its recesses.

There is one lesson to be got from a visit of an hour or two to the British Museum, — namely, the fathomless abyss

of our own ignorance. One is almost ashamed of his little paltry heartbeats in the presence of the rushing and roaring torrent of Niagara. So if he has published a little book or two, collected a few fossils, or coins, or vases, he is crushed by the vastness of the treasures in the library and the collections of this universe of knowledge.

I have shown how not to see the British Museum; I will tell how to see it.

Take lodgings next door to it, — in a garret, if you cannot afford anything better, — and pass all your days at the Museum during the whole period of your natural life. At threescore and ten you will have some faint conception of the contents, significance, and value of this great British institution, which is as nearly as any one spot the *nœud vital* of human civilization, a stab at which by the dagger of anarchy would fitly begin the reign of chaos.

On the 3d of August, a gentleman, Mr. Wedmore, who had promised to be my guide to certain interesting localities, called for me, and we took a hansom for the old city. The first place we visited was the Temple, a collection of buildings with intricate passages between them, some of the edifices reminding me of our college dormitories. One, however, was a most extraordinary exception, — the wonderful Temple church, or rather the ancient part of it which is left, the round temple. We had some trouble to get into it, but at last succeeded in finding a slip of a girl, the daughter of the janitor, who unlocked the door for us. It affected my imagination strangely to see this girl of a dozen years old, or thereabouts, moving round among the monuments which had kept their place there for some six or seven hundred years; for the church was built in the year 1185, and the most recent of the crusaders' monuments is said to date as far back as 1241. Their effigies have lain in this vast city, and passed unharmed through all its convulsions.

The fire must have crackled very loud in their stony ears, and they must have shaken day and night, as the bodies of the victims of the plague were rattled over the pavements.

Near the Temple church, in a green spot among the buildings, a plain stone laid flat on the turf bears these words: "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." I believe doubt has been thrown upon the statement that Goldsmith was buried in that place, but as some poet ought to have written,

Where doubt is disenchantment
'T is wisdom to believe.

We do not "drop a tear" so often as our Della Cruscan predecessors, but the memory of the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" stirred my feelings more than a whole army of crusaders would have done. A pretty rough set of filibusters they were, no doubt.

The whole group to which Goldsmith belonged came up before me, and as the centre of that group the great Dr. Johnson; not the Johnson of the Rambler, or of The Vanity of Human Wishes, or even of Rasselas, but Boswell's Johnson, dear to all of us, the "Grand Old Man" of his time, whose foibles we care more for than for most great men's virtues. Fleet Street, which he loved so warmly, was close by. Bolt Court, entered from it, where he lived for many of his last years, and where he died, was the next place to visit. I found Fleet Street a good deal like Washington Street as I remember it in former years. When I came to the place pointed out as Bolt Court, I could hardly believe my eyes that so celebrated a place of residence should be entered by so humble a passageway. I was very sorry to find that No. 3, where he lived, was demolished, and a new building erected in its place. In one of the other houses in this court he is said to have labored on his dictionary. Near by was a building of mean aspect, in which Goldsmith is said to have at one time resided. But my kind conduc-

tor did not profess to be well acquainted with the local antiquities of this quarter of London.

If I had a long future before me, I should like above all things to study London with a dark lantern, so to speak, myself in deepest shadow and all I wanted to see in clearest light. Then I should want time, time, time. For it is a sad fact that sight-seeing as commonly done is one of the most wearying things in the world, and takes the life out of any but the sturdiest or the most elastic natures more efficiently than would a reasonable amount of daily exercise on a treadmill. In my younger days I used to find that a visit to the gallery of the Louvre was followed by more fatigue and exhaustion than the same amount of time spent in walking the wards of a hospital.

Another grand sight there was not to be overlooked, namely, the Colonial Exhibition. The popularity of this immense show was very great, and we found ourselves, A—— and I, in the midst of a vast throng, made up of respectable and comfortable looking people. It was not strange that the multitude flocked to this exhibition. There was a jungle, with its (stuffed) monsters, — tigers, serpents, elephants; there were carvings which may well have cost a life apiece, and stuffs which none but an empress or a millionairess would dare to look at. All the arts of the East were there in their perfection, and some of the artificers were at their work. We had to content ourselves with a mere look at all these wonders. It was a pity; instead of going to these fine shows tired, sleepy, wanting repose more than anything else, we should have come to them fresh, in good condition, and had many days at our disposal. I learned more in a visit to the Japanese exhibition in Boston than I should have learned in half a dozen half-awake strolls through this multitudinous and most imposing collection of all

"The gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings,"

and all the masterpieces of its wonder-working artisans.

One of the last visits we paid before leaving London for a week in Paris was to the South Kensington Museum. Think of the mockery of giving one hour to such a collection of works of art and wonders of all kinds! Why should I consider it worth while to say that we went there at all? All manner of objects succeeded each other in a long series of dissolving views, so to speak, nothing or next to nothing having a chance to leave its individual impress. In the battle for life which took place in my memory, as it always does among the multitude of claimants for a permanent place, I find that two objects came out survivors of the contest. The first is the noble cast of the column of Trajan, vast in dimensions, crowded with history in its most striking and enduring form; a long array of figures representing in unquestioned realism the military aspect of a Roman army. The second case of survival is thus described in the catalogue: "An altar or shrine of a female saint, recently acquired from Padua, is also ascribed to the same sculptor [Donatello]. This very valuable work of art had for many years been used as a drinking-trough for horses. A hole has been roughly pierced in it." I thought the figure was the most nearly perfect image of heavenly womanhood that I had ever looked upon, and I could have gladly given my whole hour to sitting—I could almost say kneeling—before it in silent contemplation. I found the curator of the Museum, Mr. Soden Smith, shared my feelings with reference to the celestial loveliness of this figure. Which is best, to live in a country where such a work of art is taken for a horse-trough, or in a country where the products from the studio of a self-taught handicraftsman, equal to the shaping of a horse-trough and not much more, are put forward as works of art?

A little time before my visit to Eng-

land, before I had even thought of it as a possibility, I had the honor of having two books dedicated to me by two English brother physicians. One of these two gentlemen was Dr. Walshe, of whom I shall speak hereafter; the other was Dr. J. Milner Fothergill. The name Fothergill was familiar to me from my boyhood. My old townsman, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, who died in 1846 at the age of ninety-two, had a great deal to say about his relative Dr. John Fothergill, the famous Quaker physician of the last century, of whom Benjamin Franklin said, "I can hardly conceive that a better man ever existed." Dr. and Mrs. Fothergill sent us some beautiful flowers a little before we left, and when I visited him he gave me a medalion of his celebrated kinsman.

London is a place of mysteries. Looking out of one of the windows at the back of Dr. Fothergill's house, I saw an immense wooden blind, such as we have on our windows in summer, but reaching from the ground as high as the top of the neighboring houses. While admitting the air freely, it shut the property to which it belonged completely from sight. I asked the meaning of this extraordinary structure, and learned that it was put up by a great nobleman, of whose subterranean palace and strange seclusion I had before heard. Common report attributed his unwillingness to be seen to a disfiguring malady with which he was said to be afflicted. The story was that he was visible only to his valet. But a lady of quality, whom I met in this country, told me she had seen him, and observed nothing to justify it. These old countries are full of romances and legends and *diableries* of all sorts, in which truth and lies are so mixed that one does not know what to believe. What happens behind the high walls of the old cities is as much a secret as were the doings inside the prisons of the Inquisition.

Little mistakes sometimes cause us a

deal of trouble. This time it was the presence or absence of a single letter which caused us to fear that an important package destined to America had miscarried. There were two gentlemen unwittingly involved in the confusion. On inquiring for the package at Messrs. Low, the publishers, Mr. Watts, to whom I thought it had been consigned, was summoned. He knew nothing about it, had never heard of it, was evidently utterly ignorant of us and our affairs. While we were in trouble and uncertainty, our Boston friend, Mr. James R. Osgood, came in. "Oh," said he, "it is Mr. Watt you want, the agent of a Boston firm," and gave us the gentleman's address. I had confounded Mr. Watt's name with Mr. Watts's name. "W'at's in a name?" A great deal sometimes. I wonder if I shall be pardoned for quoting six lines from one of my after-dinner poems of long ago: —

— One vague inflection spoils the whole with
doubt,

One trivial letter ruins all, left out;
A knot can change a felon into clay,
A not will save him, spelt without the k;
The smallest word has some unguarded spot,
And danger lurks in i without a dot.

I should find it hard to account for myself during our two short stays in London in the month of August, separated by the week we passed in Paris. The ferment of continued over-excitement, calmed very much by our rest in the various places I have mentioned, had not yet wholly worked itself off. There was some of that everlasting shopping to be done. There were photographs to be taken, a call here and there to be made, a stray visitor now and then, a walk in the morning to get back the use of the limbs which had been too little exercised, and a drive every afternoon to one of the parks, or the Thames Embankment, or other locality. After all this, an honest night's sleep served to round out the day, in which little had been effected besides

making a few purchases, writing a few letters, reading the papers, the Boston Weekly Advertiser among the rest, and making arrangement for our passage homeward.

The sights we saw were looked upon for so short a time, most of them so very superficially, that I am almost ashamed to say that I have been in the midst of them and brought home so little. I remind myself of my boyish amusement of *skipping stones*, — throwing a flat stone so that it shall only touch the water, but touch it in half a dozen places before it comes to rest beneath the smooth surface. The drives we took showed us a thousand objects which arrested our attention. Every street, every bridge, every building, every monument, every strange vehicle, every exceptional personage, was a show which stimulated our curiosity. For we had not as yet changed our Boston eyes for London ones, and very common sights were spectacular and dramatic to us. I remember that one of our New England country boys exclaimed, when he first saw a block of city dwellings, "Darn it all, who ever see anything like that 'are? Sieh a lot o' haousen all stuck together!" I must explain that "haousen" used in my early days to be as common an expression for houses among our country-folk as its phonetic equivalent ever was in Saxony. I felt not unlike that country boy.

In thinking of how much I missed seeing, I sometimes have said to myself, "Oh, if the carpet of the story in the Arabian Nights would only take me up and carry me to London for one week, — just one short week, — setting me down fresh from quiet, wholesome living, in my usual good condition, and bringing me back at the end of it, what a different account I could give of my experiences! But it is just as well as it is. Younger eyes have studied and will study, more instructed travellers have pictured and will picture, the great me-

tropolis from a hundred different points of view. No person can be said to know London. The most that any one can claim is that he knows something of it. I am now just going to leave it for another great capital, but I shall return in my last paper of this series to Great Britain, and give some of the general impressions left by what I saw and heard in our mother country.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE MUMMY.

In these dim galleries of the world,
Where bits of battered greatness lie,
Lo! here, with eyes long sealed, am I,
With blackened lips once proudly curled,—
Bound down and swathed, who was a queen,
Gazed idly on by all who pass,
All shriveled, shrunk, and put between
These four walls of clear glass.

Three thousand years since that dark day,
With sad chants flung on the red air,
When the great bull Apis bare
Beyond the western hills away
That which ye see uncoffined here
Whose coffin painted was, and sweet
With perfumes spilling from the bier
Of scents sewn in my sheet.

Great pomp there was that buried me:
The boat that carried me by night
Was hung with trappings gold and white,
Had muffled oars that dipped the sea,
Broad oars that swung out measuredly,
And swept my silent state along
Beneath its shadowed canopy,
With sounds of sullen song.

With funeral jars and offerings
Engraved with long-forgotten signs
Put in the stone with curious lines,
And blazoned with strange patterned things
Like unto those that banded me
Above the place where I was hid,
Red-painted on my canopy,
Gold on my coffin lid.

So to my sepulture I went,
With dull-winged scarabei dried

Laid in the hollow of my side,
 Fragrant with myrrhs and borrowed scent ;
 Hedged from Ambition's tireless strife,
 Out of the palace put away,
 From languid loves that weary life,
 I, who was yesterday.

I, who was, am not, yet shall be,
 Lie straitly here, who reigned a queen,
 A handful of fine dust between
 Four walls of glass for all to see,
 With bits of battered greatness near.
 Dwell on it, ye who idly pass
 My body's shell uncoffined here
 Behind these walls of glass.

BRITISH MUSEUM, 1887.

PAUL PATOFF.

XIV.

It often happens, when our hopes are raised to the highest pitch of expectation, and when we think we are on the eve of realizing our well-considered plans, that an unexpected obstacle arises in our path, like the impenetrable wall which so often in our dreams suddenly interposes itself between us and the enemy we are pursuing. At such moments we are apt to despair of ourselves, and it is the inability to rise above this dejection at the important crisis which too often causes failure. After we had discovered the watch, and after Balsamides had traced it to the house of Laleli Khanum Effendi, it seemed to me that the end could not be far. It could not be an operation of superhuman difficulty to bribe some one in the harem to tell us what we wanted to know. In a few days this might be accomplished, and we should learn the fate of Alexander Patoff.

It was at this point, however, that failure awaited us. The house of Laleli was impenetrable. The scheme to

establish communication by means of the story-teller did not succeed. The old woman was received once, but saw nothing, and never succeeded in gaining admittance again. Selim, the Lala, ceased at that time to pay regular visits to Stamboul on Thursday, and Balsamides realized that he had perhaps not done wisely in letting him go free from the bazaar. We paid several visits to Yeni Kôj, and contemplated the dismal exterior of the Khanum's villa. High walls of mud and stone surrounded it on all sides except the front, and there the long, low wooden façade exhibited only its double row of latticed windows, overlooking the water, while two small doors, which were always closed, constituted the entrance from the narrow stone quay. Nothing could penetrate those lattices, nor surmount the blank steepness of those walls. Our only means of reaching the interior of the dwelling and the secrets which perhaps were hidden there lay in our power over Selim ; but the Lala had no difficulty in eluding us, and either kept resolutely within doors, or sallied out in company with his mistress.

It was remarkable, however, that we had never met him in charge of the ladies of the harem, as Paul had so often met him during the summer when Alexander had made his visit to his brother. We went to every place where Turkish ladies are wont to resort in their carriages during the winter, but we never saw Selim nor the lady with the thick veil.

Meanwhile, Paul grew nervous, and his anxiety for the result of our operations began to show itself in his face. I had written to John Carvel, and he had replied that he was making his preparations, and would soon join us. Then Macaulay Carvel arrived, and, having found Paul, came with him to see me. The young man's delight at being at last appointed to Constantinople knew no bounds, and he almost became enthusiastic in his praises of the city and the scenery. He smiled perpetually, and was smoother than ever in speech and manner. Balsamides conceived a strong dislike for him, but condescended to treat him with civility in consideration of the fact that he was Paul's cousin and the son of my old friend.

Indeed, Macaulay had every reason to be happy. He had succeeded in getting transferred to the East, where he could see his cousin every day, he was under one of the most agreeable and kind-hearted chiefs in the service, and now his whole family had determined to spend the summer with him. What more could the heart of a good boy desire? It was rather odd that Paul should like him so much, I thought. It seemed as though Patoff, who was inclined to repel all attempts at intimacy, and who at four and thirty years of age was comparatively friendless, were touched by the admiration of his younger cousin, and had for him a sort of half-paternal affection, which was quite enough to satisfy the modest expectations of the quiet young man. Yet Macaulay was far from being a match for Paul in any respect. Where Paul exhibited the force of his

determination by intelligent hard work, Macaulay showed his desire for excellence by doggedly memorizing in a parrot-like way everything which he wished to know. Where Paul was enthusiastic, Macaulay was conscientious. Where Paul was original, Macaulay was a studious but dull imitator of the originality of others. Instead of Paul's indescribable air of good-breeding, Macaulay possessed what might be called a well-bred respectability. Where Paul was bold, Macaulay exhibited a laudable desire to do his duty.

Yet Macaulay Carvel was not to be despised on account of his high-class mediocrity. He did his best, according to his lights; he endeavored to improve the shining hour, and admired the busy little bee, as he had been taught to do in the nursery; if he had not the air of a thoroughbred, he had none of the plebeian clumsiness of the cart-horse; though he was not the man to lead a forlorn hope, he was no coward, and though he had not invented gunpowder, he had the requisite intelligence to make use of already existing inventions under the direction of others. He had a way of remembering what he had learned laboriously which his brilliant chief found to be very convenient, and he was a useful secretary. His admiration for Paul was the honest admiration which many a young man feels for those qualities which he does not possess, but which he believes he can create in himself by closely imitating the actions of others.

It is unnecessary to add that Macaulay was discreet, and that in the course of a few days he was put in possession of the details of what had occurred. I had feared at first that his presence might irritate Paul, in the present state of affairs, but I soon found out that the younger man's uniformly cheerful, if rather colorless, disposition seemed to act like a sort of calming medicine upon his cousin's anxious moods.

"That fellow Carvel," Balsamides

would say, "is the ultimate expression of your Western civilization, which tends to make all men alike. I cannot understand why you are both so fond of him. To me he is insipid as boiled cucumber. He ought to be a banker's clerk instead of a diplomatist. The idea of his serving his country is about as absurd as hunting bears with toy spaniels."

"You do not do him justice," I always answered. "You forget that the days of original and personal diplomacy are over, or very nearly over. Plenipotentiaries now are merely persons who have an unlimited credit at the telegraph office. The clever ones complain that they can do nothing without authority; the painstaking ones, like Macaulay Carvel, congratulate themselves that they need not use their own judgment in any case whatever. They make the best government servants, after all."

"When servants begin to think, they are dangerous. That is quite true," was Gregorios' scornful retort; and I knew how useless it was to attempt to convince him. Nevertheless, I believe that as time proceeded he began to respect Macaulay, on account of his extreme calmness. The young man had made up his mind that he would not be astonished in life, and had therefore systematically deadened his mental organs of astonishment, or the capacity of his mental organs for being astonished. As no one has the least idea what a mental organ is, one phrase is about as good as another.

We had not advanced another step in our investigations, in spite of all our efforts, when we received news that the Carvels, accompanied by Madame Patoff and Chrysophrasia Dabstreak, were on their way to Constantinople. We had looked at several houses which we thought might suit them, but as the season was advancing we supposed that John would prefer to spend the remainder of the spring in a hotel, and then engage a villa on the Bosphorus, at The-

rapia or Buyukdere. At last the day came for their arrival, and Macaulay took the kaváss of his embassy with him to facilitate the operations of the custom-house. Paul did not go with him, thinking it best not to meet his mother, for the first time since her recovery, in the hubbub of landing. I, however, went with Macaulay Carvel on board the Varna boat. In a few minutes we were exchanging happy greetings on the deck of the steamer, and in the midst of the confusion I was presented to Madame Patoff.

She was not changed since I had seen her last, except that she now looked quietly at me and offered her hand. Her fine features were perhaps a little less pale, her dark eyes were a little less cold, and her small traveling-bonnet concealed most of her thick gray hair. She was dressed in a simple costume of some neutral tint which I cannot remember, and she wore those long loose gauntlets commonly known as Biarritz gloves. I thought her less tall and less imposing than when I had seen her in the black velvet which it was her caprice to wear during the period of her insanity, but she looked more natural, too, and at first sight one would have merely said that she was a woman of sixty, who had once been beautiful, and who had not lost the youthful proportions of her figure. As I observed her more closely in the broad daylight, on the deck of the steamer, however, I began to see that her face was marked by innumerable small lines, which followed the shape of her features, like the carefully traced shadows of an engraving; they crossed her forehead, they made labyrinths of infinitesimal wrinkles about her eyes, they curved along the high cheek-bones and the somewhat sunken cheeks, and they surrounded the mouth and made shadings on her chin. They were not like ordinary wrinkles. They looked as though they had been drawn with infinite precision and care by the hand of a cunning work-

man. To me they betrayed an abnormally nervous temperament, such as I had not suspected that Madame Patoff possessed, when in the yellow lamplight of her apartment her white skin had seemed so smooth and even. But she was evidently in her right mind, and very quiet, as she gave me her hand, with the conventional smile which we use to convey the idea of an equally conventional satisfaction when a stranger is introduced to us.

John was delighted to see me, and was more like his old self than when I had last seen him. Mrs. Carvel's gentle temper was not ruffled by the confusion of landing, and she greeted me as ever, with her sweet smile and air of sympathetic inquiry. Chrysophrasia held out her hand, a very forlorn hope of anatomy cased in flabby kid. She also smiled, as one may fancy that a mosquito smiles in the dark when it settles upon the nose of some happy sleeper. I am sure that mosquitoes have green eyes, exactly of the hue of Chrysophrasia's.

"So deliciously barbarous, is it not, Mr. Griggs?" she murmured, subduing the creaking of her thin voice.

"Dear Mr. Griggs, I am so awfully glad to see you again," said Hermione with genuine pleasure, as she laid her little hand in mine.

It seemed to me that Hermione was taller and thinner than she had been in the winter. But there was something womanly in her lovely face, as she looked at me, which I had not seen before. Her soft blue eyes were more shaded, — not more sad, but less carelessly happy than they used to be, — and the delicate color was fainter in her transparent skin. There was an indescribable look of gravity about her, something which made me think that she was very much in earnest with her life.

"Paul is at the hotel," I said, rather loudly, when the first meeting was over. "He has made everything comfortable for you up there. The kaváss will see

to your things. Let us go ashore at once, out of all this din."

We left the steamer, and landed where the carriages were waiting. John talked all the time, recounting the incidents of the journey, the annoyance they had had in crossing the Danube at Rustchuk, the rough night in the Black Sea, the delight of watching the shores of the Bosphorus in the morning. When we landed, Chrysophrasia turned suddenly round and surveyed the scene.

"We are not in Constantinople at all," she said, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

"No," said Macaulay, "nobody lives in Stamboul. This is Galata, and we are going up to Pera, which is the European town, formerly occupied by the Genoese, who built that remarkable tower you may have observed from the harbor. The place was formerly fortified, and the tower has now been applied to the use of the fire brigade. Much interest is attached" —

How long Macaulay would have continued his lecture on Galata Tower is uncertain. Chrysophrasia interrupted him in disgust.

"A fire brigade!" she exclaimed. "We might as well be in America at once. Really, John, this is a terrible disappointment. A fire brigade! Do not tell me that the people here understand the steam-engine, — pray do not! All the delicacy of my illusions is vanishing like a dream!"

Chrysophrasia sometimes reminds me of a certain imperial sportsman who once shot an eagle in the Tyrol.

"An eagle!" he cried contemptuously, when told what it was. "Gentlemen, do not trifle with me, — an eagle always has two heads. This must be some other bird."

In due time we reached the hotel. Paul was standing in the doorway, and came forward to help the ladies as they descended from the carriage, greeting them one by one. When his mother got

out, he respectfully kissed her hand. To the surprise of most of us, Madame Patoff threw her arms round his neck, and embraced him with considerable emotion.

"Dear, dear Paul, — my dear son!" she cried. "What a happy meeting!"

Paul was evidently very much astonished, but I will do him the credit to say that he seemed moved, as he kissed his mother on both cheeks, for his face was pale and he appeared to tremble a little.

The travelers were conducted to their rooms by Macaulay, and I saw no more of them. But John insisted that I should dine with them in the evening. In the mean while I went home, and found Gregorios reading, as usual when he was not on duty at Yildiz-Kiosk, — the "Star-Palace," where the Sultan resides.

"Have you deposited your friends in a place of safety?" he asked, looking up from his book. "Have they all come, — even the old maid with the green eyes, and the mad lady whom Patoff is so unfortunate as to call his mother?"

"All," I answered. "They are real English people, and my old friend John Carvel is the patriarch of the establishment. There are maid-servants and men-servants, and more boxes than any house in Pera will hold. The old lady seems perfectly sane again."

"Then she will probably die," said Gregorios, reassuringly. "Crazy people almost always have a lucid interval before death."

"You take a cheerful view," I observed.

"Fate would confer a great benefit on Patoff by removing his mother from this valley of tears," returned my friend. "Besides, as our proverb says, mad people are the only happy people. Madame Patoff, in passing from insanity to sanity, has therefore fallen from happiness to unhappiness."

"If all your proverbs were true, the world would be a strange place."

"I will not discuss the inexhaustible subject of the truth of proverbs," answered Balsamides. "I only doubt whether Madame Patoff will be happy now that she is sane, and whether the uncertainty of the issue of our search may not drive her mad again. She will probably spoil everything by chattering at all the embassies. By the bye, since we are on the subject of death, lunacy, and other similar annoyances, I may as well tell you that Laleli is very ill, and it is not expected that she can live. I heard it this morning on very good authority."

"That is rather startling," I said.

"Very. Dying people sometimes make confessions of their crimes, but to hear the confession you must be there when they are about to give up the ghost."

"That is impossible in this case, unless you can get into the harem as a doctor."

"Who knows? We must make a desperate attempt of some kind. Leave it to me, and do not be surprised if I do not appear for a day or two. I have made up my mind to strike a blow. You are too evidently a Frank to be of any use. I wish you were a Turk, Griggs. You have such an enviably sober appearance. You speak Turkish just well enough to make me wish you would never betray yourself by little slips in the verbs and mistakes in using Arabic words. Only educated Osmanlis can detect those errors: just now they are the very people we want to deceive."

"I can pass for anything else here, without being found out," I answered. "I can pass for a Persian when there are no Persians about, or for a Panjabi Mussulman, if necessary."

"That is an idea. You might be an Indian Hadji. I will think of it."

"What in the world do you intend to do?" I asked, suspecting my friend of some rash or violent project.

"A very sly trick," he replied, with

his usual sarcastic smile. "There need not necessarily be any violence about it, unless we find Alexander alive, in which case you and I must manage to get him out of the house."

"Tell me your plan," I said. "Let me hear what it is like."

"No; I will tell you to-night, when I know whether it is possible or not. You are going to dine with your friends? Yes; very well, when you have finished, come here, and we will see what can be done. We must only pray that the iniquitous old woman may live till morning."

It was clear that Gregorios was not ready, and that nothing would induce him to speak what was in his mind. I showed no further curiosity, and at the appointed time I left the house to go and dine with the Carvels.

"Say nothing to Patoff," said Balsamides, as I went out.

I found the Carvels assembled in their sitting-room, and we went to dinner. I could not help looking from time to time at Paul's mother, who surprised me by her fluent conversation and perfect self-possession. With the exception that she was present and that Professor Cutter was absent, the dinner was very much like the meals at Carvel Place. I noticed that Paul was placed between Mrs. Carvel and his mother, while Hermione was on the opposite side of the table. But their eyes met constantly, and there was evidently a perfect understanding between them. Paul looked once more as I had seen him when he was talking to Hermione in England, and the coldness I so much disliked had temporarily disappeared from his face. I did not know what had occurred during the afternoon, since I had left the hotel, and it was not until later that I learned some of the details of the meeting.

When the members of the party retired to their rooms, on arriving at Misiri's, Macaulay had gone off with his father, and Paul had been left alone

for a few minutes in the sitting-room. When all was quiet, Hermione opened her door softly and looked in. Paul was standing by the chimney-piece, contemplating the smouldering logs with the interest of a man who has nothing to do. He raised his head suddenly, and saw that Hermione had entered the room, and was standing near him. She had taken off her traveling-hat, and her golden hair was in some disorder, but the tangled coils and waves of it only showed more perfectly how beautiful she was. She came forward, and he, too, left his place. She took his hands rather timidly in hers.

"Paul—I never meant that you should go!" she exclaimed, while the tears stood in her eyes. "Why did you take me so literally at my word?"

"It was better, darling," said he, drawing her nearer to him. "You were quite right. I could not bear the idea of any one being free to speak to me as your aunt did; but I was very unhappy. How could I know that you were coming here so soon?"

"I did not know," she said simply. "But I was very unhappy, too, and the days seemed so long. I could worship my brother for bringing it about."

"So could I," answered Paul, rather absently. He was looking down into her eyes that met his so trustfully. "Do you really and truly believe in me, Hermione?" he asked.

"Indeed I do; I always did!" she cried, passionately. Then he kissed her very tenderly and held her in his arms.

"Thank you,—thank you, darling," he murmured in her ear.

Presently they stood by the chimney-piece, still holding each other's hands.

"I must speak to your father," he said. "You know his way. He wrote all about it to Griggs, telling him to show me the letter."

"I could not keep the secret to myself any longer," she answered. "And I knew that papa loved me and liked you."

"Yes, dear, you were quite right," said Paul. "But I did not mean to tell him, after what happened that evening, until I had found my brother. Do you know? I have almost found him. I hope to reach the end in a day or two."

"Oh, Paul! That is splendid!" cried Hermione. "I knew you would. You must tell me all about it."

There was a sound of footsteps in one of the rooms. Hermione slipped quickly away, and, throwing a kiss towards Paul with her fingers, disappeared through the door by which she had entered, leaving him once more alone. The moments of their meeting had been few and short, but they had more than sufficed to show that these two loved each other as much as ever. Some time afterwards Paul had been alone with his mother for half an hour, and had frankly asked her whether she was able to hear him speak of Alexander or not. Her face twitched nervously, but she answered calmly enough that she wished to hear all he had to tell. But when he had finished she shook her head sadly.

"You may find out how he died, but you will never find him," she said. Then, with a sudden energy which startled Paul, she gazed straight into his eyes. "You know that you cannot," she added, almost savagely.

"I do not know, mother," he answered, calmly. "I still have hope."

Madame Patoff looked down, and seemed to regain her self-control almost immediately. The long habit of concealing her feelings, which she had acquired when deceiving Professor Cutter, stood her in good stead, and she had not forgotten what she had studied so carefully. But Paul had seen the angry glance of her eyes, and the excited tone of her voice still rang in his ears. He guessed that, although she had come to Constantinople with the full intention of forgetting the accusations she had once uttered, the mere sight of him was enough to bring back all her virulent

hatred. She still believed that he had killed his brother. That was clear from her words, and from the tone in which they were spoken. Whether the thought was an hallucination, or whether she sanely believed Paul to be a murderer, made little difference. Her mind was evidently still under the influence of the idea. But Paul determined that he would hold his peace, and it was not until later, when all necessity for concealment was removed, that I learned what had passed. Paul believed that in a few days he should certainly solve the mystery of Alexander's disappearance, and thus effectually root out his mother's suspicions.

All this had occurred before dinner, and without my knowledge. Madame Patoff seemed determined to be agreeable and to make everything go smoothly. Even Chrysophrasia relaxed a little, as we talked of the city and of what the party must see.

"I am afraid," said I, "that you do not find all this as Oriental as you expected, Miss Dabstreak."

"Ah, no!" she sighed. "If by 'this' you mean the hotel, it is European, and unpleasantly so at that."

"I think it is a very good hotel; and this rice—what do you call it?—is very good, too," said John Carvel, who was tasting pilaff for the first time.

"Your carnal love of food always shocks me, John," murmured Chrysophrasia. "But I dare say there is a good deal that is Oriental on the other side. There, I am sure, we should be sitting on very precious carpets, and eating sweetmeats with golden spoons, while some fair young Circassian slave sang wild melodies and played upon a rare old inlaid lute."

"Yes," I answered. "I have dined with Turks in Stamboul."

"Oh, do describe it!" exclaimed Miss Dabstreak.

"We squatted on the floor around a tiny table, and we devoured ragouts of

mutton and onions with our fingers," I said.

"How very disgusting!" Miss Dabstreak made an unæsthetic grimace, and looked at me with profound contempt.

"But I suppose they eat other things, Griggs?" asked John, laughing.

"Yes. But mutton and onions and pilaff are the staple of their consumption. They eat jams of all sorts. Sometimes soup is brought in in a huge bowl, and put down in the middle of the table. Then each one dips in his spoon in the order of precedence, and eats as much as he can. They will give you a dozen courses in half an hour, and they never speak at their meals if they can help it."

"Pigs!" exclaimed Chrysophrasia, whose delicacy did not always assert itself in her selection of epithets.

"No; I assure you," I objected, "they are nothing of the kind. They consider it cleaner to eat with their fingers, which they can wash themselves, than with forks, which are washed in a common bath of soapsuds by the grimy hands of a scullery maid. It is not so unreasonable."

"You have such a terrible way of putting things, Mr. Griggs!" exclaimed Mrs. Carvel, in a tone of gentle protest. "But I dare say," she added, as though fearing lest her mild rebuke should have hurt my feelings, — "I dare say you are quite right."

"To tell the truth," I answered, "I am rather fond of the Turks."

"I have always noticed," remarked Madame Patoff, "that you Americans generally admire people who live under a despotic government. Americans all like Russia and Russians."

"Our government is not quite despotic," observed Paul, who felt bound to defend his country. "We have laws, and the laws are respected. The Czar would not think of acting against the established law, even though in theory he might."

"The Turks must have laws, too," objected Madame Patoff.

"I don't know," said Chrysophrasia. "I already feel a delicious sensation, as though I might be strangled with a bow-string at any moment, and dropped into the Bosphorus."

John Carvel looked very grave. Perhaps he was offering up a silent prayer to the end that such a consummation might soon be reached; but more probably he considered the topic of sudden death by violence as one to be avoided. Macaulay Carvel came to the rescue.

"The Turks have laws," he said, fluently. "All their law is founded upon the Koran, and they are most ingenious in making the Koran answer the purpose of our more learned and therefore more efficacious codes. The Supreme Court really exists in the person of the Sheik ul Islam, who may be called the High Pontiff, a sort of Pontifex Maximus with judicial powers. All important cases are ultimately referred to him, and as most of these important cases are connected with the Vakuf, the real estate held by the mosques, like our glebe lands at home, it follows that the Sheik ul Islam generally decides in favor of his own class, who are the Ulema, or priests. The consequences of this mode of administering the laws are very" —

"Capital!" exclaimed John Carvel. "Where on earth did you learn all that, my boy?"

"I began to coach the East when I saw there was a chance of my coming here," answered Macaulay, much pleased at his father's acknowledgment of his learning. It struck me that the young man had got his information out of some rather antiquated book, in which no mention was made of the present division of the civil and criminal courts under the Ministry of Justice, and of the ecclesiastical courts under the Sheik ul Islam. But I held my peace, being grateful to Macaulay for delivering his lecture at the right moment. Mrs. Car-

vel looked with undisguised admiration at her son, and even Hermione smiled and felt proud of her brother.

"Wonderful, this modern education, is it not?" said John Carvel, turning to me.

"Amazing," I replied.

"I want to see all those delightful creatures, you know," said Chrysophrasia. "The Sultan and the Sheik — what do you call him?"

"Sheik ul Islam," said the ready Macaulay.

"Sheik Ool is lamb!" repeated Chrysophrasia, thoughtfully. "Lamb, — so symbolical in our own very symbolic religion. It means so much, you know."

"Chrysophrasia!" ejaculated Mary Carvel, in a tone of gentle reproach. She thought she detected the far-off shadow of a possible irreverence in her sister's tone. Macaulay again interposed, while Paul and I endeavored to avoid each other's eyes, lest we should be overtaken by an explosion of laughter.

"It is 'Islam,' not 'is lamb,' aunt Chrysophrasia," said Macaulay, mildly.

"I don't see much difference," retorted Miss Dabstreak, "except that you say it *is* lamb, and I say it is *lamb*. Oh! you mean it is one word, — yes, I dare say," she added quickly, in some confusion. "Of course, I don't speak Turkish."

"It is Arabic," observed the implacable Macaulay.

"John," said Chrysophrasia, ignoring the correction with a fine indifference, "we must see everything at once. When shall we begin?"

The question effectually turned the conversation, for all the party were anxious to see what Macaulay was equally anxious to show, having himself only seen each sight once. The remainder of the time while we sat at table was occupied in discussing the various expeditions which the party must undertake in order to see the city and its surroundings systematically. After dinner

John and I remained behind for a while. Paul wanted to talk to Hermione, and Macaulay, who was the most domestic of young men, preferred the society of his mother and aunts, whom he had not seen for several months, to the smell of cigars and Turkish coffee.

"What do you think of her?" asked John Carvel, when we were alone. "She seems perfectly sane, does she not?"

"Perfectly. What proves it best is the way she treats Paul. She is very affectionate. I suppose there is no fear of a relapse?"

"I hope not, I hope not!" repeated John, fervently. "She has behaved admirably during the journey. Now, about Paul," he continued, lowering his voice a little: "how does he strike you since you have known him better? You have seen him every day, for some time. What sort of a fellow is he?"

"I think he is very much in earnest," I answered.

"Yes, yes, — no doubt. But you know what I mean, Griggs: is he the kind of man to whom I can give my daughter? That is what I am thinking of. I know that he works hard and will succeed, and all that."

"I can tell you what I think," said I, "but you must form your own judgment as well. I like Paul very much, but you must like him, too, before you decide. In my opinion he is a man of fine character, scrupulously honest, and not at all capricious. I cannot say more."

"A little wild when he was younger?" suggested John.

"Not very, I am sure. He was unhappy in his childhood; he was one of those boys who make up their minds to work, and who grow so fond of it that they go on working when other boys begin to play."

"Very odd," observed John. "He is not at all a prig."

"No, indeed. He is as manly a fellow as you could meet, and at first sight he does not produce the impression

of being so serious as he is. I think that is put on. He once told me that he had made a study of small talk and of the art of appearing well, because he thinks it so important in his career. I dare say he is right. He knows a great deal, and knows it thoroughly."

"He does not know any more than Macaulay," said John, as though in praising Paul I had attacked his son. "What a clever fellow he is! I only wish he were a little tougher, — just a little more shell to him, I mean."

"He will get that," I answered. "He is younger than Paul, and has not seen so much of the world."

"You say you like Paul. Do you think he would make a good husband?"

"Yes, I really believe he would," I replied. "But do not take him on my recommendation. You must know him better yourself. You will meet many people here who know him, and some who know him well."

"What do you think of that story about his brother?" asked John, looking at me very earnestly.

"I believe he is as innocent as you or I. But we are getting near the truth, and have made some valuable discoveries."

I explained to Carvel what we had found, and without mentioning the name of Laleli Khanum I told him how far we had traced the mystery, and he listened with profound interest to my account.

"I hope you may find him alive," he said, as we rose from the table. "For my part, I do not believe we shall ever see him. Paul was alone with his mother this afternoon, and I dare say he told her what you have told me. She does not seem to object to the subject, though of course we generally avoid it."

I stayed an hour longer with the party, during which time Paul talked a great deal to Hermione, occasionally joining in the general conversation, and certainly not trying to prevent what he

said to the young girl from being heard. At last I took my leave and went home, for I was anxious to see Gregorios, and to hear from him what plan he proposed to adopt for the solution of our difficulties at this critical moment. I found him waiting for me.

"Have you made up your mind?" I asked.

Balsamides was sitting beside his table with a book. He looked even paler than usual, and was evidently more excited than he liked to own. He is eminently a man who loves danger, and his nature never warms so genially as when something desperate is to be done. A Christian by race and belief, he has absorbed much of the fatalism of the Oriental races, and his courage is of the fatalist kind, reckless and devoted.

"Yes," he answered. "I have made up my mind. One must either be the camel or the camel driver. One must either submit to the course of events, or do something to violently change their direction. If we submit much longer, we shall lose the game. The old woman will die, — the Turkish women always die when they are ill; and if she is once dead without confessing, we may give up all hope."

"We should always have Selim to examine," I remarked.

"If Laleli Khanum dies, Selim will disappear the same hour, — laying hands on everything within reach, of course. How could we catch him? He would cross the Bosphorus, put on a disguise of some sort, and make his way to Egypt in no time. Those fellows are very cunning."

"Then you mean to try and extort a confession from Laleli herself? How in the world do you mean to do it? It is a case of life or death."

"I have got life and death in my pocket," answered Gregorios, his eyes beginning to sparkle. "Can you read Turkish? Of course you can. Read that."

I took the folded document and examined it.

"This is an *Irade*!" I exclaimed, in great surprise; "an imperial order to arrest Laleli Khanum Effendi, — good heavens! Balsamides, I had no idea that you possessed such tools as this!"

"To tell you how I got it would be to tell you my own history during the last ten years," he answered, in low tones. "I trust you, Griggs, but there are other reasons why I cannot tell you all that. You see the result, at all events, and a result very dearly paid for," he added, gravely. "But I have got the thing, and what is more I have permission to personate the Sultan's private physician."

"What is that for? I should think the *Irade* were quite enough."

"Laleli might die of fright, if I merely presented myself and threatened to arrest her. But I shall see her in the assumed character of the court physician. Laleli is a Turkish woman, who understands no other language but her own and Greek. She is very superstitious, and believes in all manner of charms and spells; for she has no ideas at all concerning Western science, except that it is all contrary to the Koran. I can talk the jargon of an old Hadji well enough, and besides I know something of medicine; very little, but enough to tell me whether she is absolutely in a dying state. It is a great compliment for the Sultan to send his private physician, and if she is in a conscious state she will be flattered and thrown off her guard. If I can manage to get her slaves out of the way, I may induce her to confess. If I fail in this, I have the means to frighten her. If she dies, I have the means of arresting Selim before he can escape. It is all very well arranged, and there is nothing to be done but to put the plan into execution. When you left me I had not got the *Irade*; it came about an hour ago."

"How can I help you?" I asked.

"You must have a disguise, too. When the court physician is sent to visit a person of consequence, he is always accompanied by an adjutant from the palace. You must play this part. I have borrowed a uniform from a brother officer which will fit you. It is in your room, and I will help you to put it on. You need say nothing, nor answer any questions the slaves may put to you unless you are quite sure of your words. You have a very military figure, and the sight of a uniform acts like magic on fellows like the Lala and his companions. As I am an adjutant myself, I can tell you exactly what to do, so that no one could detect you. Are you willing to try?"

"Of course," I said, rising and going towards my room. "How are we to go to Yeni K $\ddot{o}$ j?"

"A carriage from the palace will be at the door in half an hour," answered Gregorios, looking at his watch. "Now, then, we must turn you into a Turkish officer," he added, with a laugh.

In ten minutes the change was complete, and I do not believe that my best friend would have recognized me in the close-fitting dress, cut like that of a Prussian dragoon's parade uniform, but made of dark cloth with red facings. I buckled on the sabre, and Gregorios set the fez carefully on my head. I looked at myself in the glass. The costume fitted as though it were made for me.

"I feel as though I were going to a masked ball," I said, laughing. "I never was so disguised before in my life."

"I hope you may feel so when you come home," answered Balsamides, with a smile. "Now you must take some of your own clothes in a bag. We may not get home before morning, and we might meet some one of the adjutants when we come back. They would know that you are not one of us, and there might be trouble. We must take some money, too. We may need to hire a boat or horses; one can never tell."

Balsamides stood a moment and looked at me, apparently well satisfied with my appearance. Then he opened the window to see whether the carriage was below, but it had not yet come.

"While we are waiting, I will explain our plan of action," he said, as he opened his writing-desk and took a small roll of gold pieces and a handful of silver. "We shall be driven to the door of the house, and when we knock, Selim or some other Lala, if there are others, will open the door. He will see you and recognize your uniform, as well as the livery of the palace carriage. He will salute us, and you must of course return the salutation. I will then explain that I am the court physician, and that his majesty, having just heard of the Khanum Effendi's illness, has sent me down to attend her. Selim will salute us again, and show us into the house. You will be left in the *salamlek*, the lower hall, and I shall be shown into the harem, after a few minutes have elapsed to give time for preparations. Then you will have to wait, but you will probably not be disturbed, unless a slave brings you coffee and cigarettes. Selim will probably remain in the harem all the time I am there. But if you hear anything like a scuffle, you must come when you recognize my voice. This will not occur unless Selim hears something which frightens him, and tries to get away. Of course you are supposed to be present for my protection, and you must affect a certain deference towards me."

"I will be humility itself," I answered.

"No, not too much humility. A mere show of respect for my position will do. We adjutants about the palace are not much given to self-abasement of any sort. There is one catastrophe which may occur. If the old woman is really dying, as they say she is, she may die while we are there. We must then take possession of the person of Selim and

carry him off. There will not be much trouble about that. The house is in a lonely place, and the driver of the carriage knows his orders. He will obey instantly, no matter what I tell him to do."

"And if we should, by any chance, find Alexander in the house," I asked, "shall we be able to get him out without trouble?"

"Not without trouble," answered Gregorios, with a grim smile. "But we will not stick at trifles so long as we have the imperial Iradè with us. I hear the carriage. Let us be off."

So we left the house on our errand without further words.

XV.

Paul stayed at the hotel until a late hour, and went home, feeling lighter at heart than he had felt for many days. He was in love, and the passion had a very salutary effect upon his nature. His heart had been crushed down when he was a child, until he doubted whether he had any heart at all. His early sufferings had hardened his nature, and his cold strong mind had approved the process, so that he was well satisfied with his solitary condition and his loveless life. He had seen much of the world, and had known many women of all nations, but his immovable indifference was proverbial among his colleagues, and if he had ever entertained a passing fancy for any one, the fact was unknown to gossip. It might be supposed that this very coldness would have rendered him attractive to women, for it is commonly said, and with some truth, that they are sometimes drawn to those men who show them no manner of attention. But I think that the case is not always the same, and admits of very subtle distinctions. It is not a man's coldness that attracts a woman, but the belief that, though he is cold to others,

he may soften towards herself; and this belief often rests on mere vanity, and often on the truth of the supposition. There are many men who systematically affect outward indifference in order to make themselves interesting in the eyes of the other sex, allowing a word, a look, a gesture, to betray at stated intervals that they are not indifferent to the one woman whose love they covet. They give these signs with the utmost skill and with a strange, calculating avarice. Women watch such men jealously from a distance, to see if they can detect the slightest softening of manner towards other women; and when they have convinced themselves that they alone have the power to influence the frozen nature they admire, they very easily fall wholly in love. In general a man who is very cold and indifferent is not to be trusted. The chances are ten to one that he is playing the old and time-honored part for a definite purpose.

But there are those who play no part, nor need to affect any characteristic not theirs. When women find out that a man is really indifferent to all women, their disgust knows no bounds. So long as he is known to have loved any one in the past, or to love any one in the present, or to be even likely to love any one in the future, he may be pardoned. But if it is firmly believed that he is incapable of love, womankind arises in a body and abuses him in unmeasured terms. He is selfish. He is arrogant. He is so conceited that he thinks no one good enough for him. He is a stone, a prig, a hypocrite, a maniac, a monster, a statue, and especially he is a bore. In other words he is a man's man, and not a woman's man; and unless it can be proved that his madness proceeds from disappointed love, even Dives in hell is not further removed from forgiveness than he. Men may admire his strength, his talents, his perseverance, and some friend will be found foolish enough to sing his praises to some wo-

man of the world. She will answer the panegyrist with a blank stare, and will very likely say, coldly, that he is a bore, or that he is very rude. No amount of praise or ingenious argument will extort an admission that the unfortunate man is worthy of human sympathy. And yet, he may be very human, after all. The pyramids look hard and dead in the Egyptian sun, but deep down within them men have found shriveled and blackened grain, hidden there four thousand years ago beside the body of a dead king; and the wretched seeds have been planted and watered, and have flourished abundantly, yielding a hundred fold, and growing far more luxuriantly than the common wheat of to-day, which is planted, cut down, and sown again from year to year.

It may be that some of those cold-eyed cynics whom women so fiercely hate have somewhere in their breasts a little grain of sympathy, which, if lovingly tended, may grow up till its branches spread to heaven, and it is worthy to be called the tree of love. At all events, if we say with the Greek philosopher that a man shall not be called happy until he be dead, we should not allow that he is beyond the reach of love until the life has gone out of him, certainly not until he is sixty years of age at the very least.

Now Paul Patoff was not sixty years old when he found himself in the quiet English country house, and looked on his fair English cousin and loved her. He was, as the times go, a young man, just entered upon the prime of his life, just past the age when youth is considered foolish, and just reaching the time when it is considered desirable. The fact that he had not loved before was not likely to make his passion less strong now that it had come at last, and he knew it, as men generally understand themselves better when they are in love with a good woman. He asked himself, indeed, why he had so suddenly given himself up,

heart and soul, to the lovely girl he had known only for a month ; but such questions are necessarily futile, because the heart does not always go through the formality of asking the mind's consent before acting, and the mind consequently refuses to be called to account in a matter for which it is in no way responsible. It seemed to Paul very strange that after so many years of a busy life, in which no passion but ambition had played any part, he should all at once find his whole existence involved in a new and undreamed-of labyrinth of feeling. But though it was indeed a labyrinth, from which he did not even desire to escape, he acknowledged that the paths of it were full of roses, and that life in its winding walks was pleasanter than life outside.

The uncertainty of his position, however, disturbed his dreams, and even the pleasant hours he spent with Hermione, listening to her rippling laughter and gentle voice, were somewhat disturbed by the thought of the morrow, and of what the end would be. His own instinct would have led him to speak to Carvel at once and to have the matter settled, but another set of ideas argued that he should wait and see what happened, and if possible put off asking the fatal question until he had unraveled the mystery of his brother's disappearance. That Carvel could have believed him in any way implicated in the tragedy, and yet have asked him to his house, he knew to be impossible ; but he knew also that the shadow of Alexander's fate hung over him, and now that there existed a chance of completely and brilliantly establishing his innocence before the world, he was unwilling to take so serious a step as formally proposing for Hermione's hand, until the long-desired result should be reached. He had deeply felt the truth of what she had said to him in England, — that he should be able to silence hints like those Chrysophrasia had let fall, that he should

place himself in such a position as to defy insults instead of being obliged to bear them quietly ; and the conviction brought home to him by Hermione's words had resulted in his immediate departure, with the determination to fathom the mystery and to clear himself forever, or to sacrifice his love in case of failure.

But he had not counted upon the visit of the Carvels to Constantinople. So long as he could not see Hermione, he had felt that it was possible to contemplate with some calmness the prospect of giving her up if he failed in his search. When Carvel had proposed to come out and had asked my advice, we had fancied ourselves on the verge of the final discovery, and with natural and pardonable enthusiasm Paul had joined me in urging John to bring his family at once. He had felt sure that the end was near, and he had wished that Hermione might arrive at the moment of his triumph. It would not be a complete triumph, he thought, unless she were there, and this idea showed how the man had changed under the influence of his love. In former times Paul Patoff would never have thought of anticipating success until he held it securely in his own hands ; he would have worked silently, giving no sign, and when the result was obtained he would have presented it to the world with his coldest and most sarcastic stare, content in the thought that he had satisfied himself, and demanding no appreciation from others. To feel that he had succeeded was then the most delicious part of success. Now, he was so changed that he could not imagine success as being at all worth having unless Hermione were there to share it. No one else would do, and something of his exclusiveness might still be found in his desire for her sympathy, and for that of no one else. But the transformation was very great, and as he had realized it, he had understood the extent of his love for his cousin. The sensation was wholly

novel, and he again asked himself what it meant, half doubting its reality, but never doubting that it would last forever, — in the highly contradictory spirit of a man who is in love for the first time.

Then Hermione arrived, and Paul awoke to find himself between two fires. To contemplate the possibility of not marrying Hermione, when she was in the same city, when he must see her and hear her voice every day of his life, was now out of the question. His love had grown ten times stronger in the separation of the last months, and he knew that it was now useless to think of putting it away. With a modesty not found in men who have loved many women, Paul discarded the idea that Hermione's happiness was as deeply concerned as his own. He did not understand how very much she loved him, and it would have seemed to his softened soul an outrageous piece of arrogance to suppose that she could not be quite as happy with some one else as with himself. But of his own feelings he had no doubt. It was perfectly clear that without Hermione life could never be worth living, and he found himself face to face with a most difficult question, — a true dilemma, from which there could be no issue unless he found his brother, or the evidences of his brother's death.

If the search proved fruitless, he was still in the position of a man who is liable to suspicion, and he had firmly resolved that he would not permit the woman he loved to marry a man who could be accused, however unjustly, of the crime of murder. On the other hand, he knew that while she was present in Constantinople he was not master of his feelings, hardly of his words; and he could not go away: first, because to go away would be to leave the search wholly in the hands of others; and secondly, because his presence was required at the embassy and his services were constantly in requisition. To abandon his career was a course he never contemplated

for a moment. His personal resources were small, and his pay was now considerable, so that he depended upon it for the necessities of life. He had never been willing to touch his brother's money, either, and this honorable refusal had practically crushed all gossip about Alexander's disappearance; so that at the present time he was dependent upon himself. With the prospect of being a *chargé d'affaires* in a short time, and of being chancellor of an embassy at forty, he believed that he could fairly propose to marry Hermione. But to do this he must abide by his career, a conclusion which effectually prevented his flying from danger and giving the inquiry entirely into my hands. With a keen sense of honor and a very strong determination on the one side, and all the force of his love for Hermione on the other, Paul's position was not an easy one, and he knew it.

Nor was his mind wholly at rest concerning his mother. He had seen her that afternoon, and had recognized that in the ordinary sense of the word and in the common opinion of people on the subject, she was perfectly sane. She looked, moved, talked, ate, and dressed as though she were wholly in her right mind; but Paul was not satisfied. He had seen the old gleam of unreasoning anger in her eyes, when she had said that he knew Alexander could never be found; meaning, as Paul supposed, that he knew how the unfortunate man had come to his end. That this belief had been the cause and first beginning of her madness, he was convinced; and if the disturbing element was still present in her mind, it might assert itself again at any moment with direful results. He was willing, for the sake of argument, to believe that her idea was an hallucination, and indeed he preferred to think so. He did not like the thought that his mother could seriously and sanely believe him to be a murderer, though she had given him reason enough for

knowing how she had always disliked him. There was no affection between the mother and the son, there was not even much respect; but beyond respect and affection we recognize in the relations of a mother with her children a sort of universal law of fitness, embracing the few conditions without which there can be no relations at all between them. That a mother should dislike her child offends our feelings and our conceptions of human sympathy; but that a mother should wantonly and without evidence accuse her son of a fearful crime, and be his only accuser, is a sin against humanity itself, and our reason revolts against it as much as our heart.

It was hopeless to attempt an explanation of Madame Patoff's state of mind. Paul might have understood her better had he known how she talked and behaved when he was not present. John Carvel and his wife had indeed assured Paul that his mother was entirely sane, and had forgotten her resentment against him, speaking of him affectionately, and showing herself anxious to see him during the long journey. But there was one of the party who could have told a different story; who could have repeated some of her aunt's utterances, and could have described certain phases in her temper in such a way as would have surprised the rest. Madame Patoff had naturally chosen to confide in Hermione, for Hermione had first startled her into a confession of her sanity, and with her rested the secret of the last two years. On the occasion which Carvel had mentioned in his letter to me, when Madame Patoff had been surprised in a sensible conversation by her nurse, the old lady had shown very great presence of mind. She had recognized immediately that she was detected, and that she would find it extremely difficult in future to deceive the practiced eye of the vigilant Mrs. North. She was tired, too, in spite of what she said to Hermione, of the absolute seclusion in which she lived; not

that she was wearied of mourning for Alexander, but because she had exhausted one way of expressing her grief. So, at least, it seemed to Hermione. Madame Patoff had therefore accepted the situation and made the best of it, declaring herself sane and entirely recovered. She had always contemplated the possibility of some such termination to her pretended madness, and was perhaps glad that it had come at last. She even found at first a pleasant relaxation in leading the life of an ordinary person, and she tried to join in the life of the family in such a way as to be no longer a burden or a source of anxiety to those she had capriciously sacrificed during a year and a half. But with Hermione she was not the same as with the rest. She was with her what she had been on the first day when Hermione had declared her love for Paul, and it appeared to the young girl that her aunt was in reality leading a double existence, being in one state when with the assembled family, and in quite another when she was alone with Hermione.

Madame Patoff was able to force herself upon her niece, for the young girl had given a promise not to betray her secret, and though often in hard straits to elude her father's questions without falling into falsehood, felt herself bound to her aunt, and obliged to submit to long conversations with her. It was a difficult position, and any one less honest than Hermione and less sensitively tactful would have found it hard to maintain the balance. She herself avoided carefully all mention of Paul, but her aunt delighted in talking of him. One of these conversations took place on the evening of their arrival in Constantinople, and may well serve as a specimen of the rest. When all the party had retired for the night, Madame Patoff came into Hermione's room and sat down, evidently with the intention of staying at least an hour. Hermione looked at her with a deprecating expres-

sion, being indeed very tired, and wishing that her aunt would put off her visit until the next day. She saw, however, that there was no hope of this, and submitted herself with a good grace.

"Are you not tired, aunt Annie?" asked the young girl.

"No, no, not very, my dear," said the old lady, smoothing her thick gray hair with her hand, and fixing her dark eyes on her niece's face. "Oh, Hermie, what a meeting!" she suddenly exclaimed. "If you knew how hard I tried to be kind to him, I am sure you would pity me. It is so hard, so hard!"

"It is the least you can do, — to treat him kindly," answered Hermione, somewhat coldly. "But I was very glad to see that you kissed him, when we arrived."

"It was dreadfully hard to do it. The very sight of him freezes my blood. Oh, Hermie, dear, how can you love him so much, when I love you as I do? It frightens me" —

"It does not frighten me, aunt Annie," said her niece. "I can say, when you love me as you do, how can you not love him?"

"It is not the same, my dear. How could I love him, knowing what I know?"

"You do not know it," answered Hermione, very firmly, "and you must not suggest it to me. Sometimes I could almost think you were really mad, aunt Annie, — forgive me, I must say it. Not mad as you pretended to be, but mad on this one point. You have always hated poor Paul since he was a child, and you have treated him very unkindly. But you have no right to accuse him now, and I would not listen to you unless I believed that I could help to make you see him as you should."

Madame Patoff bent her head and hid her eyes in her hand, as though greatly distressed.

"I love you so much, dear Hermie —

I cannot bear to think of your marrying him. You cannot understand me — I know — and you think me very unkind. But I hate him!" she cried, with a burst of uncontrollable anger. "Oh, how I hate him!"

Her hands had dropped from her face, and her dark eyes flashed wickedly as she stared at the young girl. Hermione was startled for a moment, but she also had learned a lesson of self-possession.

"Do you think that I am afraid, when you look at me like that, aunt Annie?" she asked, very quietly.

Madame Patoff's features relaxed, and she laughed a little foolishly, as though ashamed of herself.

"No, child, why should you be afraid? I am only an unhappy old woman. I cannot speak to any one else."

"And you must not speak to me in that way," answered Hermione, in a gentle tone. "I love Paul with all my heart, and I cannot hear him abused by you, even though I know you are out of your mind when you say such things. I should be despicable if I listened to you."

"If I loved you less, dear," returned the old lady, "I might hate him less. Ah, if you could only have married Alexis, — if it could only have been the other way!"

"Hush!" exclaimed Hermione, almost roughly. "You are wishing that Paul were dead, instead of his brother. I will go away, if you talk like that."

She suited the action to the word, and rose to go towards the door. She knew her aunt very well. Madame Patoff changed her tone at once.

"Oh, don't go away, don't go away!" she cried nervously. "I will never speak of him again, if you will only stay with me."

Hermione turned and came back, and saw that her threat had for the present produced its effect, as it usually did. Madame Patoff had indeed a strange affection for her niece, and the latter

knew how to manage her by means of it. At the mere idea of Hermione's leaving her in anger, the aunt softened and became docile.

"I did not mean it, child," she said, dolefully. "I am always so unhappy, so dreadfully wretched, that I say things I do not altogether mean. I am not quite myself to-night, either. Coming here, to the place where my poor boy was lost, has upset my nerves; and, really, your aunt Chrysophrasia is so very tactless. She always was like that. I remember the way in which she treated my poor husband before we were married. It was she who made all the quarrel, you know. It broke up my life at the very beginning, and we two sisters never saw each other again. I do not know what would have become of me if my husband had not loved me as he did. He was so kind to me, always, and he sympathized in all my feelings and ideas. If he had only lived, how different it might all have been!"

Hermione thought so, too; reflecting that if Paul's father had been alive during the time when he was growing up, the unfortunate boy would have been spared a vast deal of suffering, and Madame Patoff would perhaps have been held in check. Her character was not of the kind which could safely be left to its own development, for she called her caprices justice and her obstinacy principle, a mode of viewing life not conducive to much permanent satisfaction when not modified by the salutary restraint of a more sensible companion. But Hermione was glad that her aunt was willing to talk of anything except Paul, and encouraged her to continue, though she had heard again and again Madame Patoff's account of her own life and of the family quarrels. By carefully listening and watching her, it was possible to keep her from reaching the point at which Hermione was always obliged to protest that she would not hear more.

It may be judged from this scene that

the young girl's position was not an easy one. She was beginning to feel that Madame Patoff's hatred for Paul approached in reality much nearer to insanity than the affected apathy she had assumed before Hermione discovered the imposition; but, nevertheless, the young girl felt that, sane or not sane, she could allow no one to cast a slur on the name of the man she loved. She was glad, indeed, that Madame Patoff did not make her hatred and her suspicion topics for conversation with the rest of the family, and she was willing to suffer much in order that her aunt might confide in her alone, and behave herself with propriety and dignity before the others. But when Madame Patoff overstepped the limits Hermione had set for her, the old lady invariably found herself checked and even frightened by the authoritative manner of her niece. The anxiety, however, and the constant annoyance to which she was subjected, together with the sorrow of the separation from Paul, had told upon the girl's strength, and it was no wonder that she had grown thinner during the last months. Her young character was forming itself under terrible difficulties, and it was well that she inherited more of her father's good sense and courage than of her mother's meekness and gentleness under all circumstances. Hermione looked back and tried to remember what she had been six months ago, but she hardly recognized herself in the picture called up by her memories. She thought of her ignorance about her aunt's state, and of how she had sometimes felt sad and sorry for the old lady, but had on the whole not found that her presence in the house materially changed her own smooth life. She looked further back, and remembered as in a dream her first London season. She had not enjoyed herself; she had been oppressed rather than delighted by the crowds, the lights, the whirl of a life she could not understand, the terrors of presentation, the men suddenly brought up to her,

who bowed and immediately whirled her away amongst a crowd of young people, all spinning madly round, and knowing each other probably as little as she knew her partner of the moment. It had all been strange to her, and she realized with pleasure that she should not be obliged to go through it again this year. Her mother was not a worldly woman, and had not inspired her, while still in the schoolroom, with a mad desire for the world. Hermione was an only daughter, and there was no reason for hastening her marriage; nor had she ever been told, as many young girls are, that she must marry well, and if possible in her first season. She saw many men in the round of parties to which she was taken, but she found it hard to remember the names of even a few of them. They had been presented, had danced with her, had perhaps danced with her again somewhere else, and had dropped out of her existence without inspiring in her the smallest interest. Now, after nearly a year, she would not have known their faces. Some had talked to her, but their language was not hers; it was the jargon of society, the petty gossip, the eternal chatter of people and people's doings. Her answers were vague, and when she asked a question about a book, about an idea, about a fact, the faultlessly correct young men smiled sweetly, and answered that they did not understand that sort of thing. Towards the end of the season, when the first surprise of watching the moving crowds, the dancing, the women's gowns, and the men's faces had worn out, Hermione had regarded the whole thing as an inexpressible bore, and had returned with delight to the quiet life at Carvel Place, glad that her father's position and tastes did not lead him to keep open house, as some of his neighbors did, and that she was allowed to read and to be quiet, and to do everything she liked.

Then her real life had begun, and her character, untouched and unchanged by

what she had seen in a London season, had suddenly come under the influence of another character, strong, dominant, and apparently good, but in the eyes of the young girl eminently mysterious. She had known Paul Patoff as one knows people in the midst of a small family party in a country house, and he had at first repelled her, as he repelled many people; but soon, very soon, she thought, the feeling of repulsion had grown to be a curiosity to know the man's history, the secret of his coldness towards his mother and of his hard and cynical expression. From such interest as she felt for him, it was but a step to love, and the step was soon taken. The nearer she came to him, the more she felt the power of his fascination, and the more she wondered that every one else did not see it as she saw it, and yield to it as she yielded to it. Then had come the afternoon in the park, the joy of those few hours, the scene at dinner on the same evening, the revelation she had extracted from Cutter, the discovery that her aunt was sane, her interview with Paul, and his sudden departure, wounded by her speech, — all these events following on each other in less than four and twenty hours. From that day she knew that she had changed much, and she realized the strength of her love for Paul; and on that day, also, had begun her annoyances with Madame Patoff, her constant defense of the son against the accusations of the mother, and her own fears lest she should be playing a double part. She had suffered much by the separation from Paul; she suffered more whenever her aunt fell into her passionate way of abusing him, and she felt that her faculties were overstrained when she was in the society of her strange relative. But Madame Patoff loved her, and her affection was so evident to Hermione that she found it hard to cut her speeches short with a sharp word, however painful it might be to her to listen to them. Of late she had

adopted the practice of treating her as she did on the first night, assuming that her hatred was very nearly an insanity in itself, and managing her almost like a child, threatening to leave her when she said too much, and bringing her to her senses by seeming to withdraw her affection. Indeed, there was something exaggerated in Madame Patoff's love for the girl, as there appeared to be in everything she really felt. With the other members of the household she be-

haved with perfect self-possession, but when she was alone with Hermione she laid aside all her assumed calm, and spoke unreasonably about her son, as though it gave her pleasure; always submitting, however, to the rebuke which Hermione invariably administered on such occasions. But the idea that whenever she was alone with her aunt something of the kind was sure to occur made Hermione nervous, so that she avoided an interview whenever she could.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE ALKESTIS OF EURIPIDES.

II.

THE third episode begins with the sudden and unexpected appearance of Heracles. He is not even descried and announced by the chorus previous to his entrance; but the traditional club and lion-skin are without doubt a sufficient introduction to the audience.

He has been sent by his tyrannical master to Thrace for steeds, but that the Thracian king is a son of the war-god Ares, and that his mares are fed on human flesh, he now first learns from the Pheraian elders. A sigh of repining for his hard earthly destiny escapes him:—

Heracles. The task you tell of well befits my lot,

— That evermore is grim and arduous, —

. . . But never man shall see Alcmena's son
Cowering in dread before his foeman's hand.

Chorus. And lo, here is the ruler of our land,
Admetos, coming from his palace forth.

Admetos. Hail to thee, son of Zeus, from
Perseus' race!

Her. Admetos, hail, the king of Thessaly!

Adm. Thou wishest well to me. I would
't were so.

Her. Wherefore in mourning guise dost
thou appear?

Adm. I celebrate to-day a funeral.

Her. Ill from thy offspring may the gods
avert!

This line is of course really an anxious question, and the reader will perceive in the form of speech that natural dread, common to ancient and modern men, to utter a word which may be felt as an omen of evil.

Adm. My children yet are living in my
halls.

Her. Thy sire, if he be gone, dies not un-
timely.

The greater bluntness of this speech does not affect the truth of our remark upon the last line uttered by Heracles, but on the contrary is a striking illustration of the ancient feeling, of which we must say more presently, that, for the old and feeble, death must be considered a blessed release from unbearable wretchedness.

Adm. He and my mother live, O Heracles.

Her. 'T is not thy wife Alkestis who is
dead?

With the certainty that Heracles does not know of the queen's death, there now comes into Admetos' mind the feeling that it is his duty as a hospitable prince to conceal his loss. With only a moment's hesitation he answers:

Adm. The tale is twofold I may tell of her!

Her. Is she of whom we speak alive or
dead?

Adm. She lives, and lives no more; and grief is mine.

Her. I am no wiser, so obscure thy words.

Adm. Dost thou not know the fate allotted her?

Her. I know that she consents to die for thee.

Adm. Is she then living, having promised this?

Her. Mourn her not yet. Await the appointed time.

Adm. He is dead who would be so. The dead are not.

Her. To be, and be not, are accounted twain.

Adm. This is thy judgment, and the other mine.

Her. — Why art thou sorrowing, then? What friend is dead?

Adm. A woman. 'T was of her I spoke but now.

Her. A stranger, or of kindred blood with thee?

Adm. A stranger, but connected with my house.

Her. Why did she end her days within your home?

Adm. Her sire was dead. She dwelt an orphan here.

For many reasons this dialogue pleased an Athenian audience better than we might at first suppose. Heracles was far from being the ideal hero of the Ionian race, and they were always eager to see him depicted as dull-witted as he was stout of limb. Hospitality was claimed as an especially Hellenic virtue, for which even veracity might very properly be sacrificed; though indeed the king, unless in his first word, "She lives," which is immediately reversed, avoids a direct untruth. His skillful evasions would be eagerly followed, and the double meaning of some of his lines probably tickled the ears of more than the groundlings. Nevertheless we frankly confess to liking Euripides least where his dialogue has the most of that subtlety and perverse ingenuity which remind us, and reminded his ancient hearers no less, of a lawyer's examination of a slippery witness.

In concealing his bereavement Admetos himself knows that he is exposing himself to general condemnation; and for the scene as a whole we shall per-

haps be compelled to offer the final and rather desperate excuse that it is necessary to the chief events of the rest of the drama. Heracles must remain, and he must at first be ignorant of Alkestis' death.

The hero finally yields to the persistence of Admetos, and is escorted by a servant into the inner apartments of the palace. The king is reproached by the chorus for concealing his grief, and replies: —

He never would have passed into my house,
If he had known at all of these my woes;
And I shall seem to him not wise in this,
Nor will he praise me; but my palace can
Nor turn away, nor fail to honor, guests.

With these words Admetos reënters his home, to complete the arrangements for carrying his wife forth to burial.

The third Stasimon celebrates the princely hospitality of Admetos, which has made even the divine exile Apollo content to dwell with him. The unmistakable tone of vague hopefulness at the close is no doubt partly inspired by the opportune arrival of Heracles, the queller of monsters and friend of suffering man.

THIRD STASIMON.

Hail, O princely home, to strangers free and open ever!

*Here the Pythian lord of song, Apollo,
Deigned to make his dwelling, —*

Deigned to tarry in thy domain

As a shepherd, piping

Melodies hymeneal

Along thy winding valleys,

Where the flocks were grazing.

With them, loving well thy music, roamed the spotted lynxes,

While the tawny herds of lions, leaving

Othrys' dales, approached thee,

Danced, Apollo, about thy lyre.

From the lofty-crested

Forest came with nimble feet

The mottled fawn, rejoicing

In thy glad some singing.

Therefore rich in flocks unnumbered

Is his home beside the Boebian lake,

Gently flowing; and the bounds of his domain,

*Pasture-land and planted fields, afar in the
Molossian clime,
By the dusky stables of the sun are set.
He is lord of the Ægean wave,
Even to the cape of Pelion harborless.*

*Now he opens wide his portal,
Welcoming with tearful eyes his guest,
Though he mourns his loving wife, who even now
Ceased to breathe. A lofty breeding renders
men so reverent,
Nor is any noble action all unwise.
In my soul the cheering trust remains,
Not unblest his lot shall be who fears the gods.*

The long and varied fourth episode begins with a scene which is repugnant to most modern readers. The funeral train is just issuing from the palace, and starting for the tomb outside the city gates, but is delayed by the entrance of Admetos' father, Pheres. The latter has apparently abdicated in his son's favor, on account of age, like Laertes, Odysseus' father, in the *Odyssey*. Pheres comes attended by servants, who bear a costly robe. This he bids them lay upon the bier, to be buried with Alkestis. He makes a dignified speech of sympathy for the living and praise for the dead, but is rudely rebuffed by his son in a long harangue, the tone of which is sufficiently shown by a few of the opening lines : —

Admetos. Not bidden of me thou comest to
this tomb,
Nor do I count thy presence dear to me.
And in thy robe she never shall be clad;
Not needing aught of thine is she interred.
Thou shouldst have shared my pain when death
was near;
And having stood aloof, though old, and left
The young to die, wilt thou lament my dead?
He closes his speech with an often-quoted
taunt : —

*'T is folly in the old to pray for death,
Lamenting their old age and length of years.
As soon as death is near, not one desires
To die, and age is burdensome no more.*

Again we see the general feeling about age which is taken for granted here.

¹ Perhaps the opening scene of Plato's *Republic* will occur to the reader's mind as an exception to this remark. But *Kephalos* is

The old man's reply is well worth hearing in full, for we shall enjoy listening to so vigorous an expression of our own feeling toward Admetos.

Pheres. Whom dar'st thou, boy, so bitterly
assail, —

A Lydian slave, or Phrygian bought with gold?
Dost thou not know I am Thessalian-born,
Of a Thessalian father noble and free?
Great is thy insolence. Rash words at me
Thou hurlest. Not unanswered shalt thou go.

I did beget and rear thee lord of this
My house, but am not bound to die for thee.
No law, ancestral or Hellenic, bids
The fathers die to save their children's lives.
Thy lot, or sweet or bitter, is thine own;
And what thou shouldst receive from me thou
hast.

Many obey thee; wide-extended lands
I leave thee, for I had them from my sire.
Wherein, then, have I wronged, of what de-
prived thee?

Die not in my behalf, nor I for thee.
Dost thou rejoice to see the light, and deemest
Thy father does not? Long, methinks, the
time

We spend below, but life is brief, yet sweet.
Thou shamelessly hast striven not to die,
And livest by evading destiny,

[*pointing to the queen.*

Destroying her; and dost thou cast at me
My cowardice, — thou, baser than thy wife,
Who perished in thy stead, my gallant youth?
Shrewd is thy plan, nor need'st thou ever die,
If thou canst still persuade a wife for thee
To perish! But wilt thou, so base thyself,
At kinsmen rail who do not this for thee?
Be still! And deem that life, if dear to thee,
Is dear to all; and if thou speakest ill
Of me, thou too shalt hear much bitter truth.

Certainly we are all in hearty accord with nearly every word of this. And yet, it is probable that little, if any, of the sympathy of the Athenian audience was won by the old man's plea. The prevailing feeling of the time, as mirrored in the literature of Athens, was that old age was an insufferable burden, which a man of any spirit should be only too glad to lay down, especially when offered so honorable an opportunity as had been presented to Pheres.¹

avowedly opposing the general feeling of his equally aged friends, and even his argument only goes as far as the conclusion, "If men

His aggressive defense must have fallen upon the ears of the Athenians as an amusing and ingenious piece of sophistry. Admetos does not feel that it demands any extended reply. He merely rejoins, —

Speak, I have said my say : but if thou 'rt pained
To hear the truth, thou shouldst not do me
wrong.

Moreover, in the rather undignified single-verse fencing to which the two heroes now resort, the father is quickly driven to utter the line, —

My good repute concerns me not, when dead,
a sentiment so utterly abhorrent to the Greek feeling that it clearly shows where the poet's own sympathies lie.

Pheres departs after calling Admetos the murderer of his wife, and being almost cursed in return by his son. The latter now resumes his place as chief mourner. Followed by the retinue from the palace, and also by the chorus from the orchestra, Alkestis is carried slowly off the stage toward the tomb.

Alas ! alas ! Thou daring of deed,
Thou bravest and noblest of women by far,
Farewell ! And kindly may Hermes below,
And Hades, receive thee : and if even there
There is honor for merit, receiving thy due,
At Persephone's side be thy station !

possess well-regulated minds and easy tempers, old age itself is no intolerable burden ; ” and a moment later he agrees that “ a good man cannot be altogether cheerful under old age and poverty combined. ”

One imagines the last years of the poet Sophocles as not less beautiful and happy than those of Longfellow and Emerson ; and Phrynichos wrote upon the great tragedian's death,

“ Happy his end ; no ill had he endured. ”

And yet, in the Oidipus at Colonos we feel that the venerable poet is in full sympathy with the time-worn, discrowned king, who realizes with joy that his pilgrimage has found its goal : —

“ O Goddesses,

Grant me even now an end and resting-place,
Unless I seem unworthy, evermore
Enthralled by heaviest burdens known to men.
Come, ye sweet daughters of primeval gloom ;
Pity this wretched shade of Oidipus, —
For surely this is not my former self. ”

As these choral anapæsts die away in the distance, the servant who was especially charged with the entertainment of Heracles comes forth from the palace. He apparently knows nothing of the heroic character of his guest, and the chorus is no longer present to enlighten him. He is bitterly enraged that he must witness a carouse in the house of mourning, while his fellows are following to her grave their gracious and beloved lady. While he is yet speaking, Heracles himself appears, flushed with wine, crowned with a garland, and grasping in his hand a cup wreathed about with ivy-leaves. (As no motive is assigned for their coming out into the open air at this time, it is possible that for this part of the episode the scenes opened, and disclosed an inner apartment of the palace, where Heracles sat at table.)

The reader must have noticed already that there are elements in this play much lighter and less dignified than are found in the older Athenian tragedy. It is well known that in the quartette of dramas brought out together by the poet the *Alkestis* was performed last, and this position was usually occupied by a “ satyr-drama,” or farcical afterpiece. This may account for a certain play-

Even if it be objected that these are the words of Oidipus, and not of his poet, such exception can hardly be taken to the choric chant in the same drama, beginning : —

“ Whoso craves a longer span

When a moderate life is past,

Plainly is he seen of me

Cleaving unto foolishness :

Since the lengthening days shall bring

Much that unto grief is nearer ;

Joys shall he behold no more : —

He whose life perchance has glided

Further than its fitting close. ”

But indeed it is hardly needful to accumulate citation or argument regarding this feeling of the utter forlornness of age. It follows almost as a necessary corollary to that enthusiastic delight in youthful beauty and manly vigor which is the most familiar and striking of all Greek traits.

fulness and lightness of touch, and perhaps for the happy close of the play; but we are unable to see anything really comic in the drama. Least of all do we find anything amusing in this episode, although Heracles is undoubtedly somewhat affected by wine. The scene must have greatly heightened the painful effect just produced by the death and funeral of Alkestis, and is no more out of place than the grave-diggers' scene in Hamlet.

But we are detaining Heracles, who is impatient to speak, though he has very little to say.

Heracles. Fellow, why dost thou look so grim and sad?

A servant should not sullen be to guests,
But entertain them with a cheerful heart.
But thou, who seest here thy master's friend,
With knitted brows, sad-faced, receivest him,
Giving thy thoughts to mourning for an alien.

Come hither, that thou mayest wiser grow.
Dost know the nature of our mortal state?

Nay, surely; for how shouldst thou? but shalt learn.

It is the fate of all mankind to die;
Nor is there one of mortals who is sure
That on the morrow he will be alive.

We know not how our destiny will turn:
That is not to be taught, nor learned by art.
Now having heard and learnt this truth of me,
Rejoice thee, drink, and count the passing day
Thine own; but all the rest belongs to chance.
. . . Leave thy excessive grief,

And come beyond the gate, and drink with me,

Covered with garlands; and I know the splash
Of wine into the cup will drive from thee
Thy present gloom and sulkiness of soul.
The thoughts of mortals should be mortal too;
For to these gloomy men with knitted brows,
Ay, all of them, if I may be the judge,
Life is not life, but a calamity.

Of course, when Heracles addresses such words to the servant of his host, he is very much under the influence of wine; but the curt and gloomy reply of the attendant—

All this we know; but that which now we do
Is suited not to joy, and fits not mirth—

recalls all the hero's thoughts to the mourning within the house; and from the replies drawn out by his questions

he presently discovers the true state of things. By this shock he is completely sobered, and is horrified at what he has done, as well as grieved by the deception practiced upon him.

Heracles. Why, I did see thine eyes all wet
with tears,

Thy shaven hair, thy looks; but I believed
He bore a stranger's body to the grave.
And in my insolence of heart I passed
The gates, and feasted in my guest-friend's
house,

In all his misery. Then I made me merry,
With wreathed head. 'T was wrong to hold
thy peace,

When such calamity befell your house.

— And where is she interred? Where may
I find her?

Man-servant. By the straight road that to
Larissa runs
Thou 'lt find the polished tomb, outside the
town.

Her. Now, O my much-enduring heart and
hand,

Show what a child Tirynthian Alcmene,
Alcetryon's daughter, bore to Zeus in thee.
For I must rescue her who died but now,
And must restore to this her home again
The lady Alkestis, for Admetos' sake.

I go to watch for Death, the black-robed
lord

Of ghosts; and I shall find him, as I think,
Drinking the blood of victims by the tomb.
And if I dart from out my lurking-place,
And seize him, and about him throw my arms,
His aching frame for him shall no one free,
Until he yield, and let the lady go.

But if this hunt shall fail, and he come not
To seek the bloody offering, then I go
To Korë's sunless dwelling, and her lord's,
To find her; and I hope to lead her up
And place her in the arms of this my host,
Who entertained me and repulsed me not,
— Though smitten by a great calamity, —
But through regard for me concealed his grief.

Who is more kind to guests in Thessaly?
Who in all Hellas? — and he shall not say
His noble courtesy has found me base.

With these words Heracles rushes
from the stage.

At the same moment Admetos appears, returning from the grave. As he slowly approaches the palace, the *Kommós*, a lament for the queen, of mingled recitative and lyrical verses, is carried on by the king and the chorus in alter-

nation. Some portions have a very operatic tone; for example, the following passage, which was undoubtedly sung. It is an antistrophe; that is, a passage with precisely the same metrical form, and evidently set to the same music, had occurred shortly before, the exclamations of the king being exactly the same there as here.

Chorus. *A grief, a grief befalls that may not be withstood!*

Admetos. *Alas!*

Cho. *No limit dost thou set unto thy sorrowing!*

Adm. *Ah me!*

Cho. *The blow is hard to bear, and yet —*

Adm. *Woe is me!*

Cho. *Endure! Thou'rt not the first to mourn —*

Adm. *Woe! Woe!*

Cho. *A wife: but sorrow comes, in ever-varied form,*

Yet comes to all mankind.

The most striking passage of recitative is this soliloquy of Admetos at his own gates: —

O familiar shape of my palace-home,
How can I endure to enter and dwell
In conditions so changed? How altered is all!
For then by the torches of Pelian pine
And hymeneal songs I entered in,
And my loving wife I led by the hand.
Then rose the resounding festal song,
In praise of my queen — who is dead! — and
of me:

How we were wedded, of high descent,
Of illustrious lineage through mother and sire.
— But now there is wailing for nuptial hymns,
For the garments of white there are robes of
black,

And they bid me go in
To a home bereft and lonely.

After the Kommós ends, the long and extremely varied fourth episode is finally closed with a sad speech of Admetos. He is still thinking chiefly of himself, of course, but has at least come to realize more fully how unheroic a figure he has become in the eyes of other men.

Admetos. O friends, my wife has now a happier lot,
Methinks, than I, although it seem not so;
For sorrow never shall approach her more;
She is gloriously freed from many ills.

But I, who should have died, evading fate,
Shall spend, I feel it now, a wretched life.

. . . The solitude within-doors drives me forth,
When I behold my lonely marriage-bed,
The chairs whereon she sate, the untrodden
floor;

And when our children, clinging to my knees,
Lament their mother, and the household
mourns

The mistress who has perished from the home.
. . . And every enemy, hearing this, will say,
“See him who lives disgraced, who dared not
die,

But barter, like a coward, her he wed,
To avoid his doom! He claims to be a man?
And hates his parents, though he would not
die

Himself?” Such evil name have I to bear,
Besides my grief.

Dreading to enter his desolated home,
the king remains upon the stage, while
the chorus sing their last Stasimon.
They celebrate in the striking verses of
the first pair of strophes the terrible
might of Necessity. The third stanza
counsels patient submission; the last de-
clares that Alkestis will be adored hence-
forth as a benignant divinity.

FOURTH STASIMON.

*High aloft have I been lifted
On the poet's wings of song,
Many sages' words have pondered.
Nothing have I seen or known
Mightier than Necessity.
Neither in the Thracian tablets
From the Orphic voice recorded,
Nor in all the drugs that Phoibos to Asclepios'
children gave,
Is a charm to break her power for the troubled
sons of men.*

*She alone has neither altars
Nor an image to adore.
Offerings she regardeth never.
— Come not, Goddess, in my life,
Sternest than now thou art, to me.
For whatever Zeus decreeth
Is fulfilled with thy assistance.
Even the Chalybean iron thou subduest in thy
might,
And thy unrelenting spirit never knew regret or
shame.*

*Thee, too, O king, in her hands irresistible hold-
eth the goddess to-day.
Yet be thou patient. Thou never shalt raise by
thy tears to the light of the sun*

*The vanished below. Even children of gods
Must fade to the gloom of death.
Dear when she dwelt among us on earth,
And dear is she now, although dead ;
Of all womankind the most valiant
Was she who has shared in thy home.*

*Not a mere mound for the lost and departed the
tomb of thy wife shall be called ;
Let her be honored no less than the gods, by the
wandering pilgrim adored.
Whoever shall enter the foot-path that runs
By the side of her grave shall say,
"She for her husband perished of old,
And now is a spirit divine ;
Hail, lady ! we pray for thy blessing !"
Such words shall they utter to her.*

(With these last lines the English reader may be glad to compare the treatment of a very similar subject in Collins's dirge for Imogen, in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, beginning, "To fair Fidele's grassy tomb.")

The Exodos, or final scene, begins with the reëntrance of Heracles, leading with him a veiled lady. He chides Admetos gently for the deception practiced upon him, and then begs his friend to receive and take charge of this maiden, — whom he has won, he says, in a wrestling-match, — until he himself returns from Thrace. To this Admetos demurs : first, because any woman would be to him a reminder of his loss ; and then, because both her fair fame and his own must suffer if she should enter his palace at such a moment. Meantime he steals a glance at the veiled and silent figure, and cries out in a tumult of emotion which he himself cannot fully comprehend : —

— And thou, O woman, whosoe'er thou art,
Know that thou hast the very stature of
Alkestis, and a figure even as hers !
By heaven ! I pray thee take her from my
sight,

Nor smite the fallen : for I seem to see
In her my wife ; and all my heart is dark,
And from my eyes the fountains pour. Ah
me !

I know at last the taste of bitterest grief !

It must be supposed that Heracles is in all kindness prolonging this scene, be-

cause he is somewhat anxious as to the effect upon his friend's mind of the tremendous revulsion from grief to joy. Listen especially to his suggestive and almost wistful words a moment later : —

Heracles. I would I had such power that I
might bring
Again to daylight from the abode below
Thy wife, and win for thee so great a boon !

The group upon the stage is one the artist might well wish to detain a moment longer without change : the hero returned triumphant from the most wondrous of all his tasks, the bowed and black-robed king, and between them the silent, tremulous lady, her eyes gleaming with tears through the enshrouding veil.

After a few more lines in regard to the king's bereavement, Heracles again insists : —

Heracles. And now, receive this woman in
thy home.

Admetos. Nay, I beseech thee, by thy father
Zeus !

Her. And yet thou 'rt wrong to leave this
act undone.

Adm. But if 't were done my heart were
gnawed with grief.

Her. Grant me the boon. Perchance 't were
not ill-timed.

Adm. Alas !

I would thou hadst not won her in the strife !

Her. And yet thou sharest in my victory.

Admetos thinks this merely an allusion to the proverbial "Friends' good is common good" (*τὰ φίλων κοινά*).

Admetos. 'T is nobly said. But yet, let her
depart.

Heracles. If it must be : yet first pray look
on her.

Adm. I must, if thou wilt not be wroth
with me.

Her. Not without reason do I hold this
wish.

Adm. Have then thy will, though nowise
sweet to me.

Her. Erelong thou 'lt praise me. Prithee
do my will.

Adm. (to attendants). Conduct her, since
our palace shall receive her.

Her. Nay, not to servants will I give her up.

Adm. Do thou thyself, an't please thee,
lead her in.

Her. To thine own hands do I confide her,
then.

Adm. I touch her not, but she may enter in.

Her. In thy right hand alone I put my trust.

Adm. I am forced against my will to do
this, prince.

Her. Consent to extend thy hand, and touch
thy guest.

Adm. I extend it, but as to the Gorgon's
head!

Her. Thou hold'st her?

Adm. Ay.

Her. Heaven bless thee! Thou wilt call
Full soon the son of Zeus a noble guest!

But look upon her, if she seem to be

Like to thy wife! Shake off in joy thy grief!

Adm. Ye gods! What shall I say? A
miracle!

Is this indeed my wife I look upon,

Or doth a bitter joy from heaven smite?

Her. Nay, but it is indeed thy spouse thou
seest.

Adm. (*still half-dazed*). I fear it is a phan-
tom from the shades!

Her. No necromancer hast thou made thy
guest.

Adm. And do I see my lady whom I buried?

Her. Ay! 'T is no wonder thou 'rt incred-
ulous.

Adm. And may I touch and greet my living
wife?

Her. Greet her! Thou holdest all thy
heart's desire.

Adm. O face and figure of my dearest wife,
I hold thee, whom I never hoped to see!

Her. May this not rouse the gods to jealous
wrath!

Adm. O thou most noble child of Zeus su-
preme,

I hail thee! May the sire who got thee save
Thy life, for thou alone hast rescued mine.

— How didst thou bring her from the shades
to day?

Her. By joining battle with the lord of
gods.

Adm. Where was this strife between thyself
and Death?

Her. I seized him from an ambush by the
tomb.

Adm. — But wherefore does my wife thus
silent stand?

Her. It is not lawful for thee yet to hear
Her voice, until to the Infernal gods
She pays due offering, and the third day comes.

— But lead the lady in, and all thy life,

Admetos, just and hospitable live.

— And now, farewell. The task appointed me
By Sthenelos' royal son I go to do.

Of the rescue of Alkestis we hear noth-
ing more. Euripides seems to have felt

that it was an incident which would only
be made less credible by any attempt at
detailed description, and therefore he
touched thus lightly upon it in these sin-
gle-verse queries and replies. Nor have
we any answers whatever to the many
questions suggested by this strange, weird
plot. The poet has thrown all his most
earnest effort into the pathetic scenes of
the central part of the drama. Apollo is
now long since forgotten, and even Death
is disposed of as curtly as possible.

Was he leading away toward Hades
the *soul* of Alkestis, as he prophesied
and she foresaw? Was the fight at the
grave for the possession of her soul or
her body? How was the soul restored
to the body? Most anxiously of all we
should expect a Greek to ask, How are
the Fates, the dread Moirai, reconciled
to the loss of both the appointed victim
and the accepted substitute? But even
of this the poet seems to know nothing
more than we, and to care infinitely less.

Let us say frankly what every reader
must feel. Despite all the grace and in-
genuity of the final scene of recognition,
the close of this play is strangely unsat-
isfactory and incomplete. We are dis-
missed through the ivory gate, after all.
If the poet had no decisive word to
speak on such questions as we have
asked here, he should not have opened
them up in his drama at all. The oppor-
tunity to work powerfully on the sym-
pathies of his hearers, to bid them weep
over Alkestis' bier and rejoice at her
miraculous resurrection, has beguiled
him into using a legend which he should
not have ventured to touch. He lacked
two requisites for the poet who would
make absolutely real to us the tale of
Alkestis: first, that reverent and un-
questioning belief in the gods of his race
which was a living faith in Aischylos,
and to which, as a dramatic artist at
least, Sophocles also held firm; and sec-
ondly, the power to make his plot de-
velop so naturally out of itself that there
should be no bounding line crossed be-

tween reality and parable, but even the tale of rescue from the clutch of Thanatos should be believed for the moment because inseparably interwoven in the drama.

And yet! Before their ink is dry, these words seem the expression of blackest ingratitude. There can be no lasting truce in the strife which has always divided the readers of Euripides, ancient and modern; for even the soul of the voiceless and solitary student is divided against itself, — at one moment swayed and entranced by resistless power, and in the next instant roused to the fiercest criticism by the poet's contradictions, by his baffling silences, by the base alloy in his noblest conceptions.

Yet even herein lies, perchance, the highest proof of the magician's wondrous power. The wand of poetic imagination bids spirits reveal themselves, too mighty to obey even their creator's will. They vanish again into a world where human thought cannot follow and tarry. Is his appeal to us the less strong for that? When the poet's fancy rises highest to divine imaginings, only to feel more bitterly the fall into doubt and despair, is there no answering voice of sympathy in the eager heart of man?

The loveliest of all his creations, the ideal of fair young wifehood and motherhood, loving and clinging to life, yet facing death without shrinking or repining, Alkestis takes human shape before our eyes against a background of mystery, to which the poet's hand could give no firm and satisfying outlines. Traced in dim, wavering forms, we see afar the words *Atonement* and *Resurrection*. Have later voices, whether inspired from within or without, interpreted the meaning of these words so plainly to men that we may unhesitatingly condemn him whose valor shuddered at that high emprise?

As for the human side of his creations at least, the poet may utter proudly to us the words of his own Heracles: —

“No necromancer hast thou made thy guest.”

The haughty young athlete and huntsman, Hippolytos; Medea, of the gloomy brows and murderous heart; the dying Iphigenia, sweet as drooping violets, — these are not faintly-seen and fleeting shades from pallid Erebos. The warm life-blood glows in their lips and cheeks. These, and many others only less vivid than they, once known, abide with us as real and near as those who have walked and talked with us: perhaps, as Schiller insists, more real than they.

“Ever young is Phantasy alone.

That which never, nowhere, came to pass,
That alone shall nevermore grow old!”

Even from this mere sketch of a drama, less in extent than a single act of Don Carlos, intended only for the melodramatic afterpiece of the sterner tragic trilogy, there steps forth to tarry with us, forever young and fair, the starry-eyed Alkestis. Before we turn in cold criticism from her poet, let us bethink us how much poorer the lovely world of the ideal would seem if she had never been.

The drama closes a few lines later in rather commonplace fashion. The last verses are of interest chiefly as confirming the impression that no curtain fell between audience and actors. Heracles hastens away on his expedition to Thrace. Admetos, commanding his subjects

With choric songs to hail this happy event,
And make the altars smoke with thankful gifts,

leads the silent queen into the palace. The chorus evidently march out as they recite the anapæsts which close the play.

The ways of the gods are manifold,
Much unforeseen they bring to pass;
What men have expected is unfulfilled,
For what we expect not a god finds way,
— And so has it fared in this matter.

These very ordinary lines are found also in our manuscripts at the close of

four other Euripidean dramas. Hermann thinks they were used when more elaborate verses would have been lost in the confusion among the audience at the close of the performance. This is a rather startling transfer of modern

conditions to the sacred festival of Dionysos. It is not easy to believe that the great audience arose hastily and trooped noisily out, at the close of each of the twelve dramas offered by the three contending poets.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE GOOPHERED GRAPEVINE.

ABOUT ten years ago my wife was in poor health, and our family doctor, in whose skill and honesty I had implicit confidence, advised a change of climate. I was engaged in grape-culture in northern Ohio, and decided to look for a locality suitable for carrying on the same business in some Southern State. I wrote to a cousin who had gone into the turpentine business in central North Carolina, and he assured me that no better place could be found in the South than the State and neighborhood in which he lived: climate and soil were all that could be asked for, and land could be bought for a mere song. A cordial invitation to visit him while I looked into the matter was accepted. We found the weather delightful at that season, the end of the summer, and were most hospitably entertained. Our host placed a horse and buggy at our disposal, and himself acted as guide until I got somewhat familiar with the country.

I went several times to look at a place which I thought might suit me. It had been at one time a thriving plantation, but shiftless cultivation had well-nigh exhausted the soil. There had been a vineyard of some extent on the place, but it had not been attended to since the war, and had fallen into utter neglect. The vines — here partly supported by decayed and broken-down arbors, there twining themselves among the branches of the slender saplings which had sprung up among them — grew in wild and un-

pruned luxuriance, and the few scanty grapes which they bore were the undisputed prey of the first comer. The site was admirably adapted to grape-raising; the soil, with a little attention, could not have been better; and with the native grape, the luscious scuppernong, mainly to rely upon, I felt sure that I could introduce and cultivate successfully a number of other varieties.

One day I went over with my wife, to show her the place. We drove between the decayed gate-posts — the gate itself had long since disappeared — and up the straight, sandy lane to the open space where a dwelling-house had once stood. But the house had fallen a victim to the fortunes of war, and nothing remained of it except the brick pillars upon which the sills had rested. We alighted, and walked about the place for a while; but on Annie's complaining of weariness I led the way back to the yard, where a pine log, lying under a spreading elm, formed a shady though somewhat hard seat. One end of the log was already occupied by a venerable-looking colored man. He held on his knees a hat full of grapes, over which he was smacking his lips with great gusto, and a pile of grape-skins near him indicated that the performance was no new thing. He respectfully rose as we approached, and was moving away, when I begged him to keep his seat.

"Don't let us disturb you," I said. "There's plenty of room for us all."

He resumed his seat with somewhat of embarrassment.

"Do you live around here?" I asked, anxious to put him at his ease.

"Yas, suh. I lives des ober yander, behine de nex' san'-hill, on de Lumber-ton plank-road."

"Do you know anything about the time when this vineyard was cultivated?"

"Lawd bless yer, suh, I knows all about it. Dey ain' na'er a man in dis settlement w'at won' tell yer ole Julius McAdoo 'uz hawn an' raise' on dis yer same plantation. Is you de Norv'n gemman w'at's gwine ter buy de ole vimya'd?"

"I am looking at it," I replied; "but I don't know that I shall care to buy unless I can be reasonably sure of making something out of it."

"Well, suh, you is a stranger ter me, en I is a stranger ter you, en we is bofe strangers ter one anudder, but 'f I 'uz in yo' place, I would n' buy dis vimya'd."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, I dunner whe'r you b'lieves in cunj'in er not, — some er de w'ite folks don't, er says dey don't, — but de truf er de matter is dat dis yer ole vimya'd is goophered."

"Is what?" I asked, not grasping the meaning of this unfamiliar word.

"Is goophered, cunju'd, bewitch'."

He imparted this information with such solemn earnestness, and with such an air of confidential mystery, that I felt somewhat interested, while Annie was evidently much impressed, and drew closer to me.

"How do you know it is bewitched?" I asked.

"I would n' spec' fer you ter b'lieve me 'less you know all 'bout de fac's. But ef you en young miss dere doan' min' lis'n'in' ter a ole nigger run on a minute er two w'ile you er restin', I kin 'splain to yer how it all happen'."

We assured him that we would be glad to hear how it all happened, and

he began to tell us. At first the current of his memory — or imagination — seemed somewhat sluggish; but as his embarrassment wore off, his language flowed more freely, and the story acquired perspective and coherence. As he became more and more absorbed in the narrative, his eyes assumed a dreamy expression, and he seemed to lose sight of his auditors, and to be living over again in monologue his life on the old plantation.

"Ole Mars Dugal' McAdoo bought dis place long many years befo' de wah, en I 'member well w'en he sot out all dis yer part er de plantation in scuppernon's. De vimes grewed monst'us fas', en Mars Dugal' made a thousan' gallon er scuppernon' wine eve'y year.

"Now, ef dey's an'thing a nigger lub, nex' ter 'possum, en chick'n, en watermillyums, it's scuppernon's. Dey ain' nuffin dat kin stan' up side'n de scuppernon' fer sweetness; sugar ain't a suckumstance ter scuppernon'. W'en de season is nigh 'bout ober, en de grapes begin ter swivel up des a little wid de wrinkles er ole age, — w'en de skin git sof' en brown, — den de scuppernon' make you smack yo' lip en roll yo' eye en wush fer mo'; so I reckon it ain' very 'stonishin' dat niggers lub scuppernon'.

"Dey wuz a sight er niggers in de naberhood er de vimya'd. Dere wuz ole Mars Henry Brayboy's niggers, en ole Mars Dunkin McLean's niggers, en Mars Dugal's own niggers; den dey wuz a settlement er free niggers en po' buck-rahs down by de Wim'l'ton Road, en Mars Dugal' had de only vimya'd in de naberhood. I reckon it ain' so much so nowadays, but befo' de wah, in slab'ry times, er nigger did n' mine goin' fi' er ten mile in a night, w'en dey wuz sump'n good ter eat at de yuther een.

"So atter a w'ile Mars Dugal' begin ter miss his scuppernon's. Co'se he 'cuse' de niggers er it, but dey all 'nied it ter de las'. Mars Dugal' sot spring

guns en steel traps, en he en de oberseah sot up nights once't er twice't, tel one night Mars Dugal' — he 'uz a monst'us keerless man — got his leg shot full er cow-peas. But somehow er nudder dey could n' nebber ketch none er de niggers. I dunner how it happen, but it happen des like I tell yer, en de grapes kep' on a-goin des de same.

"But bimeby ole Mars Dugal' fix' up a plan ter stop it. Dey 'uz a cunjuh 'ooman livin' down mongs' de free niggers on de Wim'l'ton Road, en all de darkies fum Rockfish ter Beaver Crick wuz feared uv her. She could wuk de mos' powerfull'es kind er goopher, — could make people hab fits er rheumatiz, er make 'em des dwinel away en die; en dey say she went out ridin' de niggers at night, for she wuz a witch 'sides bein' a cunjuh 'ooman. Mars Dugal' hearn 'bout Aun' Peggy's doin's, en begun ter 'flect whe'r er no he could n' git her ter he'p him keep de niggers off'n de grapevimes. One day in de spring er de year, ole miss pack' up a basket er chick'n en poun'-cake, en a bottle er scuppernon' wine, en Mars Dugal' tuk it in his buggy en driv ober ter Aun' Peggy's cabin. He tuk de basket in, en had a long talk wid Aun' Peggy. De nex' day Aun' Peggy come up ter de vimya'd. De niggers seed her slippin' 'roun', en dey soon foun' out what she 'uz doin' dere. Mars Dugal' had hi'ed her ter goopher de grapevimes. She sa'ntered 'roun' mongs' de vimes, en tuk a leaf fum dis one, en a grape-hull fum dat one, en a grape-seed fum anudder one; en den a little twig fum here, en a little pinch er dirt fum dere, — en put it all in a big black bottle, wid a snake's toof en a speckle' hen's gall en some ha'rs fum a black cat's tail, en den fill' de bottle wid scuppernon' wine. W'en she got de goopher all ready en fix', she tuk 'n went out in de woods en buried it under de root uv a red oak tree, en den come back en tole one er de niggers she done goopher de grapevimes, en a'er a nigger w'at

eat dem grapes 'ud be sho ter die inside'n twel' mont's.

"Atter dat de niggers let de scuppernon's 'lone, en Mars Dugal' did n' hab no 'casion ter fine no mo' fault; en de season wuz mos' gone, w'en a strange gemman stop at de plantation one night ter see Mars Dugal' on some business; en his coachman, seein' de scuppernon's growin' so nice en sweet, slip 'roun' behine de smoke-house, en et all de scuppernon's he could hole. Nobody did n' notice it at de time, but dat night, on de way home, de gemman's hoss runned away en kill' de coachman. W'en we hearn de noos, Aun' Lucy, de cook, she up 'n say she seed de strange nigger eat'n' er de scuppernon's behine de smoke-house; en den we knowed de goopher had b'en er wukkin. Den one er de nigger chilluns runned away fum de quarters one day, en got in de scuppernon's, en died de nex' week. W'ite folks say he die' er de fevuh, but de niggers knowed it wuz de goopher. So you k'n be sho de darkies did n' hab much ter do wid dem scuppernon' vimes.

"W'en de scuppernon' season 'uz ober fer dat year, Mars Dugal' foun' he had made fifteen hund'ed gallon er wine; en one er de niggers hearn him laffin' wid de oberseah fit ter kill, en sayin' dem fifteen hund'ed gallon er wine wuz monst'us good intrus' on de ten dollars he laid out on de vimya'd. So I 'low ez he paid Aun' Peggy ten dollars fer to goopher de grapevimes.

"De goopher did n' wuk no mo' tel de nex' summer, w'en 'long to'ds de middle er de season one er de fiel' han's died; en ez dat lef' Mars Dugal' sho't er han's, he went off ter town fer ter buy anudder. He fotch de noo nigger home wid 'im. He wuz er ole nigger, er de color er a gingy-cake, en ball ez a hoss-apple on de top er his head. He wuz a peart ole nigger, do', en could do a big day's wuk.

"Now it happen dat one er de niggers on de nex' plantation, one er ole

Mars Henry Brayboy's niggers, had runned away de day befo', en tuk ter de swamp, en ole Mars Dugal' en some er de yuther nabor w'ite folks had gone out wid dere guns en dere dogs fer ter he'p 'em hunt fer de nigger; en de han's on our own plantation wuz all so flusterated dat we fuhgot ter tell de noo han' 'bout de goopher on de scuppernon' vimes. Co'se he smell de grapes en see de vimes, an atter dahk de fus' thing he done wuz ter slip off ter de grapevimes 'dout sayin' nuffin ter nobody. Nex' mawnin' he tole some er de niggers 'bout de fine bait er scuppernon' he et de night befo'.

"W'en dey tole 'im 'bout de goopher on de grapevimes, he 'uz dat tarrified dat he turn pale, en look des like he gwine ter die right in his tracks. De oberseah come up en axed w'at 'uz de matter; en w'en dey tole 'im Henry be'n eatin' er de scuppernon's, en got de goopher on 'im, he gin Henry a big drink er w'iskey, en 'low dat de nex' rainy day he take 'im ober ter Aun' Peggy's, en see ef she would n' take de goopher off'n him, seein' ez he did n' know nuffin erbout it tel he done et de grapes.

"Sho nuff, it rain de nex' day, en de oberseah went ober ter Aun' Peggy's wid Henry. En Aun' Peggy say dat bein' ez Henry did n' know 'bout de goopher, en et de grapes in ign'ance er de quineconces, she reckon she mought be able fer ter take de goopher off'n him. So she fotch out er bottle wid some cunjuh medicine in it, en po'd some out in a go'd fer Henry ter drink. He manage ter git it down; he say it tas'e like whiskey wid sump'n bitter in it. She 'lowed dat 'ud keep de goopher off'n him tel de spring; but w'en de sap begin ter rise in de grapevimes he ha' ter come en see her agin, en she tell him w'at e's ter do.

"Nex' spring, w'en de sap commence' ter rise in de scuppernon' vime, Henry tuk a ham one night. Whar'd he git

de ham? *I* doan know; dey wa'nt no hams on de plantation 'cep'n' w'at 'uz in de smoke-house, but *I* never see Henry 'bout de smoke-house. But ez *I* wuz a-sayin', he tuk de ham ober ter Aun' Peggy's; en Aun' Peggy tole 'im dat w'en Mars Dugal' begin ter prume de grapevimes, he mus' go en take 'n scrape off de sap whar it ooze out'n de cut een's er de vimes, en 'n'int his ball head wid it; en ef he do dat once't a year de goopher would n' wuk agin 'im long ez he done it. En bein' ez he fotch her de ham, she fix' it so he kin eat all de scuppernon' he want.

"So Henry 'n'int his head wid de sap out'n de big grapevime des ha'f way 'twix' de quarters en de big house, en de goopher nebber wuk agin him dat summer. But de beatenes' thing you eber see happen ter Henry. Up ter dat time he wuz ez ball ez a sweeten' 'tater, but des ez soon ez de young leaves begun ter come out on de grapevimes de ha'r begun ter grow out on Henry's head, en by de middle er de summer he had de bigges' head er ha'r on de plantation. Befo' dat, Henry had tol'able good ha'r 'roun' de aidges, but soon ez de young grapes begun ter come Henry's ha'r begun ter quirl all up in little balls, des like dis yer reg'lar grapy ha'r, en by de time de grapes got ripe his head look des like a bunch er grapes. Combin' it did n' do no good; he wuk at it ha'f de night wid er Jim Crow,¹ en think he git it straighten' out, but in de mawnin' de grapes 'ud be dere des de same. So he gin it up, en tried ter keep de grapes down by havin' his ha'r cut sho't.

"But dat wa'nt de quares' thing 'bout de goopher. When Henry come ter de plantation, he wuz gittin' a little ole an stiff in de j'int. But dat summer he got des ez spry en libely ez any young nigger on de plantation; fac' he got so biggity dat Mars Jackson, de oberseah,

¹ A small card, resembling a curry-comb in construction, and used by negroes in the rural districts instead of a comb.

ha' ter th' eaten ter whip 'im, ef he did n' stop cuttin' up his didos en behave hisse'f. But de mos' cur'ouses' thing happen' in de fall, when de sap begin ter go down in de grapevimes. Fus', when de grapes 'uz gethered, de knots begun ter straighten out'n Henry's h'ar; en w'en de leaves begin ter fall, Henry's ha'r begin ter drap out; en w'en de vimes 'uz h'ar, Henry's head wuz baller'n it wuz in de spring, en he begin ter git ole en stiff in de j'int ag'in, en paid no mo' tention ter de gals dyoin' er de whole winter. En nex' spring, w'en he rub de sap on ag'in, he got young ag'in, en so soopl en libely dat none er de young niggers on de plantation could n' jump, ner dance, ner hoe ez much cotton ez Henry. But in de fall er de year his grapes begun ter straighten out, en his j'int ter git stiff, en his ha'r drap off, en de rheumatiz begin ter wrastle wid 'im.

"Now, ef you'd a knowed ole Mars Dugal' McAdoo, you'd a knowed dat it ha' ter be a mighty rainy day when he could n' fine sump'n fer his niggers ter do, en it ha' ter be a mighty little hole he could n' crawl thoo, en ha' ter be a monst'us cloudy night w'en a dollar git by him in de dahkness; en w'en he see how Henry git young in de spring en ole in de fall, he 'lowed ter hisse'f ez how he could make mo' money outen Henry dan by wukkin' him in de cotton fiel'. 'Long de nex' spring, atter de sap commence' ter rise, en Henry 'n'int 'is head en commence fer ter git young en soopl, Mars Dugal' up 'n tuk Henry ter town, en sole 'im fer fifteen hunder' dollars. Co'se de man w'at bought Henry did n' know nuffin 'bout de goopher, en Mars Dugal' did n' see no 'casion fer ter tell 'im. Long to'ds de fall, w'en de sap went down, Henry begin ter git ole again same ez yuzhal, en his noo marster begin ter git skeered les'n he gwine ter lose his fifteen-hunder'-dollar nigger. He sent fer a mighty fine doctor, but de med'cine did n' 'pear ter do no good; de goopher had a good

holt. Henry tole de doctor 'bout de goopher, but de doctor des laff at 'im.

"One day in de winter Mars Dugal' went ter town, en wuz santerin' 'long de Main Street, when who should he meet but Henry's noo marster. Dey said 'Hoddy,' en Mars Dugal' ax 'im ter hab a seegyar; en atter dey run on awhile 'bout de craps en de weather, Mars Dugal' ax 'im, sorter keerless, like ez ef he des thought of it, —

" 'How you like de nigger I sole you las' spring?'

"Henry's marster shuck his head en knock de ashes off'n his seegyar.

" 'Spec' I made a bad bahgin when I bought dat nigger. Henry done good wuk all de summer, but sence de fall set in he 'pears ter be sorter pinin' away. Dey ain' nuffin pertickler de matter wid 'im — leastways de doctor say so — 'cep'n' a tech er de rheumatiz; but his ha'r is all fell out, en ef he don't pick up his strenk mighty soon, I spec' I 'm gwine ter lose 'im.'

"Dey smoked on awhile, en bimeby ole mars say, 'Well, a bahgin's a bahgin, but you en me is good fren's, en I doan wan' ter see you lose all de money you paid fer dat digger; en ef w'at you say is so, en I ain't 'sputin' it, he ain't wuf much now. I spec's you wukked him too ha'd dis summer, er e'se de swamps down here don't agree wid de san'-hill nigger. So you des lemme know, en ef he gits any wusser I 'll be willin' ter gib yer five hund'ed dollars fer 'im, en take my chances on his livin'.'

"Sho nuff, when Henry begun ter draw up wid de rheumatiz en it look like he gwine ter die fer sho, his noo marster sen' fer Mars Dugal', en Mars Dugal' gin him what he promus, en brung Henry home ag'in. He tuk good keer uv 'im dyoin' er de winter, — give 'im w'iskey ter rub his rheumatiz, en terbacker ter smoke, en all he want ter eat, — 'caze a nigger w'at he could make a thousan' dollars a year off'n did n' grow on eve'y huckleberry bush.

"Nex' spring, w'en de sap ris en Henry's ha'r commence' ter sprout, Mars Dugal' sole 'im ag'in, down in Robeson County dis time; en he kep' dat sellin' business up fer five year er mo'. Henry nebber say nuffin 'bout de goopher ter his noo marsters, 'eaze he know he gwine ter be tuk good keer uv de nex' winter, w'en Mars Dugal' buy him back. En Mars Dugal' made 'nuff money off'n Henry ter buy anudder plantation ober on Beaver Crick.

"But long 'bout de een' er dat five year dey come a stranger ter stop at de plantation. De fus' day he 'uz dere he went out wid Mars Dugal' en spent all de mawnin' lookin' ober de vimya'd, en atter dinner dey spent all de evenin' playin' kya'ds. De niggers soon 'skiver' dat he wuz a Yankee, en dat he come down ter Norf C'lina fer ter learn de w'ite folks how to raise grapes en make wine. He promus Mars Dugal' he cud make de grapevimes ba'r twice't ez many grapes, en dat de noo wine-press he wuz a-sellin' would make mo' d'n twice't ez many gallons er wine. En ole Mars Dugal' des drunk it all in, des 'peared ter be bewitched wid dat Yankee. W'en de darkies see dat Yankee runnin' 'roun de vimya'd en diggin' under de grapevimes, dey shuk dere heads, en 'lowed dat dey feared Mars Dugal' losin' his min'. Mars Dugal' had all de dirt dug away fum under de roots er all de scuppernon' vimes, an' let 'em stan' dat away fer a week er mo'. Den dat Yankee made de niggers fix up a mixtry er lime en ashes en manyo, en po' it roun' de roots er de grapevimes. Den he 'vise' Mars Dugal' fer ter trim de vimes close't, en Mars Dugal' tuck 'n done eve'ything de Yankee tole him ter do. Dyoin' all er dis time, mind yer, 'e wuz libbin' off'n de fat er de lan', at de big house, en playin' kyards wid Mars Dugal' eve'y night; en dey say Mars Dugal' los' mo'n a thousan' dollars dyoin' er de week dat Yankee wuz a runnin' de grapevimes.

"W'en de sap ris nex' spring, ole Henry 'n'inted his head ez yuzhal, en his ha'r commence' ter grow des de same ez it done eve'y year. De scuppernon' vimes grewed monst's fas', en de leaves wuz greener en thicker dan dey eber be'n dyowin my rememb'ance; en Henry's ha'r grewed out thicker dan eber, en he 'peared ter git younger 'n younger, en soopler 'n soopler; en seein' ez he wuz sho't er han's dat spring, havin' tuk in consid'able noo groun', Mars Dugal' 'cluded he would n' sell Henry 'tel he git de crap in en de cotton chop'. So he kep' Henry on de plantation.

"But 'long 'bout time fer de grapes ter come on de scuppernon' vimes, dey 'peared ter come a change ober dem; de leaves wivered en swivel' up, en de young grapes turn' yaller, en bimeby eve'ybody on de plantation could see dat de whole vimya'd wuz dyin'. Mars Dugal' tuck 'n water de vimes en done all he could, but 't wan' no use: dat Yankee done bus' de watermillyum. One time de vimes picked up a bit, en Mars Dugal' thought dey wuz gwine ter come out ag'in; but dat Yankee done dug too close unde' de roots, en prune de branches too close ter de vime, en all dat lime en ashes done burn' de life outen de vimes, en dey des kep' a with'in' en a swivelin'.

"All dis time de goopher wuz a-wukkin'. W'en de vimes commence' ter wither, Henry commence' ter complain er his rheumatiz, en when de leaves begin ter dry up his ha'r commence' ter drap out. When de vimes fresh up a bit Henry 'ud git peart agin, en when de vimes wither agin Henry 'ud git ole agin, en des kep' gittin' mo' en mo' fitten fer nuffin; he des pined away, en fine'ly tuk ter his cabin; en when de big vime whar he got de sap ter 'n'int his head withered en turned yaller en died, Henry died too, — des went out sorter like a cannell. Dey did n't 'pear ter be nuffin de matter wid 'im, 'cep'n' de rheumatiz, but his strenk des dwinel'

away 'tel he did n' hab ernuff lef' ter draw his bref. De goopher had got de under holt, en th'owed Henry fer good en all dat time.

"Mars Dugal' tuk on might'ly 'bout losin' his vimes en his nigger in de same year; en he swo' dat ef he could git holt er dat Yankee he 'd wear 'im ter a frazzle, en den chaw up de frazzle; en he 'd done it, too, for Mars Dugal' 'uz a monst'us brash man w'en he once git started. He sot de vimya'd out ober agin, but it wuz th'ee er fo' year befo' de vimes got ter b'arin' any scuppernons."

"W'en de wah broke out, Mars Dugal' raise' a comp'ny, en went off ter fight de Yankees. He say he wuz mighty glad dat wah come, en he des want ter kill a Yankee fer eve'y dollar he los' 'long er dat grape-raisin' Yankee. En I 'spec' he would a done it, too, ef de Yankees had n' s'picioned sump'n, en killed him fus'. Atter de s'render ole miss move' ter town, de niggers all scattered 'way fum de plantation, en de vimya'd ain' be'n cultervated sence."

"Is that story true?" asked Annie, doubtfully, but seriously, as the old man concluded his narrative.

"It's des ez true ez I'm a-settin' here, miss. Dey's a easy way ter prove it: I kin lead de way right ter Henry's grave ober yander in de plantation buryin'-groun'. En I tell yer w'at, marster, I would n' 'vise yer to buy dis yer ole vimya'd, 'caze de goopher's on it yit, en dey ain' no tellin' w'en it's gwine ter crap out."

"But I thought you said all the old vines died."

"Dey did 'pear ter die, but a few ov 'em come out ag'in, en is mixed in mongs' de yuthers. I ain' skeered ter eat de grapes, 'caze I knows de old vimes fum de noo ones; but wid strangers dey ain' no tellin' w'at might happen. I would n' 'vise yer ter buy dis vimya'd."

I bought the vineyard, nevertheless, and it has been for a long time in a thriving condition, and is referred to by the local press as a striking illustration of the opportunities open to Northern capital in the development of Southern industries. The luscious scuppernong holds first rank among our grapes, though we cultivate a great many other varieties, and our income from grapes packed and shipped to the Northern markets is quite considerable. I have not noticed any developments of the goopher in the vineyard, although I have a mild suspicion that our colored assistants do not suffer from want of grapes during the season.

I found, when I bought the vineyard, that Uncle Julius had occupied a cabin on the place for many years, and derived a respectable revenue from the neglected grapevines. This, doubtless, accounted for his advice to me not to buy the vineyard, though whether it inspired the goopher story I am unable to state. I believe, however, that the wages I pay him for his services are more than an equivalent for anything he lost by the sale of the vineyard.

Charles W. Chesnutt.

TO E. M. T.

A BRIEF way up Parnassus' slope,

Only, I may go:

Held by clasp of little fingers,

Cooing cry that with me lingers,

To the vale below.

Another treads where I may not,
 Strikes the ringing lyre;
 Another reaches the charmed spot
 Of my heart's desire.

O fair soul, a little way
 I bear you company;
 Then with "God speed!" back once more,
 Heart in me with longing sore,
 Eyes tear-dim, I flee.

See, the embers on the hearth
 I must make to glow;
 What time you climb the mountain slope,
 Singing as you go.

You may chant before the shrine,
 I — croon lullabies.
 You may tend the fire divine;
 Ah, for me, that spark must shine
 In my baby's eyes!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

A MAD ENGLISHMAN.

I.

"My own fancy for gypsydom is faint and feeble compared to what I have found in many others. It is in them like the love for opium, for music, for love itself."

CHARLES S. LELAND.

"CAN'T *you* do anything with him, Mr. Dexter?"

Lady Mary laid an emphasis on the personal pronoun, as she made this appeal.

I felt slightly embarrassed.

"I confess I don't see exactly how, Lady Mary," I answered.

Lady Mary sighed, and fanned herself for a moment.

"The Powers always have been odd," she went on. "My husband was, — especially during his youth; but not to the degree that Alfred is." She shuddered slightly. "Mr. Dexter, he is the

most contrary creature that ever lived. There's no pleasing him."

"He pleases himself very easily," I suggested. But my suggestion was not received with favor. The corners of Lady Mary's mouth drooped a little more than usual.

"In what a way!" she exclaimed. "Like a tramp!" She spoke with more energy. "Mr. Dexter, you have been four years at Oxford with my son. You fancy you know him. Perhaps you do, but you don't know the family as I do."

Naturally I assented.

"They have enthusiasms, but they die out. Alfred fancies he could live contentedly as a Colorado miner, an Australian bush-boy, a gypsy." She paused scornfully. "You know how he talks. You have heard him a thousand times. It is not true; he would tire of it. He says the over-civilization of our time

wearies him; he wishes to get closer to nature. But sooner or later he would long for his clubs, his library, and a social life among his own people. Feeling this, I live in terror of his doing something extraordinary."

Lady Mary was a clever woman. The Powers were poor. She had only one son, and from her point of view I could not but feel sorry for her.

She leaned back in her easy-chair, and slowly fanned herself again with her large fan of pale pink feathers. The scent of the flowers in the long boxes at the base of the open French windows filled the drawing-room. The lamplight was mellowed to the most soothing tone by silk and Eastern embroidered shades. The low, easy furniture, covered with chintz of a largely decorative pattern of roses, gave the room the summery tone possessed by certain London drawing-rooms.

Portland Place is a quiet enough neighborhood just after dinner on a May evening. Only the sound of a street-band playing an air from *Trovatore*, a square or so distant, broke the silence. I looked at Lady Mary, hardly knowing what I was expected to say. She was a handsome woman, of the fair, large English type, that shows age but little. Her hair was doubtless as yellow as it had been when she was a girl, and the pink in her cheeks was of as faultless a shade as that of the feathers of her fan. Her upper teeth projected slightly; her nose and eyebrows had a high-shouldered look, if the simile is permissible; around her mouth were fine lines, drawn by long habits of conventionality in all things; out of her calm blue eyes looked firm, unchanging British prejudice. I began to wonder why Colonel Power had married Lady Mary Guise, and to sympathize with Alfred, who was "exactly like the Powers."

"If you were not going back to America," continued Lady Mary, "I should beg you to use your influence with Alfred.

But when you *are* with him, you will try to make him see how disastrous his course will be to his future, *won't* you, Mr. Dexter?"

Lady Mary leaned forward, and laid the pink feather fan on my arm. It was hardly a human touch, and it had no compelling force; but there was an actual gleam of tears in her eyes that moved me.

"Yes, Lady Mary," I said imprudently.

She allowed the fan to slip from her hand, and took mine in it.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Dexter," she cried. "I trust you, and I shall feel so happy whenever you and Alfred are together."

It was a relief when the footman came in with the coffee.

Alfred Power was a striking example of the general truth that if an Englishman is eccentric, he is apt to be more eccentric than a man of any other nationality. If his blood is pure, his peculiarities will be more marked. They will run in deeper grooves, and be more fixed by heredity and less trammelled by the fear of public opinion. Alfred had a thousand whims and fancies, bounded and controlled by several strong tastes,—music, a sort of gentlemanly vagabondism, and a talent for languages. He played the violin uncommonly well; had penetrated, often on foot, to the most untraveled corners of Europe; and spoke a dozen languages and curious *patois*, among them the language of the gypsies. He had not learned these dialects from books, but picked them up from the peasants and gypsies themselves. These people trusted him with a sort of instinct.

Every Oxford long vacation he went on what he called a *tramp*, and there was hardly a gypsy family in England or Wales that did not know him. When he started on one of these expeditions, I confess I used to share Lady Mary's doubts as to his reappearance in Oxford

at the commencement of the autumn term.

Later during the evening of my conversation with Lady Mary, I spent an hour in Alfred's "den," at the top of the house. He had taken off his dress-coat, and put on a gayly striped smoking-coat, a reminiscence of Oxford days. He smoked his accustomed little brown pipe, and, as the windows were open, he wore a Turkish fez, which sat admirably on his rough curly hair. Two bull-terriers and a setter, his constant companions, came snuffing and fawning up to me. Alfred was bending over a table, mounting some photographs which he had taken himself during the last vacation. The bare little room was littered with a curious mixture of sheet-music, books, and firearms; his violin case lay on a table, and an odor of chemicals pervaded the atmosphere. The contrast between this place and the well-ordered drawing-room which I had left struck me with sudden amusement. I laughed almost unconsciously. Alfred looked at me with a sympathetic smile.

"What's up?" he asked amicably.

"Nothing," I said. "I've been talking to your mother."

"Humph," said Alfred. He went on carefully pressing the photograph on the piece of cardboard that lay on the table. Then he looked at me humorously. "At present," he said, holding his pipe between his teeth, "the mater's desperately afraid I'm going to make an unfortunate *mésalliance*." He caught his mother's accent and tone to perfection. "Do set her mind at rest on that score, Dexter. I don't get on well with women. All I want is to be allowed to breathe." He shook his head a little, straightened himself, and clasped his hands behind him, as if to stretch his cramped muscles, — a strong, unconventional figure. His unconventionality lay deeper, however, than any outside eccentricity of dress. It was in his character, and was evi-

denced by the turn of his head, the unconscious freedom of his glance and gestures, and his manifested indifference to the opinion of the world where his own sense of honor approved his action. He continued to mount his photographs, and I looked at those which lay on the table.

They were chiefly landscapes; many were transcripts of familiar scenes, and some of such curiously wild spots that I wondered how a camera had been transported to their neighborhood. As I turned them over, I came upon several photographs of gypsies, cleverly grouped, with a background of tents or trees.

"How did you get them to sit for you?" I asked.

"Talking Romany, and a shilling or two goes a long way with gypsies," said Alfred. "They trust me, and know that I'm not going to show them up to the sheriff or the illustrated papers." He came and looked over my shoulder at the dark, wild faces. "Ah! they were a hard crew, those." He laughed in amused recollection. "As thorough-going scamps and pure-blooded Romanys as ever lived. Lees, of Berkshire, — clever dogs! I was with them for two weeks, three years ago. What days those were! You don't know what England is in June, old man, till you tramp it; above all with gypsies."

The next four or five photographs were of a child, or rather young girl of fourteen or fifteen. Alfred had taken her in every position: running; standing, with her hand shading her eyes; on tip-toe, reaching up to a pendant branch of pear-blossoms; kneeling, with her hair partly falling over her face, warming her hands over the embers of a camp-fire. The lines of the child's figure fascinated me. They were full of exquisite, untamed grace. Her deep, shadowy eyes had the true gypsy gleam.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Regina Lee, a little gypsy girl. The wildest creature and the purest

specimen of the true Romany that I have ever seen."

"Did she sit for you?"

Alfred laughed. "No, indeed. I took her on the wing. She never knew it, or I could not have persuaded her to get within the focus of my lens." He picked up one of the photographs. "Look at those lines," he said, almost fondly. "See the arch of her head, the straightness of her throat, the way her head is set on her shoulders. Find me the child of a duchess that is half as queenly."

He was quite on fire with artistic enthusiasm as he spoke.

"And yet, like the rest of her race, a little thief and liar, I suppose."

Alfred shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps," he answered; "she was the cleverest and deepest of them all! But the inner morality of such a child might be high, even though she might help her father steal a chicken, and deny any knowledge of the affair, if she were questioned afterward. That sort of thing is part of their code. They are taught it from their babyhood. But they have their own ideas of honor, and uncompromising ones, too. You know there's no honor like that 'among thieves.' Regina was like a young hawk. It positively made me breathe freer to look at her; and she was too young to be conscious of her beauty."

Alfred's rhapsody was stopped by the appearance of the footman at the door.

"If you please, Mr. Power, Lady Mary would like to see the gentlemen in the drawing-room for awhile."

We went down to the drawing-room and to Lady Mary.

II.

I left for America soon after my visit to the Powers, and it was two years before I saw England again.

I had been practicing law in New

York, and in spite of summer trips to Mount Desert or Newport I felt a passionate longing for the Old World. The struggle without permanent achievement, the crudity without simplicity, of American life wore on my nerves and patience. They said I was ill. "Change of air," suggested one of my friends. "Go to the Yellowstone," said another. "No, to California." But to all my heart said "England." I felt that the sight of a quiet English meadow, a hedgerow and oaks, a gray church, and the smoke from a thatched, ivy-covered cottage curling up into the pale blue sky would rest my body and free my spirit as nothing else would. I panted to stand again within a cathedral, where time and stocks were of no account.

On the steamer life seemed to have stopped with me. I ate, slept, and ceased to think or feel. When I landed, I did not analyze the impulse which made me go south to Winchester, without stopping. I had a charmed recollection of a certain George Inn, built around a square court,—an inn where they brought one tea in old-fashioned silver pots, marked "George Inn." The venerable street, with its carved stone gateways and the last remains of the walls of the ancient city, also lingered in my mind. The very touch of the air in the cathedral, heavy with the past, and the fresh green of the avenue of trees that led to its portals were still with me.

It was evening when I arrived at the inn. After my supper I hung out of the window, and watched the old street below. It was a market night. The street was brightly lighted, and was crowded with country people, who had come to town to buy and sell. Winchester is a garrison town, and scarlet-coated soldiers dotted the dark crowd. The windows of the next room looked out on the dimly lighted court, where the hostlers and soldiers lounged and chatted. America became as though it existed not. I was in England again. I

thought of Alfred Power, and longed for him. I had written to him of my arrival, but no answer had reached me.

The next day I haunted the cathedral. My being was saturated, so to speak, with the cool gray light of its immeasurable aisles. The choral service began and ended; the white choristers rustled across the choir and disappeared. Still I lingered. My spirit was lost in the lacy traceries of the white carving of the choir-screen. I stood by the tomb of Cardinal Beaufort, and half envied the magnificent old prelate. If one must die, it seemed compensation to lie in state in such a tomb; of stone so delicately and elaborately carved as to appear like wrought ivory. At last a shadowy old verger warned me that it was time to go.

The next morning was the fairest thing in the world, — an English day in early June. I left the town, and struck across the meadows to the hospital of St. Cross. I passed St. Catherine's Hill and the old fortifications, and neared the hospital gateway. When I reached it, I saw a man standing before it, and looking up at the statue of Beaufort, which ornaments the gateway. At the first glance I took him for a tramp; at the second, seeing a small knapsack and a violin case strapped on his back, for a wandering musician, — one of a street-band, perhaps; at the third I knew him to be Alfred Power. Opportune things sometimes happen without causing surprise. Surprise is a sort of friction, and in our meeting there was none. We began where we had parted, and after our brief explanation we passed through the gateway together. I was struck by his splendid vitality. His sunburned face and the deep clear blue of his eyes showed his vivid health. He seemed to breathe the very atmosphere of the fields.

One of the thirteen poor brethren who still live around the old quadrangle showed us about the place. He told us

that he was Brother Peter, and tapped his foot on a slat in the church floor.

"Brother William is down there," he said. "I took his place. I'm eighty-four, gentlemen, and it won't be very long before I'm put there, too."

Alfred shook his head. "Get them to put you out in the fields," he said. "There the sun will shine on you, and the flowers grow above you."

Brother Peter laughed. It was a feeble, cracked sound. "Can't do that," he said. "We h'eats their food and lives in their 'ouse; we's got to be buried in the church. Besides, what's the odds? I could n't feel the sun."

"I could," said Alfred.

Brother Peter took us into the porter's lodge, where every day, until noon, all passing pilgrims are served with a horn of ale and a slice of bread. The bread was hard and the ale undrinkable. As a sentimental tourist I managed to swallow mine, but Alfred emptied his ruthlessly in the grass outside of the open door.

"There's a libation to old Beaufort, and much good may it do him," he said, with a grimace. "It's the vilest stuff I ever tasted."

The old men shook their heads reproachfully.

"It's all we have," said Brother Peter, "and it ain't right to waste it."

Alfred tossed them each a half-crown. "The next time you go in to Winchester, get yourselves some decent beer," he said.

We left the two old fellows smiling and nodding farewell to us under the gateway.

My meeting with Power altered my plans. It was impossible to withstand his proposal that I should join him in his walking tour through Hampshire and the adjoining counties. The woods and fields tempted me as a mirage in the desert tempts a thirsty traveler.

Our wanderings began that very day. My traps were stored at the George Inn

until I should telegraph for them. I bought some clothes — fresh counterparts of Alfred's travel-worn tweed — and a knapsack, and at five o'clock we had made five miles, and were walking through Hursley. The village clusters around the gates of Hursley Park. The slanting rays of the sun lighted up the short village street, with its velvety grass on either side, and great trees in the first freshness and glory of early summer. We passed the doctor's house, with its high trimmed hedge and stone wall, and a glimpse of the flower-beds and smooth lawn within, Keble's church, the park gates, and the deserted lime-pit where the priest-poet used to sit, and perhaps compose his songs that chronicle the Christian year. Then we struck across the fields. As we walked we talked, and bridged over the separation which our letters had only made us realize more fully. I found Power essentially unchanged, but with every peculiarity intensified. After the lack of independence in a certain stratum of New York life, he seemed to me almost primevally natural. His passion for out-door life and distaste for society were stronger than ever.

Our plan was to walk until we were hungry, and then to get our supper and a night's lodging at Cranbury, or Broomhill, or some one of the little villages near which we passed.

At half past seven the sun's rays were sending a last golden glory over the land. We were crossing a lonely meadow, hungry and tired. It was pleasant to see smoke curling up above a little patch of wood beyond. The chances were that it was a house; we could get a supper there, and push on to Broomhill. We rounded some shrubbery, and looked for our cottage. Nothing of the sort: only a cluster of round tents, the smoke from a smouldering fire rising slowly above them, and a traveling-van, hung with baskets and tins and other gypsy wares, standing close by.

I glanced at Alfred. A sudden change came over his face, — a subtle flash of pleasure. He said a single word, —

"Gypsies!"

"What then?" I asked.

But Alfred did not answer. He walked rapidly toward the tents, and I followed slowly, half curious, half disgusted. I shared none of Power's fondness for this special order of vagabond.

When I reached him, he was standing motionless, sheltered by a clump of bushes, his eyes fixed in intent observation. My eyes followed the direction of his. I saw three tents, rain and smoke stained to every shade of dull yellow and brown, the charred clearing where a fire smouldered, the mass of summer foliage, and the meadows of primroses around. Our voices, when we came upon the tents, must have been heard by their inmates, for a girl stood just within the largest tent, holding up the flap with one hand; with the other she shaded her eyes from the direct, level rays of the sun. We stood and looked at her. In a drawing-room she would have been dazzling, even magnificent. In the doorway of a tent she seemed the embodiment of nature, — not English nature, but Eastern and tropical: tall and slender, with statuesque lips and throat and head, and brown as a nut. She was dressed in a skirt of some dark red stuff, sunburned and faded to a dull, soft richness, and a yellowish-brown waist of coarse calico. A handkerchief, of a yet more faded red, was knotted around her throat. She did not stir a hair's breadth, but watched and listened. There was something curiously familiar in her attitude and expression.

Alfred suddenly pushed the bushes aside, and moved forward.

"Greeting, my sister," he said.

As she heard these words the girl started, and looked wonderingly at Power.

"Good-day, brother," she answered, mechanically. Then she raised the flap

of the tent higher, and, turning, sent a joyous cry into its shadowy depths: "Look, my mother! It must be our tall Romany gentleman."

In another instant we were surrounded by half a dozen as wild-looking gypsies, men and women, as I had ever seen. They poured out of the tent in answer to the girl's call, and crowded around Alfred. They all knew him, and gave him a hearty welcome. He explained to me in a hurried aside: "They're my old Berkshire friends, the Lees, and some others whom I have known." The gypsies cast suspicious looks at me. He introduced me in Romany with a flourish of trumpets. "You can trust him," I afterwards found he had said. "He's a good fellow, a friend of mine, and was arrested only last week for stealing a horse."

The laugh with which my introduction was greeted, and the entire confidence and approval with which these dark-faced scamps treated me from that moment, as well as Alfred's wicked expression as he got off this astounding lie, made me request a translation of his remark. The gypsies saw the joke, but relished the sentiment too much not to treat me as though it were true. They insisted on our sharing the supper they were eating, and we went into the dark tent, with its Rembrandt-like lights and shadows. We were served with the stew of meat and vegetables they were eating. It was a rough meal, but it had a novel charm for me. I soon unraveled the network of relationship that held these people together. There was an old woman, with a dark, witch-like face, all seams and wrinkles, and an old man, the parents of the girl we had first seen, Walker and Vashti Lee. There was a sullen, handsome youth, Anselo Buckland by name, who made the wares which they sold, and took care of the horses. A man of thirty, Sylvester Buckland, the brother of Anselo, and a boy of fifteen completed the group.

They talked freely with Alfred, usually in English, sometimes lapsing into Romany. The gloomy Anselo, however, continued to be silent, and the Eastern princess, who had greeted us, was equally so. She cast a half-shy, half-daring glance sometimes at me, sometimes at Alfred, — a puzzling look, wholly free from consciousness or boldness. She had finished her supper, and hovered in the background of the tent, her dark, wild beauty harmonizing with her surroundings. I could see that she held Alfred's eyes and attention. In the course of the conversation he asked where little Regina was. There was a flash of eyes and teeth in the gloom.

"Come here, Regina," they called, "and speak to the Rye. He does n't remember you."

Alfred stood up and held out his hand, coloring with surprise.

"I did not realize that you must have changed," he said.

Regina still hung back, smiling. "It is nearly four years," she said.

After supper the men and boys pulled out their pipes. I would have been glad to escape from the close atmosphere of the tent, but the weather had changed, and the rain was pouring down in a steady flood. It was a curious evening. The firelight flashed on the dark faces around me, intent in listening as Alfred told them of the Russian and Hungarian gypsies he had seen the winter before in Moscow. He told of their music, their singing of the gypsy songs, their playing of the czardas and its rapturous intensity. I watched Regina as he spoke. She sat on a heap of straw, her elbow on her knee, her head resting on her hand, her eyes turning on Alfred in a gaze of dreamy absorption. Suddenly she withdrew quietly from the group. The others were so absorbed they did not notice her movement. She took Alfred's violin case from the corner of the tent, and, gliding behind him, laid it on his knee.

"Play us that music as you used to, Rye."

There was a murmur of approval from the gypsies. Anselo alone made no sign. He lay on the ground beside me, smoking silently. As Regina returned to her former seat beside him, he put out his hand and caught hers, which hung down close to him. I saw that he wrenched it violently, and flung it back to her. I expected an outcry from her, or an indignant look, but I had my surprise. She only raised her head higher, set her lips in a calm curve, and looked him full in the eyes. He glared at her sullenly. It was like the defiance of two panthers. Alfred began to play. Regina relapsed into her former absorption, and Anselo continued to smoke.

There was a picturesqueness in the scene that touched my artistic sense, yet all the while I felt its sordid elements: the stifling closeness of the tent, clouded with bad tobacco smoke; the poverty and possible dirt of its inmates; the life of squalid hardship and petty crime which they led. Even the grand beauty of the girl opposite me could not make these things endurable. Alfred was in a state of exaltation corresponding to Regina's. He played and sang as I had never heard him before. I saw that he was in complete accord with these people, yet all this was a merely imaginative sympathy, assisted by temperament. He *was* different. Birth, tradition, education, all separated him from them.

At ten o'clock I stood with Alfred before the smaller tent, where the men slept. The rain had ceased, and I asked him to walk with me for a little distance. In the people that composed the group in the tent that evening there were all the elements of a sensational tragedy. I made up my mind not to further it.

"It has been quite amusing," I said. "We must get on to Broomhill to-morrow."

Alfred puffed his pipe for a moment in silence.

"Why go on?" he said, at length. "Why not stop with these people a while?" He spoke carelessly, but there was a fibre of determination in his voice. I confess this frank change of intention annoyed me.

"I prefer to follow out our plan," I answered.

"I'm awfully sorry, old fellow," said Alfred, apologetically, "but the fact is I never *do* stick to a plan when I go on a tramp. It takes away half the charm. Stop a few days."

He spoke in a tone of almost boyish pleading.

"No, thank you," I said stiffly. "You have canceled our agreement by wishing to remain here. We would only feel hampered if we kept on together. We may as well separate, and take the chance of running across each other later."

Alfred was silent a moment. "Just as you say," he replied, at length. "I'm extremely sorry." My stiffness had in some way got into his voice.

"I'm sure these people are scoundrels in reality, with a veneer of good temper. You will regret it if you trust them too far."

Alfred only smiled confidently. "I know them better than you," he said.

I think we both felt there was a kind of absurdity in our separating so soon and for so slight a reason, but neither would yield.

The next morning I went back to Winchester alone, with the feeling as if I left a lighted fuse, which would burn rapidly and soon reach the powder.

The images of Alfred and this puzzling gypsy beauty made me uneasy, but despite a strong impulse I gave Alfred no further warning. To tell the truth, such a thing would have seemed uncalled for. However this might have been, my feeling of responsibility was sufficient to keep me in the neighborhood of Hursley

for the next fortnight. I stayed at the George Inn, and from there made excursions to Salisbury and to Stonehenge. But somehow the charm of the English summer was gone; something was lacking.

It was while I was thus hesitating that I received a note from Alfred, which was sufficiently startling to induce me instantly to go to Hursley. In very lucid terms he informed me that he was going at once to marry Regina Lee, the only woman he could ever love, or find any happiness with; that his past life had been a struggle to fulfill the conditions of the station he had been born in. He had found his place, and the only destiny which made existence worth while. He was already worse than dead to his mother. He could never fulfill her expectations even to the smallest degree. The disappointment must come; why not now? It would be useless to bring any arguments to bear against his determination. He had counted the cost, and was happy to assume it all. "Let me caution you," he ended, "against any misunderstanding of the character of the young girl in whose hands I lay my hopes and the honor of my name. Her race is older and purer than my own; her unselfishness and innocence of a higher strain than could be imagined by the Lady Adelas and Ethelbertas, any one of whom my mother would be happy to have me marry. She marries me only at my earnest prayer, and because I have convinced her simple faith that she is thus doing the most generous act possible for the man she has honored by loving. I write all to my mother to-day."

The whole letter had a tone of determination and deep conviction in the truth of what he was saying that made it impossible for me to take it lightly, mad as it was.

A few hours after I received it, I crossed the meadows, and reached the gypsy camp at about the same hour that

I had first seen it. The tents seemed quite deserted; even the van and horse were no longer there. As I stood looking about, I saw a gleam of red among the bushes, at the foot of a sloping bank, behind the tents. In this hollow was a narrow brook with grassy sides. As I neared it, I saw two figures standing beside it, — Alfred and Regina. Alfred held both her hands, and bent down and kissed them. His manner had a sort of passionate reverence, — the manner of a man to one far above him. While I hesitated, he turned abruptly away, and, springing across the brook, went up the opposite bank, and disappeared in the shrubbery. Regina watched him for an instant, and then came towards me. Her face had the same strange look of absorption and exaltation that I had seen the night of our arrival in the camp. When she saw me, she stopped short, and looked me full in the face with haughty surprise. I could not but realize her superb type of beauty against the deep green sylvan background. Her scant faded red drapery gave her youthful outlines a Diana-like, sculpturesque simplicity. In her eyes, shaded by her dusky hair, were all the fire and subtlety of hundreds of generations of Romanys. She paused only an instant, and then moved to pass me.

"Wait a moment," I said, with all the civility that firmness permitted. "I would like to speak to you."

But she sprang by me before I had time to bar the way, and ran swiftly along the bank of the stream. My irritation was extreme, but before it had time to culminate in any action she stopped, about twenty yards away, and, leaning against the trunk of a tree, looked at me intently. Curiosity had triumphed over her wild impulse to fly, so I advanced until I was near enough to speak to her quietly. I felt that my time was valuable, and that she might escape me at any moment. I thought of Lady Mary and of Alfred's own fu-

ture, and went to the heart of my subject at once.

"My friend Alfred Power tells me that he is going to marry you. Is that true?"

She flashed a haughty look at me without a word, which might have signified an assent. With my own knowledge of the matter I took it as such.

"As you have both made up your minds, there would seem very little use for me to say anything against it, but" — I paused here, for the young girl was looking at me contemptuously.

She spoke suddenly, for the first time: "I'd like to know what right *you* have to interfere."

These unvarnished words were uttered with a melodious vigor and fire that made them impressive.

"Because," I said, with equal energy, "I love my friend, and wish to prevent his ruining his future by such a marriage. It would be useless to appeal to any sense of honor or unselfishness in a gypsy girl. That is n't your fault, poor child. He says he loves you, and I suppose you believe him, but, putting it on the lowest ground, you will both be miserable. If you think you are marrying to be a lady and to be rich, you are mistaken. Alfred is a poor man, — poor even for a gypsy; and then, don't you see, he is different from you, from all your people. He is a Rye, — a real one. He plays at living in a tent, but fancy his spending his life there! — he who knows so much, and could live with kings if he wished." I stretched the truth slightly for the sake of impressing her. "He could not take you to his home. How could you live in a house, and behave like a lady, and wear the clothes of one?"

Regina's eyes were fixed on mine with a strange look; at least she was listening.

"I suppose you think you love him," I went on; "but if you know what the meaning of love is, you would sooner

die than spoil his life by marrying him. He will cease to love you, and hate the day he ever saw you; and that will be as bad for him as for you, for he is a true and faithful gentleman."

The young girl was violently agitated. Her face flushed deeply, and then became pale under her dark skin.

"That is a lie," she said vehemently. Then she spoke more gently: "Are you speaking the truth, Rye?"

I was more than surprised at the effect of my eloquence. I could not but believe that there was some acting in her emotion.

"It is all true," I answered. "Send Alfred away to-day. Some day you will be glad."

She tossed back her shadowy locks with a sudden proud motion of her head. "He would not leave me!"

"You could find a way of doing it," I said urgently. "Has he not told me that even as a little girl you were the cleverest Romany of them all, — that you could make any one believe anything you pleased? Make him believe you do not wish to marry him, and he will leave you."

At this she laughed, such a scornful, ringing peal of laughter that my face tingled with mortification; yet I remembered afterwards that she was much excited. I felt that I was taking the wrong method to influence a gypsy girl of modern times.

"Come," I said brusquely. I was willing to make my sacrifice for Alfred and his mother. "This is all a waste of time. As I thought, it is useless to appeal to any high motive. I am a poor man as well as Alfred, but I wish to try to save him. I will give you one — two hundred pounds, if you will send my friend away from Hursley to-day, and give me your word that you will not see him again."

Before I had spoken the words I was ashamed of them. She trembled all over for an instant; then becoming rigid

and clenching her little brown hands, she hissed out a sentence of Romany which I could not understand. If she had had a knife I should have trembled for my safety. Then looking at me piercingly, she said, "You shall see whether I love him or not." She turned away, and climbed swiftly up the bank.

There is in Hursley, or was that summer, a modest inn, kept by an elderly widow, with two blooming maids and an hostler. Beside the "coffee-room," where the meals were served, was a small room at the right of the door, — a small square room, with a table and a cupboard and two old arm-chairs.

I passed what seemed a long evening in this room, after I parted from Regina in the hollow. It was too late to go back to Winchester, and I determined to spend the night in the inn. My reflections were not of the pleasantest. The thought that I had done my best, or, to speak more correctly, my worst, for Alfred was not as consoling as it might have been. I felt humiliated in my own eyes at the part which friendship had forced me to play. By nine o'clock I became so restless, in spite of a cigar and a painstaking perusal of an old Times, which had in some way found its way to the inn, that I determined to go out.

I was wondering uneasily where Alfred had gone when he left Regina; whether he was coming back to the camp, and what would happen if he did so. There was no doubt that, having in some wise assumed the rôle of a *deus ex machina* in this affair, it would be the height of cowardice to leave matters alone at this juncture, however intense my longing to do so might be. It was this feeling that made me walk rapidly through the silent village, and turn into the meadows in the direction of the gypsy camp. It was an English evening in June, which is to say that one could read a letter with only the stars for light, and recognize one's friend at a

dozen paces' distance. By walking fast, I could reach the camp in half an hour, and at least reconnoitre, but I had not so far to go. As I crossed the second meadow, and reached a clump of trees at its farther side, I was startled by hearing my name spoken close beside me.

"Dexter!"

It was Power's voice, and even while the shock of my surprise was upon me I detected a ring of impatient pain in his tone. I turned quickly, and saw him, — a dark figure, half lying, half sitting, at the foot of a large tree. I went quickly towards him, wondering, as I did so, that he did not move. He went on speaking: —

"What, in the name of everything that's marvelous, brought you here now?" The words ended in a half groan, as if forced from him by suffering.

"I got your letter, and came to look for you," I answered.

He went on brokenly, "Help me up, if you can, but first tie up this confounded wound. I don't mind the pain; it's the bleeding that makes me faint."

By this time I was on my knees by him. Something serious had happened. His coat was off, and I saw, even in the dim light, that his shirt was drenched with blood on the left side, in front. I moved the torn linen gently, and saw a deep, jagged gash, evidently made by a knife.

"Who did this, Alfred?" I exclaimed, and a sort of futile fury came over me, in which myself, Alfred, and Regina were all included.

"Don't talk about it," he said, with the same wearied impatience in his voice that I had heard before. "Only get me somewhere, or I'll bleed to death. Or let me alone here. It does n't make much difference."

He was very white, and as he stopped speaking he leaned his head against the tree and shut his eyes.

I have a vivid and yet nightmare-like recollection of the hour that followed. I bandaged his wound as well as I could with his handkerchief and mine, and made him lie down more comfortably. Then I left him, and went back to the village. I managed to induce the hostler, after much bribing of a truly American prodigality, to put up their only horse and vehicle, — a rattling two-wheeled gig. In this, with the help of the hostler, who went with me, we brought Alfred back to the inn. However keen my curiosity was as to the explanation of his condition, it had to wait patiently for satisfaction. He was very ill for two or three days, with a high fever and the mental stupor produced by that state, and aggravated by his evident depression. I could only follow the directions of the village doctor, and nurse him as well as I knew how. I gave the doctor the benefit of my theories as to the cause of Alfred's wound, and my truthfulness met with the reward of his belief. He satisfied the somewhat timid distrust of the people of the inn with a modified version of the facts so far as we knew them. That a gentleman should be wounded in a quarrel with gypsies, and yet not wish to prosecute them, was curious, but a few shillings made their curiosity unobtrusive.

I should have written to Lady Mary but for two reasons: the first, that the doctor assured me Alfred was in no danger, — the wound was only a slight one, and would soon heal; the second, that on the evening of my finding Alfred, as I helped him to bed, a sealed letter, addressed to Lady Mary Power, fell out of his pocket. I picked it up and showed it to him. He took it from me and tore it in pieces.

"I forgot to post it," he said. "It need not go now."

"Do you want me to send for your mother?" I asked.

"Indeed, no," he answered irritably.

Then he held out his hand with his old friendly manner. He was lying on his back, very pale from loss of blood and exhaustion. "Don't mind me, Dexter," he said. "You are very good to stand by me, and to spare me questions. You were correct, and I have come off the worse for trusting these people, but I shall be quite right in a day or two."

This was the only allusion he made to his recent experience.

But for this one assurance of his pleasure in my presence he talked little, and hardly seemed to notice me. I saw that he liked to be alone, and therefore I spent hours strolling about the neighboring country. Sir William Heathcote and his family were away, but I gained an entrance to the park with the aid of the all-powerful shilling, and forgot time and space in its verdant, humid depths. I became intimate with the wrinkled grave-digger of Hursley church, and he told me many a hoary tale of the villagers and the great people of the neighborhood, until I began to feel that I, too, had been born in Hursley; that I had a birthright in the rich soil the old man turned over with his spade; that I could ask nothing better of life than to tread upon this soil, in the soothing English atmosphere, until my days were spent, and then to rest contentedly beneath it.

On the fourth day of our stay at the inn Alfred was well enough to dress and walk about.

"I shall leave this place to-morrow," he said. "You're a trump, Dexter, to have waited here, and endured my bad temper; above all, as you warned me what to expect. I thought I knew" — he hesitated a moment — "those people better than you did, but all my knowledge, all my experience, was at fault." He sighed rather heavily. "You may think me more of a fool, even, than before," he went on ingenuously, "but I have had a hard blow, and it will take me a long time to get over it."

At this moment I saw our landlady

beckoning to me, rather mysteriously, from the hall.

"Excuse me a moment," I said. I obeyed her summons, and she drew me out to the porch.

"I thought you might like to see the gypsies passin', sir," she said.

In fact, the van was lumbering down the road, driven by the elder Lee. I suppose his wife must have been inside, for I did not see her. Close to the van, on the side nearest to the inn, walked Regina Lee. The rear was brought up by Sylvester and Anselo Buckland, dogged and brutal; three or four hopelessly vulgar dogs snuffed at their heels. I looked at Regina with a mixture of anger and compunction. I was sure that she had stabbed Alfred, but in what degree I had prompted her action I was doubtful. The change in her appearance surprised me. She was haggard and hollow-eyed, and walked listlessly beside the van. She glanced indifferently at the inn. As she did so, I saw her expression suddenly change to one of vivid grief and emotion. Then she averted her eyes, and the little procession passed on. I thought this change was due to the sight of me, but at the same moment I was aware that Alfred stood beside me. He grasped my shoulder with one hand, and leaned heavily upon it. I did not look at him, but I heard his heavy breathing, and knew that he was deeply agitated. I do not think Anselo saw him, and Alfred appeared unconscious of any one but Regina. He left the porch as abruptly as he had come. He seemed his usual self when I rejoined him. The doctor made a last visit that day, and pronounced him in a condition that warranted his traveling, if he wished to do so. During the evening Alfred told me he was going to Scotland.

"I am sick of England," he said. "I am sorry to leave you, Dexter, but I would be poor company now."

The next day we parted, but at the

station where I was to take the train for London, and whither Alfred bore me company, I learned all I wished to know. He began abruptly, and told me in a few words that on the afternoon of the night on which I found him he had gone to Winchester to procure a license. "I wanted to make it all *sure*," he said, simply. When he came back to the camp Regina was not to be found. The Lees only laughed when he questioned them as to her whereabouts. He finally left the camp, and met her in the woods with Anselo. She would not speak to him, and Anselo advanced and taunted him about his folly in supposing that a Romany girl who was betrothed to him would marry a *Gorgio*. Alfred, without noticing Anselo, asked Regina to speak for herself. She only laughed, and said that Anselo was right; it was true, every word. She had fooled him a little, to amuse herself. "Then," said Alfred, "she ran away before I could say more. I did not see her again until yesterday, when she passed the inn."

I had listened with a miserable feeling of guilt and a burning pity for Regina. An exclamation escaped me.

"You did not see her again? Who stabbed you, then?"

Alfred stared at me in surprise. "Anselo," he answered. "As Regina left me he sprang on me, and crying in Romany, 'Dog! you sha'n't escape so easily!' gave me the thrust that has laid me up until now. I struggled with him, but he had the advantage, and I was not armed. He got away before I could do anything."

"And you let him go yesterday!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" asked Alfred. "I have had no disappointment in him. I knew what he was from the first."

I had a wild impulse to tell him of my conversation with Regina, but the train steamed up to the station before I could make my confession, and my chance was lost.

My mood for solitude and green fields was over, and I was not sorry to avail myself of all the opportunities to go out in London society gained by four years at Christ Church, Oxford.

I frequently met Lady Mary Power. Early in July, just before I left London to go to the Continent, she told me with much satisfaction that Alfred had written to her that he was coming to London, and would go out with her as much as she wished during the remainder of the season.

"It must be your influence during the fortnight you were together, Mr. Dexter," she said, graciously. "How can I thank you enough!"

She invited me to visit her at Power Hall in September, when Alfred should be at home.

Whatever had been the means I had employed to serve Lady Mary and her son, the end might justify them. I pictured Alfred a tamed and civilized member of society, married to a London heiress, and representing his county in Parliament. Why not? I asked myself.

A week later I sat in the smoking-room of a Swiss hotel, reading the London Times of the day before. I glanced over the marriages. One of them read as follows:—

"POWER—LEE.—At Winchester, Hampshire, July 4th, Alfred Power, Esq., of Power Hall, Surrey, to Regina Lee."

The same notice was repeated beneath in Romany.

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

Poetic justice is not always a pleasure to complex mortals, and in this case my dismay was mingled with a mortification which has not ceased to sting. Explanation was impossible, and I could only sink my own feeling in the matter, and hope that Alfred's awakening might be long deferred. He dropped out of his "world" completely, and the slight vacuum that he left was easily filled,—

to all but Lady Mary. I could imagine her disappointment, but I was not a witness to it. I sailed for America in September, without having paid my visit to Power Hall.

I have seen Power only once since we parted at Winchester. Three years after his marriage I passed a portion of the summer in Spain. I was riding near Granada one day with a party of Americans. Our road took a sudden turn through a rocky defile. Before us we saw a man and woman approaching. Their somewhat picturesque clothes were dusty and travel-worn. The man drove two mules, heavily laden with canvas and tent-poles and a quantity of basket-work, evidently for sale.

"They must be gypsies," I said.

"*Spanish* gypsies!" cried a lady of our party. "Oh, how romantic! It makes one think of dear George Eliot and Longfellow, you know. Dear me, what strikingly handsome creatures! The woman might easily be Fedalma herself. She is a perfect beauty."

I hardly heard what she said. I recognized in the woman Regina, and in the man Alfred Power. I felt an overpowering agitation. All my affection, all my self-reproach and disappointment, rushed upon me. But the first feeling was the strongest. I hungered for a friendly word from him.

"Alfred!" I said, and spurred my horse nearer to him. But he met my eager look with a blank stare that had no recognition in it, and passed on, with Regina close beside him.

"It is nothing," I stammered, when my friends asked an explanation of my eccentric behavior. "I thought the man looked like a friend I had once."

I have never forgotten the expression of Power's face *before* he saw me. It was very passive, very calm; but it has always been impossible for me to decide whether it was that of a man who was happy, or the reverse.

Margaret Crosby.

ANNE GILCHRIST.

THERE is a personality in some people which is brought out most distinctly by relations held to others. Mrs. Gilchrist, whose memorial ¹ has been edited by her son, was a woman of marked strength of character and self-reliance; yet her very individuality is most discoverable when one sees her with her husband, with Blake, with her children, with Whitman, and with Mary Lamb. She is always herself, but then her self was a nature which obeyed the great paradoxical law of finding life through the loss of it. Mrs. Carlyle is quoted as saying, as she watched her neighbor breaking up her Chelsea home for a retirement in the country, that Mrs. Gilchrist would "skin and bury herself alive for the benefit of her children." Comparisons are apt to be unjust as well as odious, and the picture of Mrs. Gilchrist keeping the integrity of her life when most completely devoted to the life of others is striking enough without the aid of any contrasting picture, even if two neighboring households readily suggest such contrasts.

Anne Burrows was twenty-three years old when she married Alexander Gilchrist. Her father died when she was eleven, and she was left to the care of her mother. The family seems to have been one which held by the tenets of the evangelical school, and Anne's education was directed in accordance with these tenets; but the few glimpses which her son gives of her girlhood disclose the independence of mind which was afterward so marked an attribute. Apparently, her religious education was based upon a merely superficial presentation of traditional beliefs, and her vigorous intellect, refusing such nurture, took

refuge in an extreme individualism. It is no uncommon phenomenon when the dry individualism of Calvinism, detached from the deep personal experience which saves the creed, sends the dissatisfied pupil into a richer naturalism, but one which has missed the profound significance of a common Christianity.

In Alexander Gilchrist the thoughtful girl found a true companion, or, to speak more exactly, the husband found in his wife one who could give to his nervous, eager, literary activity the aid of a calm, sympathetic, and constant nature. Mrs. Gilchrist has elsewhere sketched her husband's life, and brief as that sketch is it leaves upon the mind a tolerably sharp impression of the conscientious, thorough, and minutely curious character to which she was so happily joined. She gave him, we cannot help thinking, an element of repose, and he gave her both an intellectual stimulus and, by the legacy of his unfinished work and their little children, an occupation and purpose which carried her through hard years and deepened the forces of her nature.

Mr. Gilchrist was an enthusiast in art, and a finely constituted hero-worshiper. He is principally known to readers by his *Life of William Blake*, the actual composition of which was practically complete before he was cut off by sudden death, although considerable editorial labor was afterward expended on the work by his widow and by the two Rossettis. Mrs. Gilchrist does not seem to have had any special training in artistic studies before her marriage, and her chosen literary tasks after she was done with the Blake did not lead her into the field of art. Her intellectual companionship with her husband made

¹ *Anne Gilchrist: her Life and Writings*. Edited by HERBERT HARLAKENDEN GILCHRIST. With a Prefatory Notice by WILLIAM

MICHAEL ROSSETTI. New York: Scribner and Welford. 1887.

her quickly intelligent in such matters, and she followed his lead with confident step ; but we are impressed rather by the large wisdom which saved her from a mere sympathetic pursuit of her husband's studies. While he was with her, she thought with him and worked with him. When he was gone, she finished his task carefully, with sound judgment and excellent taste. Then she devoted herself to the next interest, and lived for years to mould and guide her children's characters.

Her husband's hero-worship made him naturally a biographer, and his fine perception, his quick sympathy, led him to choose subjects upon which he could expend generous labor ; he had, as Mrs. Gilchrist says, a "strong sympathy with the unvictorious fighters in the battle of life." With this came easily a warm admiration for persons, and a willingness to make himself of use to them. The man who would hunt with unflagging zeal for everything which threw light upon the career of the dead Blake was no less ready to lend his time and fine powers of literary scent to the living Carlyle ; and thus it came about that a friendly acquaintance with the hero ripened rapidly into an affectionate relation, and Gilchrist proved a most helpful aid to the historian in searching for portraits. The two families became neighbors in Chelsea, and the son prints interesting extracts from his father's journal and correspondence, in which the social and a little of the domestic life of the Carlyles is pleasantly outlined in a scrappy, disjointed fashion. It would not be fair to judge Mr. Gilchrist by the random notes which he made. They were plainly intended as pegs for his own memory, and some of the trivialities would doubtless have either been omitted altogether, or replaced by the fuller form which they would have suggested to the writer, if he had used this material itself.

Nevertheless, these pages relating to

the Carlyles help to bring out the personality of Mrs. Gilchrist, and it is for this that we are glad to have them. They show the young couple in friendly and natural association with the older and more famous people near them ; and though Mrs. Gilchrist appears almost in the background, the reader is constantly pleased with the glimpses he catches of her, — womanly, devoted, intellectually strong, yet never obtruding herself, and always preserving that calm, cheerful self-poise which must have made her, with all her privacy of life, the one person to whom the other three restless figures turned for a sense of repose and steadfastness. It was at this time, also, that the Rossettis were added to the circle of the Gilchrists' acquaintance, and both now and later there are pleasing expressions of Dante Rossetti's subdued intensity of nature.

It was through her husband and his literary occupation that Mrs. Gilchrist came into association with these and other notable persons, but her husband was rather the occasion than the cause of her friendships. When he was taken from her, and she buried herself in the country with her children, her former friends showed in many ways that they valued her for her own sake ; and though she secluded herself, she kept on, as she had done before, quietly and with delicate discrimination, receiving into her life the best that presented itself. She does not seem to have read widely, but she was indifferent to ignoble literature. She did not make a crowd of friends, but, while open and receptive to all, she gravitated toward those best worth knowing and most worth holding. Thus to Brookbank came the Tennysons, and their coming is so pleasantly told by Mrs. Gilchrist in a letter that we give it here :

"I was sitting under the yew-tree yesterday, when Fanny came to me and put a card into my hand. And whose name do you think was on that card ? If I were talking instead of writing, I

should make you guess, and keep you in suspense a long while; but that is no use in a letter, because you can peep forward. It was 'Mr. Alfred Tennyson.' He looks older than I expected, because, of course, the portraits one was early familiar with have stood still in one's mind as the image to be associated with that great name. But he is, to my thinking, far nobler looking now, every inch a king: features are massive; eyes very grave and penetrating; hair long, still very dark, and, though getting thin, falls in such a way as to give a peculiar beauty to the mystic head. Mrs. Tennyson, a sweet, graceful woman, with singularly winning, gentle manners, but she looks painfully fragile and wan. . . .

"But what you will be most anxious to hear is all that he said. Mrs. Tennyson having mentioned that they had just come over from Petersfield, and that they had been there to see a clergyman who takes pupils, with an idea of placing their boys with him, when Giddy [a child of seven] came into the room, Tennyson called her to him, asked her her name, kissed her, stroked her sturdy legs, made Mrs. Tennyson feel them, and then set her on his knee, and talked to her all the while I was over at the Simmons' arranging matters. Afterwards, when we were walking up a hill together, he said, 'I admire that little girl of yours. It is n't every one that admires that kind of very solid development of flesh and blood, but I do. Old Tom Campbell used to say that children should be like bulbs,—plenty of substance in them for the flower to grow out of by and by.' Tennyson asked me how many children I had; and when I said 'four,' answered hastily, 'Quite enough! quite enough!' at which I was not a little amused."

So began a pleasant friendship, which was confirmed when the Tennysons came to stay in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Gilchrist made herself a most hospitable and helpful neighbor. Her let-

ters at this time give most agreeable bits from Tennyson's talk, and unwittingly show how much the poet respected this cheerful, serene, hard-working mother. Hard-working indeed she was. A strict economy was needful, and everything was to be done for the children. It was for them that she had sought this country seclusion, and she was giving them not only the physical training which the pure air and sweet country permitted, but the careful training in mental power which her strong nature made possible. All else was subordinate; and while she used her pen from time to time, to add to her slender income, she resolutely measured her strength with regard to the one crowning purpose of this part of her life. She writes to her sister-in-law:—

"Masson has accepted the article I wrote last spring [The Indestructibility of Force, in Macmillan's Magazine]. And that will be the last thing I shall attempt for many a long day, as I have fully made up my mind to give myself up wholly to educating the children. I find it such a harassing strain to attempt two things. Bad for me, because to be hard at work from the time you step out of bed in the morning till you step into it at night is not good for any one; it leaves no time, either, for general culture, for drinking at the refreshing fountain of standard literature and of music. Bad for the children, because it made me grudge them my time of an evening, when so much indirect good may be done to them by reading aloud and showing them prints. And after all, they will not always be children; and if I have it in me to do anything worth doing with my pen, why, I can do it ten years hence, if I live, when I shall have completed my task so far as direct instruction of the children goes. I shall only be forty-six then, not in my dotage. Do you think I am right? A divided aim is not only most harassing to a conscientious disposition, but quite

fatal to success, — to doing one's very best in either." And later she writes of teaching "as real hard work, and I spend five hours a day at it; and then the amount of industry that goes to making two hundred a year do the work of four or five is not small. However, my prime rest, pleasure, society, all in one, — what keeps me going in a tolerably unflagging way, — are the glorious walks. Hind Head is as fresh to me as the day I first set eyes on it. And if I go out feeling ever so jaded, irritable, dispirited, when I find myself up there alone (for unless I have perfect stillness and quietness, and my thoughts are as free as a bird, the walk does not seem to do me a bit of good) care and fatigue are all shaken off, and life seems as grand and sweet and noble a thing as the scene my bodily eyes rest on; and if sad thoughts come, they have hope and sweetness so blended with them that I hardly know them to be sad, and I return to my little chicks quite bright and rested, and fully alive to the fact that they are the sweetest, loveliest chicks in the whole world; and Giddy says, 'Mamma has shut up her box of sighs.'"

The familiar intercourse which Mrs. Gilchrist maintained with the Rossettis, by interchange of visits and correspondence, gave occasion for an acquaintance which largely colors the latter half of this interesting book. Mr. William Rossetti introduced Walt Whitman to the English public by a volume of judicious selections, and one of its earliest readers was Mrs. Gilchrist, who writes: "Since I have had it, I can read no other book; it holds me entirely spell-bound, and I go through it again and again, with deepening delight and wonder." Mr. Rossetti at once placed the entire body of Whitman's verse in Mrs. Gilchrist's hands; and there followed a series of letters from her, which were a little later run into a consecutive article, printed in America, and reprinted in

this volume as *An Englishwoman's Estimate of Walt Whitman*. Mr. Rossetti introduced the letters by a brief note of his own, in which he characterized them as "about the fullest, farthest-reaching, and most eloquent appreciation of Whitman yet put into writing, whether or not I or other readers find cause for critical dissent at an item here and there. The most valuable, I say, because this is the expression of what a woman sees in Whitman's poems, — a woman who has read and thought much, and whom to know is to respect and esteem in every relation, whether of character, intellect, or culture." Fifteen years later Mrs. Gilchrist again summed her judgment of Whitman and his apostleship in a paper printed in this volume, entitled *A Confession of Faith*.

There is, or rather was fifteen or twenty years ago, in England, a disposition among literary and artistic people of a distinct type to construct an American phantom. The men and women who were at odds with the England of their day, impatient at smug respectability, chafing not so much at the petty restrictions of conventionality as at the limitations imposed by institutional religion and politics, wishing to escape from the commercial conception of the universe, and met everywhere by the self-complacency of Philistinism, took refuge in two widely separate realities, mediæval romanticism and American freedom. The one inspired their art and much of their poetry, the other enkindled their thought. Both offered them an opportunity to protest against English lawful dullness. In America these spirits saw the cheerful largeness of hope, the confident step, the freedom from tradition, the frank appropriation of the world as belonging to Americans, and a general habit of mind which proclaimed law as made for man, and not man for law. With the ardor of worshipers, the more *outré* their idol the more they admired it. An exagger-

ated type of frontier lawlessness, some sombrero-shadowed, cowhide-booted being, filled them with special ecstasy. It was not that they cared to go and live with him on the prairie, but he served as a sort of symbol to them of an expansive life which was gone from England, but was possible to humanity. They knew he was exaggerated, that there were cityfuls of people in America who regarded him as a side-show; but he brought the freshness of contrast with him, and so served the end of their thought in his way as effectively as a Cimabue did in his. Cimabue and the latest wild man of the West met in the London studio and drawing-room, and though they did not know each other had a "mutual friend."

Thus these dissatisfied Englishmen sought in American literature for something new, something that could not have been written in London, and they were impatient of those fine shades of difference which make American literature as distinct as Americans themselves, and just as defiant of analysis; they wished to see their conceptions of America materialized in bold, unmistakable shape. They did not ask for form, — they had abundance of that in England; they asked for spirit, and it might take any shape it chose. So, persons whose artistic perception was delicately developed accepted as a fact, which transcended all ordinary laws of art, poetry as huge, as floundering, as inorganic, as Blake's wandering visions, and like those visions shot through with superb lines, touched with gleams of heavenly beauty, suggesting waves of profound thought. Poetry broken loose was what they saw and admired.

There is much in the point of view, in admiration. From a London studio an American wonder will have a different aspect than from the interior life of America itself, and the explanation of the apparent indifference which his own age and country may show to a poet

received with acclaim in a foreign land may be found in the very community which his contemporary countrymen enjoy with him. They see the thoughts which they think, and all the while unconsciously translate into the forms of their activity, rendered in a poetic form, which has little value for them precisely because it comes too close to their nature. They are accustomed to tall talk, and they treat it good-humoredly, as a weakness of their own. But because they are living freely, generously, and, if one may say so, splurgily, they instinctively seek form in their ideals of art, and demand that the spiritual forces which they admire shall have a completeness and precision complementary to their own somewhat vague and unrestrained life. It was no unmeaning accident, but a clear demonstration of this conscious want, which made sculpture the first effort of any consequence in American art. It was this perfection of form which endeared Longfellow to his countrymen, and it is the delicacy of art in Hawthorne which has made him so representative an American writer.

We have strayed away a little from our immediate theme. Mr. Rossetti rightly congratulated himself that so strong a woman as Mrs. Gilchrist should welcome Whitman, and no one can read her own analysis of this new nature which had been presented to her without respecting her lofty courage and broad sympathy. "Perhaps Walt Whitman has forgotten, or, through some theory in his head, has overridden," she writes, "the truth that our instincts are beautiful facts of nature, as well as our bodies, and that we have a strong instinct of silence about some things." Having said that, she dismisses the matter, or rather proceeds to take up into a general philosophical *coup d'œil* all that in the poet which individually or in detail might offend her.

Our business is not with the poet, but with the woman, and our interest is in

seeing how boldly she uses the poet as a whole to carry forward her thought, to enlarge her conceptions of human life, and to solidify and define floating notions of science and religion which had long been forming in her mind. She is right, from her point of view, in disregarding special criticism. It was not whether Whitman, in this or that poem, had given her pleasure or offended her sense of propriety; he was to her, in the sweep of his prose and verse, a democratic prophet, and as such a most welcome guide into those larger regions of thought whither her mind was tending. She belonged to the larger England of her day, and with a woman's wit and fidelity she recognized at once and accepted without reserve the Greatheart who should point the way to the city of her desire. Few phenomena in Mrs. Gilchrist's life impress us as more indicative of her womanliness than this strong passion for a book which in its ordinary acceptation would seem to repel rather than attract a woman's nature. In a large way she was disclosing the same noble nature which we have noted under other conditions. She was losing her life to find it; she was suppressing the individual in her to rise into the nobler conception of the humane life; and in giving herself so abundantly to a great idea — for it was a great idea which she caught through the medium of this new nature — she was enlarging and enriching her own personality. All this we can say, looking at the matter from her point of view, but we think she was wrong, fundamentally, in her philosophy; for naturalism, however far it may be developed, never has accounted, and never can account, for the sons of God.

We have dwelt so long on the more striking periods of Mrs. Gilchrist's development that we can only refer briefly to the circumstances that followed. In 1876 she came to America for two or three years, enlarging her circle of acquaintance, and as before quietly pos-

sessing herself of the best that came in her way; not restlessly seeking the unusual or the conspicuous, but looking with interest and a fine discrimination upon the life with which fortune brought her into contact. Naturally she sought out Walt Whitman, and established pleasant friendly relations with him. She found him fully realizing the ideal she had formed from his poems; for Mrs. Gilchrist had a sane mind, and was abundantly able to take care of her conceptions. We are not always impressed by the notes of Whitman's conversations which have been preserved by the editor of the volume, but we recognize the difficulty that is very apt to arise in undertaking to give impressions of a personality through such meagre and fragmentary memoranda as the recollections of a conversation afford. There are not many who have the genius to record from memory a really interpretative talk, and give it anything of the value which the living tongue and eye conveyed.

The years which succeeded Mrs. Gilchrist's return to England, from 1879 to 1885, were filled with occupation. She wrote a sympathetic life of Mary Lamb for the series of Eminent Women, and some minor articles, and brought out a second and revised edition of the Blake; and she moved in a circle of friends who called out her cheerful help, and gave her in return the homage of respect and affection. She passed through a strong grief in the loss of a daughter, and her own strength, which had been undermined by years of devotion, gave way at last. In the somewhat fragmentary treatment of the volume these last years are not very fully treated, but one is incurious of petty detail. He is satisfied with the sketch which is left on his mind of a woman notable not so much for any mark which she has left on the literature of the day, though under other conditions she might well have been eminent thus, as for the fine portrait which she presents of an English gen-

tlewoman of the new yet ever old school, brave, honest, hospitable to the largest thought, devoted, and genuine, with a serene cheerfulness under circumstances which strain the character. Two etch-

ings in the volume help the reader to a pleasing view of Mrs. Gilchrist's face and bearing, and there are other interesting illustrations, including a photo-gravure from a lovely Romney.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

What is Vul- IN just precisely what does garity? vulgarity consist? Is there any better definition of it to be had than such as Polonius would have given? —

“For, to define true vulgarity, What is 't but to be nothing else but vulgar?” It seems to me that most, if not all, of its aspects would be covered by saying that vulgarity is “to be nothing else but” second-rate. This points straight back to the original, *vulgus*, as being the characteristic of the commonalty. They — the populace — are not only themselves second-rate in grade of being and attainment, but their belongings, and even their desires of different belongings, are such. If we conceive society as consisting of a mass and a “remnant,” we find the persons making up this latter fraction to be characterized, more definitely than in any other way, by this one peculiarity, that they are “amorous of perfection.” They are continually seeking after the first-rate of every species of thing, and are not to be satisfied with anything short of it. It is from this point of view of theirs, only, that the idea of the existence of vulgarity can arise. For this is the thing, of whatever kind, that they reject as imperfect, lower in grade than the best, second-rate, or, to use the excellent Oriental term, not at all itself a vulgarism, though often unjustly suspected of being such, second-chop.

Vulgarity, therefore, is purely a relative term. It is contentment with an inferior thing, seen from the point of view

of one who knows of a better. To eat certain articles of food with the fingers is vulgar, so soon as you have attained to a knife. To eat them with the knife is vulgar, when once you know about a fork. And to eat them with the fork might equally be thought so by one who had acquired of some courtly mandarin the dainty use of the delicate chop-stick. (The fork, namely, would in that case seem a second-chop stick.) In all tongues certain words are vulgar to any one who uses choicer ones. *Equus* was good Latin, while *caballus* was vulgar; as *horse* is good English, while *hoss* is vulgar. Beethoven is good music, while the Saccharine Hereafter is vulgar music; that is to say, what else but that it is second-rate, and accordingly preferred by musically second-rate people? To be always chaffing each other is a vulgar way that some persons have of conversing; the better bred know of a better way. To gag up a carriage horse's nose into the air with the torturing bearing-rein is vulgar; it is a low trick of second-chop shoddy people who are afraid of their coachman. But we need not multiply illustrations. The vulgar thing is always something accepted in ignorance of a better, which is known to the person perceiving the vulgarity.

In villages and country towns the “masses” have a retaliatory term, so far as manners and dress are concerned. Catching up a popular neologism from the newspapers, without a too clear idea

of its original application, they call any man whose habits or garments might seem to throw their own into the second grade a "dude." The relativity of this term, also, is curious. In the heart of the village a man is a dude if he wears a late-patterned coat and shoes blacked twice a day. A little way back in the interior, he is a dude if he wears any coat whatever on week days in the summer, or has his shoes blacked oftener than semi-annually. I suppose one might go on so far into the "interior" of some other continent, if not of this one, that he would be considered the most flagrant sort of a dude if he wore anything at all. So of personal habits: there are all stages of the appellation, from setting a man down as a dude because he has a daily bath, to the attitude of the chimney-sweep, reported lately in the papers, who proudly stated his determination to "wash his face once a week, whether it needed it or not."

There is small chance for phariseism in any wise perception of the prevalence of vulgarity. For in view of it the best of us may well "suspect" rather than "revere himself;" may suspect himself, namely, of having somewhere about him — in his manners, in those inner manners known as feelings, in his opinions, in his desires or deficiency of desires — some certain mouldy remainders of second-choppiness; that is to say, of vulgarity.

Second-rateness, combined with obtuseness to the fact, — as we think of the causes producing vulgarity of this definition, in the community, do we not at once hit upon the second-rate newspaper? I think we each know of a newspaper whose influence is constantly vulgarizing, because it is invariably on the side of the second-best as against the first-best in everything. With its single second-chop aim at a huge subscription list, it is always on the safe side of hitting a low enough average appreciation, instead of any high and exceptional ap-

preciation. Its editorials are so plainly written down to a supposed low grade of intelligence that even this low grade would seem certain to detect and resent it. Its very news is so dressed as to make sure, at all hazards, of suiting the most vulgar palate among its patrons. With its amplification of second-chop events by second-chop writers, its puffs of second-chop people and their books or other achievements, its hot advocacy of second-chop office-seekers, with their second-chop political notions, — what can it be but a vulgarizing influence?

On the other hand, do we not know of a journal whose whole tone — in editorials, in news and news comment, in political discussion, in literary review — is the tone of candid talk between gentlemen? It is plain in every line that each writer is offering, not a second-best, supposed to be suited to a duller intelligence or inferior opportunities, but the best knowledge and opinion by him attainable. Any considerable acquaintance with its issues, moreover, gives one a confidence that the writer undertaking a special topic in its columns has some competency to speak upon it. In other words, it maintains the reputation with its readers of being a journal prepared by first-class intelligence for first-class intelligence.

We all feel that we must keep up with the news of the world. We insist on taking our "fifty years of Europe" in daily, or at least weekly, installments. Is it not, now, a most strange and vulgar taste in us if we prefer — or even if we submit — to take this indispensable news through a medium perfectly recognized to be second-rate in morals, manners, and intelligence, when there is a better to be had?

The "power of the press"! — we are always eulogizing it as one of our boasted modern blessings. Yet in my own private judgment I take the liberty of thinking that the evil newspaper aforementioned has done more harm in this

country in the past dozen years than any other one influence. In social aims, in political morals (or immorals), in general tone and atmosphere, it has done its worst, and is doing its worst, to vulgarize the country.

Nevertheless, it would be much too rapid generalization to affirm that the press is any such vulgarizing force. There are newspapers and newspapers.

Short-Hand Writing. — A paragraph in the Contributors' Club for March, in regard to shortening the work of writing by omitting words and sometimes letters, leads me to mention what certain noted newspaper experts have done in that direction. I remember a conversation I once had with Henry J. Raymond, in which he spoke of the weary nights he had known when working on the old *Courier and Inquirer*. On his journeys from Albany to New York he toiled all night long, writing out the speeches of great orators. He had taken them, as the technical phrase is, with the common written alphabet, and modestly mentioned his skill in doing this as if it were not remarkable. I first heard the expression *key-words* from Mr. Raymond. He revealed to me his method by saying that he wrote the key-words of the sentences, and was able from these to reproduce the orations of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and various speakers of less celebrity.

I have known two other distinguished editors, who could take verbatim reports — so called — of speeches by the use of the common alphabet. Conversing with them, I learned that their method was substantially the same as that of Mr. Raymond. One of them, however, dwelt upon the omission of letters (all the vowels) as an important feature in brief writing; the other emphasized the desirability of writing out full copy from the notes immediately after the speech was taken.

I think it is plain just how these men worked. In the first place, they omit-

ted about half the words, as shown in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which I have alluded. In the second place, they omitted nearly half the letters in the remaining words. Thus they got rid of about three parts out of four, in the work of writing. Take into account the well-known fact that men habitually speak, extemporaneously, about four times as fast as they write, and the miracle performed by these experts is explained.

It would seem that a few points, already indicated, should be observed in using the method as above described. The writer should have a fair knowledge of the subject talked about. Mr. Raymond used to seek for a conversation with the orator about his subject before he delivered his speech.

It is desirable, also, to write out the full speech while the orator's sentences still ring in the ears of the one who restores them. But this is not essential. The merely constructive part, which has been omitted and has to be supplied, need not be in the form habitual to the speaker. Although the construction is varied, if the key-words are properly placed, the spoken and written forms will seem identical. I recall an instance which illustrates this. A member of the New York State Senate, making an important speech, was *taken* by one of the expert editors I have alluded to. A few days later the speech appeared in full in a leading newspaper, much to the gratification of the Senator, who publicly complimented its accuracy. Arrangements for taking full reports were not then common, as they are now; but it so happened that an actual verbatim report of the same speech was made by a thoroughly skilled stenographer, who came into the senate-chamber without the knowledge of the editor. It fell to my lot to compare the two renderings. They were alike in meaning and in the key-words, but were unlike in the connective words, and varied widely in the con-

struction of sentences. The editor, in studying to give a verbatim air to his work, had expanded rather than contracted the volume of the hour's speech as it was delivered. If he had failed in a few places to reproduce the glow and fire and the grand periods of the impassioned orator, he had upon the whole improved the Senator's eloquence. It was fortunate, so far as the distinguished debater's reputation with his constituents and the world was concerned, that an accomplished editor, rather than a mere photographer of words, had taken him in hand and presented him to the reading public.

In these days of multitudinous word-takers, editorial reporting is becoming a lost art. But to it, as it formerly existed, is to be credited not a little of the excellence of some of the speeches which have come down to us as models of eloquence. It was a rare triumph to the youthful Raymond when Daniel Webster, returning a manuscript report submitted to be revised, said, "Sir, it needs no revision." That could hardly have been said of an offhand address, if it had been literally rendered. There is a chance for art in an editorial report, just as there is in a painted likeness. Said an artist to me recently, commenting upon a portrait by one whom he thought far above him in ability, "I know the subject of the portrait personally, and the picture is excellent beyond all I can express. It not only is more like the man than he is like himself, but, beyond all that, it looks much better than he does, and as he ought to look, and would look if he were more himself than he is." There is something of this in the editorial reports (claiming to be verbatim) which have been made by the pens of great writers.

I cannot omit the mention of a curious manuscript which once came into my possession, and which had a relation to the matter now in hand. The document was written by one of the best

known orators America has produced. I do not mention his name, because I have to describe a peculiarity in his handwriting which is hardly a public matter. He was to speak on a great occasion, soon after the war. The victorious Grant and several of his greatest generals were to be (and were) upon the platform. Of course the press of the city where the celebration was to take place must have the oration. The manuscript was applied for in advance, and was very kindly furnished. The entire editorial and printing forces of a large office (including experts in abbreviation) were baffled by that manuscript. It had to be given up as indecipherable. Yet it was the most beautiful and philosophical exemplification of what can be done with our common written alphabet that I have ever known. The man who produced it was tossed on the waves and billows of the tempests of that time, and composed his orations under the pressure of labors which only great strength could endure. It was doubtless severe necessity which caused him to originate the method he used. Let me describe the work of his pen:—

A square blank-book, containing about a hundred and fifty leaves, had, apparently, been grabbed up at some stationer's, and the cover torn off. The threads and the glue adhering to the back held the papers together. On the first page, in a round, clear hand, as distinct as that of a schoolboy, were written those solemn, weighty words, arranged in majestic sentences, which were soon to impress the great men of the nation and thousands of citizens by their fitness and dignity. On the second page the writing was fairly good, and there was the same stately march, which reminded one, when the oration was delivered, of the tread of an elephant. On the third page the pace quickened, the style was more sprightly, and the work of the pen became decidedly obscure. On the fourth page it was evi-

dent that the mind driving the pen was beginning to move much faster, and that the climax of that first introductory phase of the subject was in sight. The words were all there, but were so condensed by the omission of letters, and often by making a prominent syllable do duty as a word, that it was very difficult to decipher the writing. It was especially noticeable that a key-word, used only once, was always plainly written; but if it occurred again half of it would be omitted, and on its third appearance it would be still further reduced; and so the process continued, until the clear form first given was worn down to little more than a scratch. On the fifth page it was evident that the impulses which moved this massive mind were thoroughly aroused, and the impetuous rush began. The first climax was near. Words seemed to have disappeared from the page, and a series of characters which must have been vestiges became visible. These characters were brief, rarely containing marks enough to seem like a written word. Here and there, however, ingenuity succeeded in identifying several letters, and two or three disconnected phrases were "suspected." The united forces of the office could do no more. On the sixth page, all sight of the elephant was lost in the wilderness. A series of brief marks resembling the German short-hand, which is formed mainly of strokes sloping all in one direction, like our common penmanship, confronted the eye of the anxious inquirer. Little could be determined in regard to it except that it was composed of vestiges; and it was seen that a great deal must be written upon the page, because it contained so many of these brief remnants. On this page the orator's treatment of the first phase of his subject culminated. It could be perceived that his mind paused. He ended his long paragraph, which had been without a break from the beginning, and started a new one. There was a blank space

and an indented line. The new phase began with the same round, delightfully clear handwriting with which he had opened his former one. Every letter was carefully made, and the new set of key-words which applied to this view of his theme were as well written as those before described. But he quickened his step sooner now. He passed into the unknown before he had completed three pages.

Thus it was throughout the manuscript. The working of the man's mind was pictured in his writing. He had developed a method ranging all the way from ordinary penmanship to an efficient system of stenography. I recall one of his contractions. A long key-word ending in *ment* was, upon its repetition, represented by that syllable. This was subsequently still further reduced by making it a mere line, ending with an upward flirt, which was crossed to identify it as the final letter. As it was a word of several syllables, there was little chance of making out this skyrocket in the midst of a crowd of similar brevities. So long as letters appeared, the writing could be read by the experts, though much abbreviated, but when the alphabet melted, the clue was lost. The heat of composition had fused the written language into forms which I venture to term unique and remarkable.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the manuscript was "returned with thanks," and when the great day came, the Press had a short-hand writer on the platform.

— In the very interesting and appreciative criticism on Vedder's pictures which appeared in the June Atlantic, the writer, Mr. Downes, gives an interpretation of the drawing called *The Soul between Doubt and Faith*, so different from the impression made on me by the same work that I cannot forbear sending my interpretation also.

Mr. Downes speaks of "a woman's face darkened by the shadow of a great

Another Interpretation.

sorrow," etc., as representing the Soul, "the serene and radiant head, surrounded by a golden nimbus" as Faith, and "the shrewd, wrinkled visage" of a graybeard as Doubt.

To me this "wrinkled visage" was, on the contrary, a most perfect and very original expression of human faith; and faith must be human, because when we rise above humanity faith is no longer needed, — it becomes sight. This old man's face expressed, to my thinking, the most serene and restful trust,

and a peace so deep and sure that he could look quietly out and around him, instead of gazing upwards in an agonized struggle, according to the conventional representations of faith.

Doubt, for me, was the dark, bitter, introverted face in the front of the picture, and the Soul could be none but the radiant young head, with startled eyes, crowned with the rainbow colors, which are but the untwisted strands of a ray of that Light ineffable from which all souls proceed.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Zury, the Meanest Man in Spring County, a novel of Western Life, by Joseph Kirkland. (Houghton.) Books, like men, have their conscious and their unconscious lives. Mr. Kirkland has set himself deliberately to sketch the development of a man bred under pioneer influences in Illinois, presumably, growing up with a powerfully mean streak in his nature, exhibiting his meanness by the most flagrant crime against honor, and then undergoing transformation at the hands of the woman he has wronged. The picture which he draws of an agricultural community on the prairie has the note of fidelity, and the pains which he takes to reproduce the uncouth speech of his characters calls out the reader's sympathy even after the speech has grown wearisome. Nor is the psychological truthfulness to be gainsaid. Low types of intellectual and moral nature have limitations which have been carefully studied and portrayed. Nevertheless, we think the author has missed the mark if he really has essayed anything beyond a photographic sketch of life; he fails to account for the redemptive power in Anne or to indicate a real change and growth in Zury. Unconsciously, the book is a travesty of the genteel realism of the day. Instead of West End ladies and gentlemen engaged in their little atomic dance, we have Western clodhoppers very close to the earth, moving around an equally confined circle. In neither case does there seem to come in a breath of strong air suggestive of the fields of light atmosphere in which this globe of ours is swimming. — *The Devil's Hat*, a Sketch in Oil, by Melville Phil-

lips. (Ticknor.) A novel of incident connected with the petroleum region. It is a somewhat noisy book, in which there are glimpses of natural scenes; but the author appears to have marked all his goods up far above their real value, and to be vainly endeavoring to transact his literary business on this false basis. — *The Lovely Wang, a Bit of China*, by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. (Holt.) One of the Leisure Hour Series, but deplorably out of place in that generally choice series. It is a vulgar piece of work, by some one who has seen the outside of China and writes like an English barbarian. A cheap wit plays about a feeble story, and one wonders if this writer knows what an English gentleman is. He certainly is incapable of recognizing a Chinese gentleman. — *A Week away from Time*. (Roberts.) A very modern Septemeron, in which in a secluded Cape Cod village a half dozen nice people entertain themselves with stories, reminiscences, and conversation; the whole amateurish to a degree, but having a charm which is often lacking in the professional exercises, — the charm, that is, of refinement of touch and the pathos which comes from playing at work. The shopkeepers in a charity bazaar, the players in parlor theatricals, the authors in anonymous literary escapades, all have a good time and get very tired and find out a little of the life they imitate, and their professional brethren look on with an amused, half-compassionate sympathy. — *In Ole Virginia, or Marse Chan and other Stories*, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) The picturesqueness of dialect quickly wears off; the picturesqueness of language is

independent of dialect. It seems to us that in these stories the dialect is worked too severely, and that the stories themselves suffer from the close-fitting garment of tortuous English. Is not the darkey more than the patch on his trousers? — Miss Bayle's Romance, a story of to-day. (Holt.) Since this volume is copyrighted, it is presumably by an American author, though published in the Leisure Hour Series. The air of the book, nevertheless, is Anglican; the witticism of Alma J. Bayle is highly Anglican, and the American variation of the lady is an English conception. Probably the writer has crossed the Atlantic back and forth so often as to have lost his bearings as to nationality. He certainly has lost his manners, and fiction has dropped pretty low when it has to resort to the tricks and devices of this book to attract readers. — *Lights and Shadows of a Life*, by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. (Ticknor.) A novel in autobiographic form. The shadows are cast by a supposed African taint in the blood of the hero; the light comes from his deliverance from the suspicion of this frightful crime. It was not the fact of slavery, but of color, which rendered the hero damnable; and not of color to the eye, but in the genealogical table, which was supposed to have had a mahogany character. The mother of the hero was in reality a slave, but then she was a white slave, which makes all the difference in the world. — *A Summer in Oldport Harbor*, by W. H. Metcalf. (Lippincott.) An amiable novel of the jaunty order, in which a summer picnic makes the basis of a somewhat conventional story. — *Daniele Cortis*, translated from the Italian of Antonio Fogazzaro, by Mrs. T. R. Tilton. (Holt.) A somewhat confusing story, since the author relies almost wholly upon conversation, but with a good deal of suppressed passion. There is incidentally an insight into current Italian political life. — *A Humble Romance and other Stories*, by Mary E. Wilkins. (Harpers.) A volume of short stories of the domestic order; they are simple, pathetic, forcible, with little strain about them, and if they are practice work, it is not impossible that the writer will yet produce stories of larger make and equal firmness of touch. — *Tempest Driven*, by Richard Dowling. (Appleton.) A melodramatic novel, intended to keep the reader in perpetual agitation, and leaving him finally in a general condition of mental prostration. — *The Van Gelder Papers and other Sketches*, edited by J. T. I. (Putnam.) A collection of imaginary legends of Long Island, of the traditional type, in which the Knickerbocker school is slightly modernized and adapted to current tastes. — *Between Whiles*, by Helen Jackson. (Roberts.) A

collection of half a dozen of H. H.'s contributions to fiction. They have some of the better qualities of this author's work in them. — A recent number of Harper's Franklin Square Library is *Amor Vincit*, by Mrs. Herbert Martin. — Ticknor & Co. have begun the reissue of some favorite novels in a paper dress suitable for the summer season and for the silver period, among them Miss Howard's *Guenn*, *The Reverend Idol*, Mr. Henderson's *The Prelate*, and Mrs. Austin's *A Nameless Nobleman*.

Travel and Nature. Around the World on a Bicycle. Volume I. From San Francisco to Teheran. By Thomas Stevens. (Scribners.) Seated say four feet above the earth, with nothing to obstruct his view in any direction, Mr. Stevens undertook to bowl over the round globe, and this book is the first installment of the record of what he saw on his trip. He is alert and self-possessed, as one bent on such an adventure must needs be, and the very form of his journey produces a freshness of incident. Thus the book, besides being a book of travel, has a certain value as a history of pluck. The sketches which illustrate it are often spirited and effective. — *Rural Hours*, by Susan Fenimore Cooper. (Houghton.) Miss Cooper has revised a book which was almost a pioneer in its field when first issued, and by the omission of much which was merely incidental or is now obsolete has brought her pleasant work into moderate compass. It does in a modest, agreeable way for the lake region of central New York what has been done more freely for New England, turning country life and scenes into literature. The diary form gives a little touch of personality which one would be sorry to miss. — *Episodes in a Life of Adventure*, or *Moss from a Rolling Stone*, by Laurence Oliphant. (Harpers.) Mr. Oliphant could scarcely have hit upon a more acceptable form in which to give his autobiography. He selects the salient points of adventure in his life, and while telling the story of what he has seen in many lands, among many peoples, he succeeds in reporting characteristics of his own interesting nature without the appearance of egotism. He is as good as a figure in a capital novel, any time.

History. Mr. John Addington Symonds has apparently completed his important work on the Renaissance in Italy by adding two volumes on *The Catholic Reaction*. (Holt.) We shall return to this book. — *Connecticut, a study of a commonwealth-democracy*, by Alexander Johnston. (Houghton.) A new number of the American Commonwealths, and one of the best in the series. Mr. Johnston has produced a consistent volume, for he has seen the genius of Connecticut, and has used his histor-

ical material for the concrete development of the idea which he holds. The book is a model of judicious historical writing; the author does not stray from his subject, and, recognizing that there is little of the dramatic in the history of Connecticut, he occupies himself with what may be called the psychology of the State. — *Memoirs of the Men who saved the Union*, by Donn Piatt. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) The men of whom Mr. Piatt records his personal knowledge are Lincoln, Stanton, Chase, Seward, and Thomas, a great group, and Mr. Piatt's robust taste is well illustrated in his treatment of the men. He is not smooth in his judgment, and the reader will sometimes dissent from him, perhaps even with indignation, but he is well worth attention, and his anecdotes help to a just understanding of his subjects. — *Memorials of a Half-Century*, by Bela Hubbard. (Putnams.) This book, like the last cited, belongs quite as much among biographies as among histories, but after all, though it records the impressions of one man, these impressions are objective rather than subjective. They deal with facts in the development of a great centre like Detroit, and have to do both with nature and with human nature. He speaks of the works of the Mound-Builders, of the influence of the French on Detroit, of the Indians, and while narrating experiences of travel he dwells upon the historical associations of the places visited. Altogether his book is of considerable service in supplying the mortar which fills the chinks of more considerable historical structures. — *Assyria* is the latest in the *Stories of the Nation's series* (Putnams), and is by Zenaide A. Ragozin, a brilliant if not wholly trustworthy writer. The book is a successor to the same author's *Chaldea*. The illustrations are helpful. — *The Federal Constitution*, by John F. Baker. (Putnams.) A brief historical essay upon the origin, growth, and principles of constitutional liberty as enunciated by the Federal Constitution. Mr. Baker is not a specially critical student, and his aim is chiefly to give honor to the great instrument of our government. — *The Personal Memoirs and Military History of U. S. Grant versus The Record of the Army of the Potomac*, by Carswell McClellan. (Houghton.) A painstaking and searching examination of the joints in Grant's armor by a soldier who bears no malice, yet is warmly concerned in the good name of other military commanders. Such criticism helps to make up the great account. — *The American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia* has issued the first volume of its *Records*, covering the transactions from 1884 to 1886, and con-

tains papers on William Penn, French Refugee Trappists in the United States, The Planting of the Church in Delaware, and other subjects.

Education and Text-Books. *Elements of Botany*, including organography, vegetable histology, vegetable physiology, and vegetable taxonomy, and a glossary of botanical terms, by Edson S. Bastin. (G. P. Engelhard & Co., Chicago.) The author has had in view high schools, academies, and colleges of pharmacy and medicine, and has aimed "to present the elementary facts and principles of the subject simply, clearly, and with regard to the natural order of growth of the mental faculties of the student." — *On Teaching English*, with detailed examples, and an inquiry into the definition of poetry, by Alexander Bain. (Appleton.) Of some use to teachers of literature, but curiously unimaginative. Somehow, poetry, under this writer's guidance, becomes a suit of intellectual clothing. — *The Ruling Principle of Method applied to Education*, by Antonio Rosmini Serbati, translated by Mrs. William Grey. (Heath.) An important work, if for no other reason than that it compels the student to go back of concrete examples to fundamental principles, and to study the development of the will. — *Hints on Early Education and Nursery Discipline*. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A modest little English book, published anonymously in the early part of the century, and now reissued. The writer takes a plain, homely view of her subject, and while what she says is sensible, there is considerable generalizing and a certain antiquated character which makes the book liable to miss the mark with a good many readers to-day. — *The Phillips Exeter Lectures* (Houghton) is the title of a volume which collects half a dozen lectures by college presidents and others, addressed to the members of the academy so named. They are to the point, manly, thoughtful, and noticeably respectful to the boys. — *Suggestive Lessons in Language and Reading*, for primary schools. A manual for teachers. By Anna B. Badlam. (Heath.) A very serviceable book, especially to teachers who are capable of working out their own schemes of instruction. Indeed, Miss Badlam very properly supposes intelligence and training in those who are to use her book. We like especially those lessons which stimulate imaginative work. We are somewhat doubtful if she has done well in translating the fables into a simpler and more conversational style than the originals adopt. After all, there is a form in this order of literature which it is not well to ignore. There is such a thing as cheapening literature.